THE

WORKS

OF

M. DE VOLTAIRE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

WITH

NOTES, HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY T. SMOLLETT, M.D.

T. FRANCKLIN, M.A. AND OTHERS.

IN TWENTY-FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME XVIII.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

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DUBLIN:

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THE

THE

PRINCESS

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OF

BABYLON.

OLD Belus, king of Babylon, thought himſelf the firſt man on earth; for all his courtiers told him ſo, and all his hiſtoriographers gave him proofs of it. What might ſerve as an excuſe for this folly, was, that, in fact, his predeceſſors had built Babylon above thirty thouſand years before his time, and he had himſelf embelliſhed that city. His palace and park ſituated ſome paraſangs from Babylon, reached as far as the Euphrates and Tigris, which watered theſe enchanted ſhores. His vaſt houſe, the facade of which was in length three thouſand paces, reached the very clouds. The platform was ſurrounded with a baluſtrade of white marble, fifty feet in height, on which were placed coloſſal ſtatues of all the kings and great men of the empire. This platform, compoſed of

two rows of brick, covered all over with a thick ſurface of lead, was loaded with twelve feet of earth, and on this earth were planted foreſts of olive trees, orange and lemon trees, palms, clove trees, cocoa trees, and cinnamon trees, which formed walks impenetrable to the rays of the ſun.

The waters of the Euphrates, raiſed by machines into an hundred hollow pipes, filled the vaſt marble baſons of theſe gardens, and afterwards returning through other channels, formed in the park caſcades ſix thouſand feet in length, and an hundred thouſand fountains, whoſe height could ſcarcely be perceived; and afterwards emptied themſelves into the Euphrates, from whence they originally flowed. The gardens of Semiramis, which aſtoniſhed Aſia ſeveral ages after, were only a feeble imitation of theſe antient wonders; for at the time of Semiramis, every thing among men and women had already began to degenerate.

But the greateſt wonder in Babylon, and which eclipſed all the reſt, was, the king's only daughter named Formoſante. After her portraits and ſtatues, in future ages, Praxiteles modelled his Aphrodite, and the ſtatue which is called the Venus with the handſome backſide. Heavens! what a difference between the original, and the copies. This Belus was more proud of his daughter, than his kingdom: ſhe was eighteen; a huſband worthy of her was wanting; but where could ſuch an one be found? An antient oracle had declared, that Formoſante ſhould marry none but him who bent the bow of Nimrod. This Nimrod, the ſtrong hunter before the Lord, had left a bow ſeven Babyloniſh feet high, of a kind of ebony, harder than the iron of mount Caucaſus, which is worked in the forges of Derbent: and no mortal ſince Nimrod had been able to bend this marvellous bow.

It had been alſo ſaid, that the arm, which bent this bow, ſhould ſlay the moſt terrible and fierce lion that ſhould be let looſe in the circus of Babylon. This was not all; the bender of the bow, the vanquiſher of the lion, muſt overthrow all his rivals; he muſt moreover have a very fine genius, be the moſt magnificent of mankind

mankind, and the moſt virtuous; and poſſeſs the greateſt rarity in the whole univerſe.

Three kings preſented themſelves, who preſumed to diſpute Formoſante; Pharaoh of Egypt, the Shah of the Indies, and the great Khan of Scythia. Belus fixed the day and place of combat, at the extremity of his park, in the vaſt ſpace bordered by the waters of the Tigris and Euphrates. An amphitheatre of marble was erected round the liſts, capable of containing two hundred thouſand ſpectators. Oppoſite to the amphitheatre was placed the throne of the king: who was to appear with Formoſante, accompanied with all his court; and on the right and left between the throne and the amphitheatre were other thrones, and other ſeats for the three kings and all other ſovereigns, who ſhould have the curioſity to be preſent at this auguſt ceremony.

The king of Egypt arrrived firſt, mounted on the ox Apis, and holding in his hand the cittern of Iſis. He was followed by two thouſand prieſts clad in robes of linen whiter than ſnow, two thouſand eunuchs, two thouſand magicians, and two thouſand warriors.

The king of the Indies arrived ſoon after in a car drawn by twelve elephants. His retinue was ſtill more numerous, and more brilliant than that of the king of Egypt.

The laſt that appeared was the king of Scythia, he was attended only by choſen warriors, armed with bows and arrows, and was mounted on a ſuperb tyger that he had tamed, as tall as the fineſt horſes in Perſia. The majeſtic and bewitching ſtature of this monarch effaced that of his rivals; his naked arms as nervous as white, ſeemed already to bend the bow of Nimrod.

The three princes firſt proſtrated themſelves before Belus and Formoſante. The king of Egypt preſented to the princeſs, two of the fineſt crocodiles of the Nile, two ſea-horſes, two Zebras, two Egyptian rats, and two mummies; together with the books of the great Hermes, which in his opinion were the greateſt rarity on earth.

The king of India preſented her with an hundred elephants, which carried each a tower of wood gilt, and laid at her feet the *védam* wrote by the hand of Xaca himſelf.

The king of Scythia, who could neither read or write, preſented her with an hundred horſes fit for war, cloathed with houſings of the ſkins of black foxes.

The princeſs receiv'd her lovers with downcaſt looks, and bowed with the utmoſt grace and modeſty.

Belus cauſed theſe monarchs to be conducted to the thrones which were prepared for them. "Why have I not three daughters? (ſaid he to them) I ſhould then make ſix perſons happy to day." Afterwards he cauſed them to draw lots, who ſhould firſt attempt to bend the bow of Nimrod. The names of the three competitors were put into an helmet of gold. That of the king of Egypt was the firſt drawn out, next appeared the name of the king of India. The king of Scythia conſidering attentively the bow and his rivals, was not in the leaſt uneaſy at being the laſt.

While preparations were making for theſe brilliant proofs, twenty thouſand pages, and twenty thouſand damſels, diſtributed, without the leaſt confuſion, refreſhments to the ſpectators between the rows of ſeats. Every one acknowledged, that the gods had ordained kings only to give diverſions every day, provided they were diverſified; that life is too ſhort to be made any other uſe of; that law ſuits, intrigues, wars, and religious diſputes, which waſte human life, are horrid and abſurd; that man is born for pleaſure alone; that he would not continually and paſſionately love pleaſures, if he was not formed for them; that the eſſence of human nature is, to make merry, and that every thing elſe is folly. This excellent morality has never been contradicted, except by experience.

Juſt as the trials of ſkill were about to begin, a young ſtranger mounted on an unicorn, accompanied by a ſervant mounted in the ſame manner, carrying a large bird on his wriſt, preſented himſelf at the barriers. The guards were ſurpriſed to ſee a figure that had the air of a god, in ſuch an equipage. He had,

as we ſay ſince, the face of Adonis, with the body of Hercules; he was majeſty joined with the graces. His black eyebrows and long fair hair, a mixture of beauty unknown at Babylon, charmed the aſſembly: the whole amphitheatre roſe up to view him the better: all the court ladies fixed their eyes upon him with aſtoniſhment. Formoſante herſelf who always held down her eyes, looked up and bluſhed: the three kings turned pale: the ſpectators, comparing Formoſante with the ſtranger, exclaimed, there was no body in the world ſo handſome as the princeſs, except this young ſtranger.

The uſhers, ſeized with aſtoniſhment, aſked him whether he was a king. The ſtranger replied, that he had not that honour, but had travelled from far, on purpoſe to ſee whether there were kings worthy of Formoſante. They introduced, into the firſt row of the amphitheatre, him, his ſervant, his two unicorns and bird. He made a profound reverence to Belus, his daughter, the three kings, and the whole aſſembly, and afterwards took his place bluſhing. His two unicorns laid themſelves down at his feet, his bird perched on his ſhoulder, and his ſervant, who carried a little bag, placed himſelf by his ſide.

The trials of ſkill began. The bow of Nimrod was taken out of its golden caſe. The great maſter of the ceremonies, followed by fifty pages and preceded by twenty trumpets, preſented it to the king of Egypt, who cauſed it to be bleſſed by his prieſts; and having reſted it on the head of the ox Apis, made no doubt of gaining this firſt victory. He deſcends into the middle of the area, exerts his utmoſt ſtrength, and makes ſuch wry faces as to excite the laughter of the amphitheatre, and even make Formoſante ſmile.

His great almoner approaches him; "Renounce, (ſays he) dread ſir, this vain honour which depends only on the ſtrength of the muſcles and nerves: you will triumph in every thing elſe. You will overcome the lion becauſe you have the ſabre of Oſiris. The princeſs of Babylon muſt fall to the ſhare of the prince who has moſt genius, and you have explained enig-

mas. She muſt eſpouſe the moſt virtuous; you are ſo, ſince you have been educated by the prieſts of Egypt. The moſt generous muſt bear away the prize, and you have made her a preſent of two of the fineſt crocodiles, and two of the moſt beautiful rats in Egypt. You poſſeſs the ox of Apis, and the books of Hermes, which are the greateſt rarities in the univerſe. Nobody can diſpute Formoſante with you." "You are in the right," ſaid the king of Egypt, and re-aſcended his throne.

The bow was next delivered to the king of India. It bliſtered his hands for above a fortnight, and he comforted himſelf with the thoughts that the king of Scythia would not ſucceed any better than himſelf.

The Scythian handled the bow in his turn. He joined ſkill to ſtrength; the bow ſeem'd to have ſome elaſticity in his hands, he made it give way a little, but notwithſtanding his utmoſt efforts, could not bend it. The amphitheatre, which the good mein of this prince had inſpir'd with ſentiments in his favour, groaned at his want of ſucceſs, and judged, that the princeſs would never be married.

Then the young ſtranger leaped into the area, and addreſſing himſelf to the king of Scythia, "Don't let your majeſty be aſtoniſhed at not having entirely ſucceeded," ſaid he. Theſe bows of ebony are made in my country, and require a particular knack to bend them. You have had more merit in having been able to make it give way a little, than I can have in bending it." Immediately he took an arrow fixed it on the bow-ſtring of Nimrod, and ſhot the arrow a great way beyond the barriers. A million of hands applauded this prodigy. Babylon reſounded with acclamations, and all the ladies ſaid, What a happineſs, that ſo fine a young man ſhould have ſo much ſtrength!

He afterwards took out of his pocket a thin leaf of ivory, wrote on it with a golden pen, faſtened the ivory leaf to the bow, and preſented it to the princeſs with a grace which raviſhed all the company, and afterwards retired to his place between his bird and his ſervant. All Babylon was in a ſurprize. The three

kings

kings were confounded, and the ſtranger did not ſeem to perceive it.

Formoſante was ſtill more aſtoniſhed at reading on the ivory leaf, tied to the bow, theſe lines, in elegant Chaldee.

" The bow of Nimrod is that of war ;
" The bow of love, is that of happineſs ;
" You bear it. Thro' you this conquering god
" Is become maſter of the earth.
" Three powerful kings are competitors
" For the honour of pleaſing you.
" I know not which your heart prefers,
" But the univerſe will be jealous of him.

This little extempore did not diſpleaſe the princeſs in the leaſt. It was criticized by ſome old courtiers, who ſaid, that, in former good times, Belus would have been compared to the ſun, and Formoſante to the moon, her neck to a tower, and her breaſt to a harveſt of corn. They ſaid, the ſtranger had no imagination, and that he deviated from the rules of true poetry; but all the ladies thought the lines very gallant. They wondered that a youth, who bent a bow ſo well, ſhould have ſo much genius. The princeſs's maid of honour ſays to her, " Madam, here are a great many talents abſolutely loſt. Of what uſe to this young man is his genius, or his bending the bow of Belus?" " To make him admired," replied Formoſante. " Ah, (ſays the maid of honour, between her teeth) another madrigal and he might be beloved."

In the mean time Belus, having conſulted his magi, declared, that though neither of the kings had bent the bow of Nimrod, he nevertheleſs ought to marry his daughter, and that ſhe ſhould eſpouſe him who overcame the great lion which was kept for this purpoſe in his menagery. The king of Egypt, who had been brought up in all the wiſdom of his country, thought it was very ridiculous for a king to expoſe himſelf to wild beaſts, in order to procure a wife. He acknowledged, that the poſſeſſion of Formoſante was an ineſtimable prize; but he maintained, that if the lion deſtroy'd him, he could never marry this fair

Babylonian. The king of india adopted the opinion of the Egyptian; both concluded that the king of Babylon laughed at them; and that they ought to ſend armies to puniſh him; that they had ſubjects enough, who would think themſelves very highly honoured to die in their ſervice, without its coſting them a ſingle hair of their ſacred heads; that they could eaſily dethrone the king of Babylon, and would afterwards draw lots for Formoſante.

This agreement being made, the two kings diſpatched each an expreſs home, with orders to aſſemble an army of three hundred thouſand men to carry off Formoſante.

But the king of Scythia deſcended alone into the area, ſcymetar in hand. He was not deſperately ſmitten with the charms of Formoſante; glory had been hitherto his only paſſion, it had led him to Babylon. He was deſirous of letting the world ſee, that if the kings of Egypt and India were prudent enough not to engage with lions, he himſelf was courageous enough not to diſdain this combat, and would repair the honour of the diadem. His uncommon valour did not permit him even to make uſe of the aſſiſtance of his tyger. He advances alone, lightly armed with an helmet of ſteel, ornamented with gold, and ſhaded by three horſe-tails white as ſnow.

The moſt enormous lion, that ever was bred on the mountains of Antilaban, was let looſe againſt him. His terrible talons ſeemed capable of tearing to pieces the three kings at once, and his vaſt throat of devouring them. His dreadful roarings made the amphitheatre reſound. The two fierce champions darted at each other with the utmoſt rapidity. The courageous Scythian plunged his ſword into the jaws of the lion; but the point ſtriking againſt one of his thick teeth, which nothing could penetrate, breaks into ſhivers; and the monſter of the foreſts, furious with his wound, already fixed his bloody talons in the ſides of the monarch.

The young ſtranger, affected with the danger of ſo brave a prince, leaps into the area quick as lightning, cuts

cuts off the head of the lion with the ſame dexterity, with which ſince, in our carouſals, young ſkilful cavaliers carry off the heads of Moors.

Then taking out a little box, he preſents it to the king of Scythia, ſaying, "Your majeſty will find, in this little box, the true dittany which grows in my country. Your glorious wounds will be cured with it in a moment. Chance alone has prevented your triumphing over the lion; your valour is not the leſs admirable."

The king of Scythia, more ſenſible to gratitude than jealouſy, thanked his deliverer, and after having tenderly embraced him, returned to his place to apply the dittany to his wounds.

The ſtranger gave the head of the lion to his ſervant, who, after waſhing it at the great fountain that was at the bottom of the amphitheatre, and having drained away all the blood, took a little inſtrument out of his bag, drew out the lion's forty teeth, and fixed in their places forty diamonds of equal bigneſs.

His maſter, with his uſual modeſty, returned to his place, and gave the lion's head to his bird: "Charming bird, (ſays he) go and lay at Formoſante's feet this feeble homage." The bird ſets out, holding in one of its claws this terrible trophy, and preſents it to the princeſs, humbly holding down its head, and bowing before her. The forty brilliants dazzled every eye. This magnificence was yet unknown in proud Babylon. The emerald, the topaz, the ſaphire, and the ruby, were as yet conſidered as the moſt precious ornaments. Belus and the whole court were ſtruck with aſtoniſhment. The bird which offered this preſent ſurprized them ſtill more. It was of the ſize of an eagle, but its eyes were as mild and tender as thoſe of the eagle are fierce and threatening. Its beak was the colour of a roſe, and ſeemed to reſemble, in ſome meaſure, the beautiful mouth of Formoſante. Its neck reſembled all the colours of the rainbow, but more brilliant and lively. A thouſand ſhades of gold gliſtened on its plumage.

Its feet ſeemed a mixture of purple and ſilver; and the tail of thoſe beautiful birds which were afterwards fixed to the car of Juno, did not come near the beauty of its tail.

The attention, curioſity, aſtoniſhment and ecſtaſy of the whole court were divided between the forty diamonds and the bird. It perched itſelf on the baluſtrade between Belus and his daughter Formoſante; ſhe flattered, careſſed and kiſſed it. It ſeemed to receive her careſſes with a pleaſure mixed with reſpect. When the princeſs kiſſed it, it returned her kiſſes, and afterwards looked at her in the moſt tender manner. It received from her biſcuits and piſtachia-nuts, which it took with its purple and ſilver paw, and put it into its beak with inexpreſſible grace.

Belus, who had conſidered the diamonds with attention, judged that one of his provinces could ſcarcely pay ſo rich a preſent. He gave directions for more magnificent gifts to be prepared for the ſtranger than what were deſigned for the three monarchs. "This young man, (ſaid he) is doubtleſs the ſon of the king of China, or of that part of the world which is called Europe, of which I have heard ſpeak; or of Africa, which, according to report, borders on the kingdom of Egypt."

He immediately ſent his great maſter of the horſe to compliment the ſtranger, and aſk him, whether he was the ſovereign, or the ſon of the ſovereign of one of theſe empires, and why, poſſeſſing ſuch aſtoniſhing treaſures, he came attended only by a ſingle ſervant with a little bag.

While the great maſter of the horſe was advancing towards the amphitheatre to acquit himſelf of his commiſſion, another ſervant arrived mounted on an unicorn. This ſervant, addreſſing himſelf to the young ſtranger, ſays to him, "Ormar, your father is at the point of death, and I am come to acquaint you of it." The ſtranger lifted up his eyes to heaven, ſhed tears, and returned no other anſwer than, *Let us ſet out.*

The great maſter of the horſe, after having preſented Belus's compliments to the conqueror of the lion,

lion, the giver of forty diamonds, and maſter of the beautiful bird, enquired of the ſervant, what kingdom the father of this young hero was ſovereign of? The ſervant replied, "His father is an old ſhepherd who is vaſtly beloved in his diſtrict."

During this ſhort diſcourſe, the ſtranger mounted his unicorn. He ſays to the grand maſter of the horſe, "Sir, deign to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to Belus and to his daughter. I preſume to entreat her to take great care of the bird which I leave her; it is matchleſs like herſelf." Having ended this ſpeech he departed quick as lightning; his two ſervants followed him, and were ſoon out of ſight.

Formoſante could not help ſhrieking out. The bird, turning itſelf about towards the amphitheatre where his maſter had been ſeated, ſeemed greatly afflicted at the loſs of him; then attentively looking at the princeſs, and gently rubbing its beak againſt her ſoft hand, ſeemed to devote itſelf to her ſervice.

Belus, more aſtoniſhed than ever to hear that ſo extraordinary a youth was the ſon of a ſhepherd, could not believe it. He ſent after him; but his meſſengers ſoon returned with an account, that it was impoſſible to overtake the unicorns on which theſe three men were mounted, and that, at the rate which they galloped, they muſt travel three hundred miles a day.

SECTION II.

THIS ſtrange adventure furniſhed matter of diſcourſe for the whole town, and every body was tired with vain conjectures. How could the ſon of a ſhepherd make a preſent of forty large diamonds? Why was he mounted on an unicorn? This nonpluſed every body; and Formoſante, careſſing her bird, was plunged into a profound reverie.

The

The princeſs Aldea, her couſin-german, a very genteel girl, and almoſt as handſome as Formoſante, ſays to her couſin, "I don't know whether this young demi-god is the ſon of a ſhepherd; but in my opinion he has fulfilled all the conditions annexed to your marriage. He has bent the bow of Nimrod, has overcome the lion, and has a great deal of wit, ſince he has compoſed for you a very pretty extempore. After the forty enormous diamonds that he has made you a preſent of, you cannot deny but he is the moſt generous of mankind. He poſſeſſed, in his bird, the greateſt rarity on earth. His virtue has no equal, ſince, having it in his power to remain with you, he ſet out without heſitation the moment he heard that his father was ill. The oracle is accompliſhed in every point, excepting the circumſtance of his overthrowing his rivals; but he has done more, he has ſaved the life of the only competitor who was to be feared; and I fancy you make no doubt but he will eaſily overcome the other two."

"What you ſay is very true, (replies Formoſante) but is it poſſible that the greateſt and perhaps the moſt amiable of mankind, is the ſon of a ſhepherd!"

The maid of honour taking a ſhare in the converſation, ſaid, "that frequently this word ſhepherd, was applied to kings; who are called ſhepherds, becauſe they ſheer their flocks very cloſe; that it was doubtleſs an unlucky joke of the ſervant; that this young hero would not have come ſo ill attended, only for the ſake of ſhewing how much his merit alone was above the pomp of kings, and that he might owe Formoſante to himſelf only." The princeſs anſwered only by giving her bird a thouſand tender kiſſes.

A magnificent feaſt was prepared for the three kings, and all the princes, who had been preſent at the ſolemnity. The daughter, and niece of the king, did the honours of the table. Preſents were made to each of the kings, worthy of the magnificence of Babylon. Belus, during the entertainment, aſſembled his council to deliberate on the marriage of Formoſante, and like a great politician, made the following ſpeech.

"I am

" I am old, I don't know what to do, nor to whom " to give my daughter. He, who deſerves her, is only " a mean ſhepherd. The kings of Egypt and India " are cowards; the king of Scythia would be a pro- " per match enough, but he has not fulfilled any of " the conditions impoſed. I am going to conſult " the oracle again. In the mean time, deliberate, " and we will form our reſolution, agreeable to what " the oracle ſhall determine; for a king ought only " to be guided by the expreſs order of the immortal " gods."

He then went to chapel; the oracle anſwered according to cuſtom in very few words. *Thy daughter ſhall not be married, till ſhe has travelled about the world.* Belus aſtoniſhed, returns to his council, and relates this anſwer.

All his miniſters had a profound reſpect for the oracle, all allowed, or pretended to allow, that oracles were the foundation of religion; that reaſon ought to be ſilent before them, that through them kings reign over the people, and the magi over kings; that without oracles, there would be neither virtue, nor peace on earth. In ſhort, after having teſtified the moſt profound veneration for them, almoſt all agreed, that this was a ridiculous one, and ought not to be obeyed; that nothing could be more indecent than for a young lady, and eſpecially the great king of Babylon's daughter, to travel about without knowing where; that this was the way for her never to get married at all, or elſe to patch up a clandeſtine, diſgraceful and ridiculous marriage; that in ſhort, this oracle was contrary to common ſenſe.

The youngeſt of the miniſters, named Onadaſes, who had more underſtanding than the reſt, inſiſted, that the oracle doubtleſs meant ſome pilgrimage of devotion, and offered to attend the princeſs himſelf. The council came into his opinion, but each was deſirous of being the princeſs's ſquire. The king determined that the princeſs ſhould go three hundred paraſangs on the road to Arabia, to a temple, the ſaint of which had the reputation of procuring hap-

py marriages for youug women, and that ſhe ſhould be accompanied by the preſident of the council: after this determination they went to ſupper.

SECTION III.

IN the middle of the gardens, between two caſcades, an oval ſaloon of three hundred feet diameter was erected, whoſe azure dome beſprinkled with golden ſtars, repreſented all the planets and conſtellations in their proper places, and this dome revolved like the heavens, by machines, as invifible as thoſe which direct the movements of the celeſtial bodies. An hundred thouſand flambeaux in luſtre, of rock cryſtal, enlightened the outſide and inſide of this ſaloon. A beaufet was furniſhed with twenty thouſand plates and veſſels of gold; and oppoſite the beaufet, was an orcheſtra full of muſicians; two other amphitheatres were filled, one with the moſt exquiſite fruits of every ſeaſon, the other with flagons of chryſtal, in which all the different wines in the univerſe ſparkled.

The gueſts were ſeated round a table, ſet with precious ſtones, which repreſented flowers and fruits. The fair Formoſante was placed between the king of Egypt, and India. The fair Aldea, ſat next, the king of Scythia. Thirty princes were preſent and each was ſeated next one of the handſomeſt ladies of the court. The king of Babylon in the middle, directly oppoſite his daughter, ſeemed divided betwixt the chagrin of not being able to marry her, and the pleaſure of keeping her longer with him. Formoſante aſked leave to place her bird on the table by her, the king was very well pleaſed with it.

The muſic gave each prince an opportunity of converſing with his fair one. The entertainment ſeemed as agreeable, as magnificent. A ragout had been ſerved up to Formoſante, which the king her father

was

was very fond of. The princeſs ſaid, it ought to be carried to his majeſty; immediately the bird laid hold of the diſh with a marvellous dexterity, and preſented it to the king. Never was aſtoniſhment equal to that of the company. Belus careſſed the bird as much as his daughter. The bird afterwards took wing, to return to his miſtreſs, and diſplayed in flying, ſo fine a tail; his wings extended ſhewed ſo many brilliant colours; the gold of his plumage, afforded ſuch a dazzling luſtre; that all eyes were fixed on the bird alone, the muſicians ſtopped playing, and remained motionleſs as ſtatues. Nobody eat, nobody ſpoke, nothing was heard, except a murmur of admiration. The princeſs of Babylon kiſſed him all ſupper time, without caring whether there were any kings in the world. Thoſe of India, and Egypt, found their ſpite and indignation redouble, and each of them reſolved to haſten the march of his three hundred thouſand troops, to gratify his revenge.

As for the king of Scythia, he was in deep converſation with the fair Aldea: his noble ſoul, deſpiſing, without hatred, the inattention of Formoſante, had conceived for her more indifference than anger. "She is handſome (ſaid he) I acknowledge, but ſhe ſeems to me, one of thoſe women who are entirely taken up with their own charms, and think mankind ought to be very much obliged to them when they deign to appear in public. It is not the cuſtom in my country to adore idols. I ſhould like an homely, obliging, ſenſible, girl, far better than this beautiful ſtatue. You have, madam, as many charms as Formoſante, and you deign at leaſt to converſe with ſtrangers. I avow, with the frankneſs of a Scythian, that I prefer you to your couſin." He was miſtaken, however, with reſpect to Formoſante's character: ſhe was not ſo diſdainful as ſhe ſeemed; but his compliment was very well received by the princeſs Aldea. Their converſation grew very intereſting: they were very well pleaſed, and already ſure of each other, before they roſe from table.

After

After ſupper, the company ſet out to walk in the groves. The king of Scythia, and Aldea did not fail ſeeking a retired bower; Aldea, who was all frankneſs, ſpoke thus to this prince:

"I don't hate my couſin, though ſhe is handſomer than me, and is deſtined to the throne of Babylon: the honour of pleaſing you, ſerves me inſtead of charms. I prefer Scythia with you before the crown of Babylon without you. But this crown is mine by right, if there are rights in the world: for I am deſcended from the eldeſt branch of Nimrod, and Formoſante only from the younger. Her grandfather dethroned mine, and cauſed him to be put to death."

"Such then is the force of blood in the houſe of Babylon!" ſaid the Scythian, "What was your grandfather's name?" "He was called Aldeus, my father had the ſame name, he was confined in the moſt diſtant part of the empire with my mother: and Belus after their death, fearing nothing from me, had me educated along with his daughter. But he is reſolved I ſhall never marry."

"I will revenge your father, grand-father, and you," replied the king of Schythia. "I ſay you ſhall be married; I will run away with you the day after to-morrow, early in the morning; for I muſt dine to-morrow with the king of Babylon, and I will return to maintain your rights, with an army of three hundred thouſand men." "With all my heart," ſays the fair Aldea; and after having mutually plighted their honour, they parted.

The incomparable Formoſante had retired to her chamber a great while. She had cauſed a little orange tree in a ſilver caſe, to be placed at her bed-ſide, for her bird to perch on. Her curtains were drawn cloſe, but ſhe had not the leaſt inclination to ſleep. Her heart and imagination were too much awake. The charming ſtranger was perpetually before her eyes; ſhe ſaw him ſhooting an arrow with the bow of Nimrod; ſhe contemplated him cutting off the head of the lion, ſhe recited his ſonnet; laſtly, ſhe ſaw him eſcape from the crowd, mounted on his unicorn;

unicorn; then ſhe ſighed, burſt into tears, and exclaimed, "I ſhall never ſee him more, he will never more return."

"He will return, madam," replied the bird, from the top of the orange tree, "is it poſſible to ſee you, and not wiſh to ſee you again?"

"Oh heaven! Oh eternal powers! my bird talks pure Chaldean!" ſaying theſe words, ſhe undraws her curtains, kneels on her bed in a praying poſture: "Are you a god deſcended on earth? are you the great Oroſmades, concealed under this beautiful plumage? If you are a god, reſtore to me this beauteous youth:"

"I am only a bird," replied the other: "but I was born at the time when all animals yet ſpoke, and that birds, ſerpents, aſſes, horſes, and griffins converſed familiarly with mankind. I did not chuſe to ſpeak before company, for fear your maids of honour ſhould have taken me for a witch: I would diſcover myſelf only to you.

Formoſante thunder-ſtruck, quite beſide herſelf with ſo many wonders, and agitated with the deſire of aſking a hundred queſtions at once, firſt aſked the bird how old it was. Twenty-ſeven thouſand, nine hundred years, and ſix months, madam; I am the age of the ſmall revolution of heaven, that your magi call the preceſſion of the equinoxes, which is accompliſhed in about twenty-eight thouſand of your years. There are revolutions infinitely longer, and beings much older than me. I learnt the Chaldean language in one of my travels, twenty-two thouſand years ago. I have always preſerved a vaſt liking for the Chaldean tongue; but other animals my brethren have renounced ſpeech in your climates."—"Why ſo, my divine bird?"—"Alas! it is becauſe men have made a cuſtom of eating us, inſtead of converſing with and reaping inſtruction from us. Barbarians! muſt they "not be convinced, that having the ſame organs, the ſame ſentiments, the ſame wants, the ſame deſires, we have what is called a ſoul, as well as themſelves; that we were their brethren, and that none but the wicked

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wicked ought to be roaſted and eat. We are in ſuch a manner your brethren, that the great being, the eternal and forming being, having made a covenant with man, * comprehends us expreſsly in the treaty. He forbids you to nouriſh yourſelves with our blood, and us to drink yours.

The fables of your antient Lockman, tranſlated into ſo many languages, will be eternal teſtimonies of the happy intercourſe your ſpecies entertained with mine. They all begin with theſe words: *At the time when beaſts ſpoke.* It is true, a great many women perpetually talk to their dogs, but they have reſolved never to anſwer, ſince men have compelled them by laſhes to hunt, and become accomplices in the murder of our antient common friends, deer, hares, and partridges.

You have antient poems in which horſes ſpeak, and your coachmen talk to them at preſent, but make uſe of ſuch infamous language, that horſes, which formerly loved you ſo well, deteſt you now.

The country where your charming ſtranger dwells, the moſt perfect of mankind, is the only one where your ſpecies ſtill loves mine, and talks to us; and is the only country on earth where men are juſt."

"And where is my dear unknown's country ſituated? What is the name of this hero? How is his empire called? for I can no more believe that he is a ſhepherd, than I belive you are a bat."

His country, madam, is Gangaridia, a virtuous and invincible nation, that inhabits the eaſtern banks of the Ganges. The name of my friend is Amazan. He is not a king; and I do not even know whether he would condeſcend to be one, he loves his countrymen too well: he is a ſhepherd like them. But do not imagine that theſe ſhepherds reſemble yours, who, hardly covered with rags, tend ſheep infinitely better cloathed than themſelves, who groan under the load of poverty, and pay a tax-gatherer one half of the trifling wages that they receive from their maſters. The

* Geneſis, chap. ix; and chap. 3, 18 and 19 of Eccleſiaſticus.

The Gangaridian ſhepherds, born all equal, are maſters of innumerable flocks, which cover their ever-flowery meadows. They never kill them; it is a horrid crime towards the Ganges to kill and eat our fellow creatures. Their wool, finer and more gloſſy than the moſt beautiful ſilk, conſtitutes the greateſt commerce of the Eaſt. Beſides, the country of the Gangaridians produces every thing that the heart of man can wiſh for. Thoſe large diamonds, which Amazan has had the honour of preſenting to you, were dug out of a diamond mine which is his property. The unicorn which you ſaw him mount, is the common beaſt of carriage of the Gangaridians. It is the moſt beautiful, noble, moſt terrible and gentleſt animal that adorns the earth. An hundred Gangaridians and an hundred unicorns would be ſufficient to overthrow innumerable armies. About two ages paſt a king of India was mad enough to want to conquer this nation. He came attended with ten thouſand elephants and a million of warriors. The unicorns pierced the elephants, as I have ſeen larks on your table ſpitted on ſkewers of gold. The warriors fell under the ſcymitars of the Gangaridians, like harveſts of rice under the ſickles of the people of the Eaſt. The king was taken priſoner, with above ſix hundred thouſand men. They bathed him in the ſalutary waters of the Ganges, put him under the regimen of the country, which conſiſts in living only on vegetables produced by nature with prodigality on purpoſe to nouriſh every living creature. Men fed by ſlaughter, and whoſe drink conſiſts of ſtrong liquours, have all an acrimonious aduſt blood, which renders them mad in a thouſand different ways. Their principal madneſs is a furious deſire of ſhedding the blood of their fellow creatures, and devaſtating fertile plains, in order to reign over burying-grounds. Six whole months were ſpent in curing the king of India of his diſtemper. When the phyſicians were at laſt of opinion that his pulſe was more tranquil and regular, and his mind more compoſed, they gave a certificate thereof to the council of Gangaridia. This council having taken

taken the advice of the unicorns, humanely diſmiſſed the king of India, his fooliſh court, and puſillanimous warriors. This leſſon rendered them wiſe, and ever ſince the Indians reſpect the Gangaridians, as ignorant perſons amongſt you, deſirous of inſtruction, reſpect the Chaldean philoſophers, whom they cannot equal. "Apropos my dear bird (ſays the princeſs) have the Gangaridians any religion?"—"Have they any? madam, we aſſemble together to return God thanks every full moon; the men in a large temple of cedar, the women in another, for fear of inattention; the birds in a grove, the quadrupeds in a beautiful down. We return thanks to God, for all the benefits he has been pleaſed to beſtow on us. We have particularly parroquets, that preach to a miracle.

Such is the country of my dear Amazan, where I dwell myſelf; I have as much friendſhip for him, as you have love. If you would be ruled by me, we would ſet out together and return his viſit."

"Indeed my bird you make a very pretty propoſal," replied the princeſs ſmiling, who earneſtly longed to go this journey, and dared not own it. "I ſerve my friend, (ſays the bird) and, next to loving you, my greateſt happineſs, is to be of ſervice to you in your amour."

Formoſante no longer knew where ſhe was; ſhe thought herſelf tranſported out of earth. Every thing that ſhe had ſeen during this day, every thing that ſhe ſaw, every thing that ſhe heard, and eſpecially what ſhe felt in her heart, plunged her into an ecſtacy which far ſurpaſſed what fortunate muſſulmans experience, when diſengaged from their terreſtial bonds, they ſee themſelves in the ninth heaven, in the arms of their Houries, ſurrounded with glory and celeſtial felicity.

SECTION IV.

SHE paſſed the whole night in talking of Amazan. She called him her ſhepherd, and ever ſince the words ſhepherd and lover have been uſed as ſynonymous terms amongſt moſt nations.

Sometimes ſhe aſked the bird, whether Amazan had had other miſtreſſes. It anſwered no, which gave her the higheſt pleaſure. Sometimes ſhe would enquire how he paſſed his life, and learnt with tranſport, that he employed it in doing good, in cultivating the arts, in diving into the ſecrets of nature, and in rendering his being perfect. Sometimes ſhe was deſirous of knowing whether the ſoul of her bird was of the ſame nature as that of her lover; why the bird had lived near twenty-eight thouſand years, while her lover was only eighteen or nineteen years of age. She aſked an hundred ſuch queſtions, to which the bird replied with a diſcretion that gave a whet to her curioſity. At laſt, ſleep cloſed their eyes, and delivered Formoſante to the ſweet illuſion of dreams ſent by the gods, which ſometimes ſurpaſs even the reality, and which all the philoſophy of the Chaldeans cannot explain.

Formoſante did not wake till very late. It was very early with her when the king her father entered into her chamber. The bird received his majeſty with the utmoſt reſpect and politeneſs, hopped along before him, fluttered its wings, ſtretched out its neck, and returned to its place on the orange tree. The king ſat down on the ſide of his daughter's bed, whom her dreams had made look ſtill more handſome. His great beard approached this beauteous face, and after having kiſſed her twice, he ſpoke as follows:

"My dear daughter, you was not able to meet with an huſband yeſterday as I could have wiſhed, however you muſt have one; the ſafety of my empire requires

requires it. I have conſulted the oracle, which you know never utters a falſehood, and which governs my whole conduct. It has commanded me to make you take a journey, you muſt travel!"—"ah! to Gangaridia doubtleſs," ſays the princeſs; and in uttering theſe words, which eſcaped her, ſhe was ſenſible ſhe had been guilty of an overſight. The king, who knew not a word of geography, aſked what ſhe meant by Gangaridia? She eaſily contrived an excuſe. The king told her that ſhe muſt go on a pilgrimage; that he had appointed her retinue, the preſident of the privy council, the great almoner, a maid of honour, a phyſician, an apothecary, and her bird, with a ſufficient number of ſervants.

Formoſante, who had never been out of her father's palace, and who, till the day of the three kings and Amazan, had led an inſipid life amidſt the etiquette of pomp and appearance of pleaſures, was raviſhed to think ſhe was to go on a pilgrimage. "Who knows, (ſaid ſhe, ſoftly in her heart,) but the gods may inſpire my dear Gangaridian with the deſire of going to this very chapel, and I may have the happineſs to ſee the pilgrim once more?" She thanked her father tenderly, telling him, "that ſhe had always a ſecret devotion for the ſaint to whom he propoſed to ſend her."

Belus gave his gueſts an excellent dinner; the company conſiſted of men only, people badly matched; kings, princes, miniſters, prelates, all jealous of each other; all weighing their words, all troubleſome to their neighbours, and to themſelves. The repaſt was dull, though they drank a great deal.

The princeſſes remained in their apartments, employed each about her departure. They dined in private in their own rooms. Formoſante afterwards went to walk in the gardens with her dear bird, which, to amuſe her, flew from tree to tree, diſplaying its fine tail and beautiful plumage.

The king of Egypt, who was heated with wine, not to ſay drunk, called to one of his pages for a bow and arrow. This prince was indeed the worſt markſman in

in his whole kingdom. When he ſhot at a mark, the butt was the ſafeſt place to ſtand at. But the beautiful bird, flying as ſwift as the arrow, met its ſtroke, and fell bleeding into the arms of Formoſante. The Egyptian laughing like a fool, returned to his place. The princeſs pierced heaven with her cries, burſt into tears, and beat violently her face and breaſt. The bird dying, ſays in a low voice, "burn me, and do not fail to carry my cinders towards Arabia the happy, to the eaſtward of the antient city Aden or Eden, and expoſe them to the ſun, on a little pile of cloves and cinamon." After having uttered theſe words, it expired. Formoſante remained a long time in a ſwoon, and when ſhe came to herſelf ſobbed moſt bitterly. Her father ſharing her grief, and venting imprecations againſt the king of Egypt, had no doubt but this adventure foreboded ſome ſiniſter event. He went immediately to conſult the oracle. The oracle replied: *Mixture of all, life and death, infidelity and conſtancy, loſs and gain, calamities and happineſs.* Neither he himſelf, nor his counſel could make any thing of this anſwer; but in ſhort, he was ſatisfied that he had fulfilled the duties of devotion.

His daughter in tears, while he conſulted the oracle, cauſed the funeral honours to be paid to the bird, which it had directed, and reſolved to carry its aſhes to Arabia, at the hazard of her life. It was burnt in an incombuſtible cloth, together with the orange tree on which it was uſed to perch: She gather'd up its aſhes into a little vaſe of gold, ſet with carbuncles and diamonds, taken out of the lion's mouth. Inſtead of fulfilling this ſolemn duty, ſhe wiſhed ſhe could have burnt alive the deteſtable king of Egypt. In her fury ſhe commanded the two crocodiles, his two ſea-horſes, his two zebras, and his two rats to be killed, and his two mummies to be thrown iuto the Euphrates; if ſhe had been miſtreſs of his ox Apis, he would certainly have ſhared the ſame fate.

The king of Egypt, enraged at this affront, departed immediately to haſten the march of his three hundred thouſand men. The king of India took his leave

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the ſame day with a firm deſign to join his three hundred thouſand men to the Egyptian army. The king of Scythia marched off in the night with the princeſs Aldea, fully determined to maintain her right to the throne, at the head of three hundred thouſand Scythians, ſince ſhe was deſcended from the eldeſt branch of the royal family of Babylon.

The fair Formoſante ſet out at three o'clock in the morning with her caravan of pilgrims, flattering herſelf that ſhe might find means to go to Arabia, in order to execute the dying commands of her bird, and that the juſtice of the immortal gods would reſtore to her her dear Amazan, without whom ſhe could no longer live.

So that when the king of Babylon aroſe he found no body at all left. "How great feſtivals terminate! (ſaid he,) what an aſtoniſhing void do they leave in the mind when the hurly-burly is over!" But he flew into a truly royal paſſion, when he learned that the princeſs Aldea was carried off. He gave orders to awake all his miniſters, and to aſſemble his council. While they were getting ready to obey his ſummons, he did not fail conſulting his oracle, but could obtain no other anſwer than theſe words, ſo celebrated ſince over the whole univerſe: *When we do not take care to marry young women, they get married themſelves.*

Orders were immediately iſſued to march three hundred thouſand men againſt the kind of Scythia. Behold then the moſt terrible war kindled on all ſides, and produced by the moſt ſuperb feaſt that had been ever given on earth. Aſia was about to be made deſolate by four armies, each conſiſting of three hundred thouſand ſoldiers. It is evident, that the Trojan war, which filled the world with aſtoniſhment ſome ages after, was only children's play in compariſon of this; but then it muſt be conſidered, that the quarrel of the Trojans was only about an old woman of a very looſe character, who had run away twice before, whilſt two young ladies and a bird were the occaſion of the preſent war.

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The king of India waited for his army on the grand and magnificent road which then led in a ſtraight line from Babylon to Cachemire. The king of Scythia carried off the fair Aldea by the fine road which led to mount Immaus. All theſe roads have ſince diſappeared from bad adminiſtrations. The king of Egypt had marched to the weſtward, and coaſted along the little Mediterranean ſea, which the ignorant Hebrews have ſince called the great ſea.

With reſpect to the fair Formoſante, ſhe travelled the road to Baſſora, planted on each ſide with tall palm-trees, which furniſhed an eternal ſhade and fruits in every ſeaſon. The temple, to which ſhe was going a pilgrimage, was ſituated in Baſſora. The ſaint to whom this temple was dedicated, was pretty nearly ſuch a one as was in after ages adored at Lampſacum. He not only procured huſbands for young women, but frequently alſo ſupplied the huſband's place. He was the moſt famous ſaint in all Aſia.

Formoſante did not care in the leaſt about the ſaint of Baſſora, ſhe invoked only her dear Gangaridian ſhepherd, her beautiful Amazan. She expected to embark at Baſſora and arrive at Arabia the Happy, in order to perform what her dying bird had requeſted.

On the third evening, ſhe had hardly entered an inn where her purveyors had already made proviſion for her reception, before ſhe heard that the king of Egypt was arrived alſo. Having learned from his ſpies the rout of the princeſs, he had immediately changed his plan, and had purſued her with a numerous retinue. He arrives, places centinels at all the doors, enters Formoſante's chamber, and ſays to her, "Madam, you are the very perſon I looked for; you paid me very little reſpect when I was at Babylon; it is but juſtice to puniſh the diſdainful and capricious: you ſhall if you pleaſe have the goodneſs to ſup with me this evening; you ſhall have no other bed than mine, and I will behave to you juſt as I pleaſe."

Formoſante clearly ſaw that ſhe was not the ſtrongeſt; ſhe knew that good ſenſe conſiſts in conforming

to one's ſituation; ſhe formed the reſolution of delivering herſelf from the king of Egypt by an innocent trick; ſhe leered at him through the corner of her eye, which ſeveral ages ſince has been called ogling; and ſpoke to him thus, with a modeſty, a grace, a ſweetneſs, an embarraſſment, and a crowd of charms, which would have made a fool of the wiſeſt, and have blinded the moſt clear-ſighted of mankind.

"I acknowledge, Sir, that I always held down my head in your preſence, when you did the king my father the honour to pay him a viſit. I was afraid of my too open ſimplicity, I trembled leſt my father and your rivals ſhould perceive the preference I gave you, and which you ſo well deſerve. I can at preſent give way to my ſentiments in your favour. I ſwear by the ox Apis, which is what I reſpect moſt in the world next to you, that I am enchanted with your propoſitions. I have already ſupped with you along with the king my father; I ſhall alſo ſup here very well without his being of the party; all that I requeſt is, that you would permit your great almoner to ſpend the evening with us; he ſeemed to me at Babylon a very good companion; I have ſome excellent Chiras wine, I would fain have you both taſte it. With reſpect to your ſecond propoſal, it is very engaging, but it is not fit for a young lady to mention; let it ſuffice to know that I regard you as the greateſt of kings and moſt amiable of men."

This diſcourſe turn'd the king of Egypt's head; he conſented that his almoner ſhould be of the party. "I have another favour to requeſt (ſays the princeſs) that you would permit my apothecary to wait on me; young women are always ſubject to little diſorders, ſuch as vapours, palpitations of the heart, cholics, hyſterics, &c. which require to be attended to in certain circumſtances; in ſhort, I have an abſolute neceſſity for my apothecary, and I hope you will not refuſe me this ſlight proof of your love."

"Madam, (replied the king of Egypt) though an apothecary has views directly oppoſite to mine, and the objects of his art the very reverſe of mine, I am

too

too well bred to refuſe you ſo juſt a requeſt. I will give orders for his waiting on you before ſupper; I imagine you muſt be a little fatigued with your journey, and muſt have occaſion for a chamber-maid; you may ſend for any one you chuſe; I ſhall afterwards wait your commands and your convenience." He retired; the apothecary and her chambermaid, named Irla, arrived. The princeſs had an entire confidence in this girl; ſhe ordered her to ſend for ſix bottles of Chiras wine, to be drank at ſupper; and to give as much to each of the centinels who kept her officers under arreſt; ſhe then directed her apothecary to mix certain drugs, in all the wine, that would cauſe people to ſleep for four and twenty hours together, and which he always carried about him. She was punctually obeyed. The king returned with his great almoner in about half an hour: the ſupper was very cheerful; the king and the prieſt emptied the ſix bottles of wine, and owned there was not ſuch good wine in Egypt; the chamber-maid took care to make the ſervants drink of it who had waited at table. As for the princeſs, ſhe was very careful not to drink any herſelf, under pretence that her phyſician had preſcribed her a regimen. Every body was ſoon aſleep.

The almoner of the king of Egypt had the fineſt beard that any perſon of his condition poſſibly could have. Formoſante cut it off very cleverly; then ſowing it to a riband, fixed it under her chin. She muffled herſelf up in the robes of the prieſt, put on all the marks of his dignity, and dreſſed Irla like a ſacriſtan of the goddeſs Iſis; and with her urn and her jewels eſcaped from the inn, paſſing by the centinels who were faſt aſleep like their maſter. Her ſervant had taken care to provide horſes ready ſaddled. The princeſs could not take with her any of the officers of her retinue: they would have been ſtopped by the main guard.

Formoſante and Irla paſſed through hedges of ſoldiers, who taking the princeſs for the high prieſt, called her moſt reverend father in God, and begged her bleſſing. The two fugitives arrived in twenty

four hours at Baſſora, before the king of Egypt awaked. They then quitted their diſguiſe, to prevent ſuſpicion. They hired a veſſel as ſoon as poſſible, to carry them thro' the ſtreights of Ormus to the beautiful ſhore of Eden in Arabia the Happy. This Eden was the place whoſe gardens were ſo renowned, that they were afterwards made the abode of the juſt; they were the model of the Eliſian fields, of the gardens of the Heſperides, and of thoſe of the fortunate iſlands; for in theſe hot climates men conceived no greater happineſs than ſhades and murmuring rills. To live eternally in heaven with the Supreme, or to walk in the garden of Paradiſe, was the ſame thing with men who always ſpeak without underſtanding their meaning, and who have ſcarcely yet neat ideas, or juſt expreſſions.

As ſoon as the princeſs arrived at this happy ſhore, her firſt care was to pay her dear bird the funeral honours it had requeſted of her. Her fair hands erected a little pile of cloves and cinnamon. How great was her ſurpriſe, when having ſcattered the aſhes of the bird on this pile ſhe ſaw it take fire of itſelf. Every thing was ſoon conſumed. Inſtead of aſhes, appeared a large egg, out of which her bird aroſe more beautiful than ever. This was the moſt agreeable moment the princeſs had ever experienced in her life; but one other could happen that could equal it; that ſhe earneſtly wiſhed for, but did not expect.

"I ſee clearly (ſays ſhe to the bird) that you are the phenix which I have heard ſo much talk of. I am ready to expire with aſtoniſhment and joy. I did not believe at all in the reſurrection of the dead, but my happineſs has convinced me of it." "Reſurrection, madam, (ſays the bird) is the moſt ſimple thing in the world. It is no more ſurprizing to be born twice than once. All is reſurrection in this world: caterpillars change into butterflies; a nut planted in the ground becomes a tree. All animals buried in the earth revive in herbs and plants, and nouriſh other animals, a part of whoſe ſubſtance they ſoon become: all the particles that compoſe bodies are changed into different beings.

beings. It is true, I am the only one which the all-powerful Oroſmades has favoured ſo far as to permit to revive in its own nature."

Formoſante, who, ſince the day ſhe firſt ſaw Amazan and the phenix, had paſſed her whole time in aſtoniſhment, ſays to it, "I eaſily conceive that the great Being has formed out of your aſhes a phenix extremely like you; but I own I do not clearly comprehend how you can be abſolutely the ſame perſon, and have the ſame ſoul. What became of your ſoul, while I carried you in my pocket, after your death?"

"Ah, my good madam, is it not as eaſy for the great Oroſmades to continue his action on a little ſpark of me, as to begin this action? He had granted me before ſentiment, memory and thought; he grants them to me ſtill: whether he has attached this favour to an atom of elementary fire concealed in me, or to the aſſemblage of my organs, ſignifies nothing at bottom: Phenixes and men will be always ignorant how this comes to paſs; but the greateſt favour that the Supreme Being has granted me, is his bringing me to life for you: oh that I could paſs the twenty eight thouſand years that I have ſtill to live till my next reſurrection, with you and my dear Amazan!"

"My phenix, (replied the princeſs) recollect that the firſt words you ſpoke to me at Babylon, which I ſhall never forget, flattered me with the hopes of ſeeing again this dear ſhepherd whom I adore; we muſt abſolutely go together to Gangaridia, and bring him back to Babylon." "That is my intention (ſays the phenix) we have not a moment to loſe. We muſt go to find Amazan the ſhorteſt way, that is to ſay, through the air. Two griffins, who are my intimate friends, live in Arabia the Happy, only about one hundred and fifty miles off. I will write to them by a pidgeon, they will be here before night. In the mean time, we muſt procure a little commodious couch with drawers to contain proviſion for you. You will be entirely at your eaſe in this vehicle with your attendant. The two griffins are the moſt vigorous of their ſpecies; each will lay hold of one of the ends of

this couch with his claws. But once more the moments are precious." The bird immediately went with Formoſante to order a couch of an upholſterer of his acquaintance: it was ready in four hours. They filled the drawers with queen's cakes, biſcuits better than thoſe of Babylon, lemons, oranges, pine-apples, piſtachio nuts and wine of Eden, which excels Chiras wine, as much as that ſurpaſſes the wine of Surrenna.

The couch was equally light commodious and ſtrong. The two griffins arrived in Eden at the time appointed; Formoſante and Irla ſeated themſelves in the carriage. The two griffins flew away with it as if it had been a feather. The phenix ſometimes flew after, and ſometimes perched on the back of it. The two griffins ſailed towards the Ganges with the rapidity of an arrow that cuts the air. They ſtopped only a few moments in the night to refreſh themſelves and their two carriers.

They at laſt arrived at Gangaridia. The heart of the princeſs beat with hope, love, and joy. The Phenix ſtopped the carriage at the houſe of Amazan, and inquired for him; but he had been gone out three hours, and nobody knew where.

No words are capable, not even in the language of the Gangaridians, of expreſſing the deſpair that overwhelmed Formoſante. "Alas! behold what I feared (ſays the phenix); the three hours that you paſſed in the inn with this ſorry king of Egypt, have perhaps deprived you for ever of the happineſs of your life; I am very much afraid that we have loſt Amazan beyond recovery.

He then inquired of the ſervants, whether they might not pay their reſpects to his mother? They anſwered, that her huſband died the evening before, and that ſhe ſaw nobody. The phenix, who was intimately acquainted with the family, did not fail to invite the princeſs of Babylon into a parlour, the ſides of which were wainſcotted with orange-wood ornamented with fillets of ivory; the ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes, in long white dreſſes trimmed with ſky-colour, ſerved up, in an hundred diſhes of white china,

china, an hundred ſorts of delicious meſſes, among which was ſeen no diſguiſed carcaſe; the entertainment conſiſted of rice, ſago, vermicelli, macaroni, omelets, cuſtards, cheeſecakes, paſtry of all kinds, garden-ſtuff, and fruits of a perfumed and exquiſite flavour, of which we have no idea in other climates; with a profuſion of cool refreſhing liquors ſuperior to the beſt wines.

While the princeſs eat reclined on a bed of roſes, four peacocks, fortunately dumb, fanned her with their brilliant wings; two hundred birds, an hundred ſhepherds and an hundred ſhepherdeſſes entertained her with a concert of vocal muſic; nightingales, gold-finches, linnets, and chaffinches ſung the treble with the ſhepherdeſſes; the ſhepherds performed the tenor and baſs; it was in every reſpect charming and ſimple nature. The princeſs acknowledged, that though there was more magnificence at Babylon, nature was a thouſand times more agreeable in Gangaridia; but while they entertained her with this ſo conſoling and voluptuous muſic, ſhe melted into tears, and ſaid to young Irla her companion, "Theſe ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes theſe nightingales and gold-finches make love, but I, miſerable wretch, am deſpiſed by the Gangaridian hero, the worthy object of my moſt tender and moſt impatient deſires."

During the collation, while ſhe admired and wept, the phenix ſaid to the mother of Amazan, "Madam, you cannot diſpenſe with ſeeing the princeſs of Babylon; you know———." "I know all (replied ſhe) even her adventure in the inn with the king of Egypt on the road to Baſſora; a blackbird told me the whole affair this morning, and this cruel blackbird is the cauſe that my ſon has loſt his ſenſes, and has quitted his father's houſe." "You did not know then that the princeſs had brought me to life again?" "No, my dear child, I learned from the blackbird that you was dead, and I was inconſolable for your death. I was ſo afflicted at this loſs, the death of my huſband, and the departure of my ſon, that I refuſed to ſee company: but ſnce the princeſs of

Babylon does me the honour to pay me a viſit, deſire her to walk in directly; I have things of the utmoſt conſequence to impart to her, and would have you be preſent." She immediately went into another apartment to meet the princeſs. She walked with ſome difficulty, being an old lady about three hundred years of age; but ſhe had ſtill the remains of a very fine face; and it might be plainly ſeen, that ſhe muſt have been charming at about two hundred and thirty or forty years. She received Formoſante in a very genteel and reſpectful manner, with a mixed air of concern and grief, which made a lively impreſſion on the princeſs.

Formoſante firſt paid her compliments of condolance on the death of her huſband. "Alas! (ſaid the widow) you are more concerned in my loſs than you imagine." I am affected with it, to be ſure, (ſays Formoſante) he was the father of ———" At theſe words ſhe burſt into tears. "I came here for him only, through ſo many dangers: for him I quitted my father and the moſt ſplendid court in the univerſe. I have been run away with by a king of Egypt, whom I deteſt. Having made my eſcape from this raviſher: I have traverſed the air to viſit him I love; I arrive and he flies me!" Tears and ſobs prevented her from ſaying more.

The mother than ſaid, "Madam, when the king of Egypt carried you off by force, when you ſupped with him at an inn on the road to Baſſora; when your fair hands poured out a tumbler of Chiras wine for him, do you recollect ſeeing a black-bird fly about the room?" "Yes indeed, you recal it to my memory, I forgot this circumſtance; but upon recollection, I remember that when the king of Egypt roſe up from table to give me a kiſs, the black-bird flew out of the window, with a loud ſhriek, and never appeared more."

"Alas, Madam! (replied the mother of Amazan) this very circumſtance is the cauſe of our misfortunes: my ſon had ſent this black-bird to acquaint him with the ſtate of your health, and with what paſſed at Babylon;

bylon; he expected to return ſoon to throw himſelf at your feet, and devote the reſt of his life to your ſervice. You know no to what exceſs he adores you. All the Gangardians are amorous and faithful; but my ſon is the moſt paſſionate and conſtant of them all. The black-bird found you in an inn; you was drinking very merrily with the king of Egypt, and a ſorry prieſt; he ſaw you kiſs tenderly this monarch who had killed the phenix, and for whom my ſon has an invincible averſion. The black-bird, at this ſight, felt a juſt indignation; flew away curſing your fatal love; returned home this morning, and told all; but, merciful heavens, at what a time! at the very time when my ſon bewailed the death of his father, and of his phenix; at the very time that he learned from me that he was your couſin-german!"

"Oh heavens! my couſin! Madam, is it poſſible? by what means? how? what! that I ſhould be ſo far happy, and at the ſame time unfortunate enough to have offended him!

"My ſon is your couſin, I tell you, (replied the mother) and I am going to give you a proof of it; but though in you I diſcover a relation, you deprive me of my ſon; he will not be able to ſurvive the anguiſh of mind he feels on account of the kiſs you gave the king of Egypt."

"Ah, aunt, (cried Formoſante) I ſwear by him, and the all-powerful Oroſmades, that this fatal kiſs, far from being criminal, was the ſtrongeſt proof of love that I could poſſibly give your ſon. I diſobeyed my father for his ſake: for him I have travelled from the river Euphrates to the Ganges. Falling into the hands of the unworthy Pharaoh of Egypt, I could not make my eſcape, except by deceiving him. I call to witneſs the aſhes and ſoul of the phenix, which were then in my pocket; he can do me juſtice. But how can your ſon, born on the banks of the Ganges, be my couſin, whoſe family has reigned on the borders of the Euphrates ſo many ages?"

" You know, (ſays the venerable Gangaridian) that your great uncle Aldeus was king of Babylon, and was dethroned by the father of Belus——Yes, madam,—you know that his ſon Aldeus had a daughter, the princeſs Aldea, who was educated along with you. This prince, being perſecuted by your father, ſought refuge in our happy country, under a different name; he was my huſband; I had by him the young prince Aldeus Amazan, the moſt beautiful, the ſtrongeſt, the moſt valiant and virtuous, and at preſent the moſt out of his ſenſes of all mankind. He went to the feſtival of Babylon, attracted by the fame of your beauty: ever ſince that time he adores you, and perhaps I ſhall never more ſee my dear ſon."

She then ſet forth to the princeſs all the titles of the houſe of Aldeus; Formoſante hardly deigned to pay the leaſt regard to them. " Ah! madam, (ſays ſhe) do we examine what we wiſh? my heart implicitly believes you. But where is Aldeus Amazan? where is my relation, my lover, my king? where is my life? what road has he taken? I will go and ſeek him in all the globes that the Eternal has formed, and of which he is the greateſt ornament. I will mount into the ſtar Canope, into Sheath, into Aldebaran, I will haſte and convince him of my love and innocence.

The phenix cleared the princeſs of the crime of which the black-bird had accuſed her, of having from love given a kiſs to the king of Egypt; but it was neceſſary to undeceive and recal Amazan. Birds were ſent every road, unicorns into all parts of the country; at laſt news arrived that Amazan had taken the road of China. " Very well (cried the princeſs) let us ſet out for China, the journey is not long, I hope to bring your ſon back with me in fifteen days at fartheſt. At theſe words what tears of tenderneſs did the Gangaridian mother and the princeſs of Babylon ſhed! What embraces, what effuſions of the heart.

The phenix ordered immediately a chariot with ſix unicorns. The mother furniſhed two hundred horſemen, and made her niece a preſent of ſome thouſands of the fineſt diamonds of the country. The phenix, grieved

grieved at the miſchief which the indiſcredition of the black-bird had cauſed, iſſued an order for all black-birds to quit the country; and, ſince this time, there have been no black-birds on the borders of the Ganges.

SECTION V.

THE unicorns, in leſs than eight days, arrived with Formoſante, Irla, and the phenix, at Cambalu, the capital of China. It was a much larger city than Babylon, and its magnificence was quite of a different kind. Theſe new objects, theſe new manners would have amuſed Formoſante, if her thoughts had not been entirely employed on her dear Amazan.

As ſoon as the emperor of China was acquainted with the arrival of the princeſs of Babylon at the gates of the city, he diſpatched four thouſand mandarins in their proper robes; who all proſtrated themſelves before her, and preſented each a compliment wrote in golden leters, on a piece of purple ſilk. Formoſante told them, that if ſhe was miſtreſs of four thouſand tongues, ſhe would not fail to anſwer each mandarin immediately, but that, having only one, ſhe begged they would accept her thanks in general.

They conducted her reſpectfully to the emperor; he was the moſt juſt, moſt polite, and wiſeſt monarch on earth. He it was who firſt cultivated a little field with his imperial hands, in order to render agriculture reſpected by his people. He firſt eſtabliſhed prizes for virtue. The laws every where elſe were ſhamefully confined to the puniſhment of crimes. This emperor had juſt expelled from his dominions a troop of foreign bonzes who came from the fartheſt parts of the weſt, with the ridiculous intention to force all China to think as they did, and who, under pretence of preaching truths, had already acquired

riches

riches and honour. When he expelled them, he made the following ſpeech, which is regiſtered among the annals of the empire:

" You might do here as much miſchief as you have " done elſewhere: you have travelled here to preach " perſecution to a nation the moſt averſe to perſecuti- " on of any in the whole univerſe. I ſend you away " that I may not hereafter be forced to puniſh you. " You ſhall be honourably conducted to the frontiers " of my empire, and ſhall be furniſhed with every " thing neceſſary to enable you to return to your own " country. Go in peace, if you can be peaceable, " and never return more."

The princeſs of Babylon learned with pleaſure this ſentence, and this diſcourſe; ſhe was thereby more certain of a favourable reception at court, ſince ſhe was very far from being a favourer of perſecution. The emperor of China dined with her téte a téte, and had the politeneſs to baniſh all ceremony; ſhe preſented the phenix to him, who was very much careſſed by the emperor, and perched upon his chair. Formoſante, after dinner, acquainted him with the occaſion of her journey, and requeſted of him to command a ſearch to be made in Cambalu for the handſome Amazan, of whoſe hiſtory ſhe informed him, without concealing the fatal paſſion this young hero had kindled in her breaſt. " The perſon you ſpeak of, this amiable Amazan, has done me the pleaſure to viſit my court; I am enchanted with him; it is true, he is in the moſt profound affliction; but it only ſerves to make him the more agreeable; not one of my favourites has more wit: no mandarine of the gown has more extenſive knowledge; no mandarine of the ſword a more martial and heroic air; his extreme youth adds a further value to all his talents: if I was unfortunate enough, enough abandoned by Tien and Changti to wiſh myſelf a conqueror, I would entreat Amazan to take the command of my armies, and I ſhould be certain of triumphing over the whole univerſe.

verſe. It is a great pity that his exceſſive grief ſometimes diſorders his mind."

"Ah! ſir (ſays Formoſante, with a paſſionate air, with a mixture of ſorrow and reproach) why did not you invite him to dinner with us? I ſhall expire; ſend for him immediately." "Madam, he ſet out this morning, and did not tell what country he was going to." Formoſante turned about to the phenix, and ſaid, "Phenix, did you ever ſee a more unfortunate girl than me? But, ſir, (continued ſhe) what can be the reaſon of his quitting ſo polite a court as yours in ſuch an abrupt manner, a court in which, in my opinion, a perſon would wiſh to paſs the remainder of his days?"

"The cauſe, madam was this: One of the moſt amiable princeſſes of the blood, fell in love with him, and appointed to meet him in her chamber at noon; he ſet out this morning at break of day, and left this letter behind him, which has coſt my relation a flood of tears."

"Fair princeſs of the royal blood of China, you "merit an heart that has been yours only; I have "ſworn to the immortal gods never to love any other "than Formoſante, princeſs of Babylon, and to ſet her "an example of ſelf-denial; ſhe has had the misfor-"tune to yield to a worthleſs king of Egypt: I am "the moſt unhappy of mankind; I have loſt my father, "the phenix, and all hopes of being loved by For-"moſante; I have left my affiicted mother and my "country, unable to live a moment in the place "where I learned that Formoſante loved another; "I have ſworn to traverſe the earth, and to be faithful. "You would deſpiſe, and the gods would puniſh me "if I violated my oath; chooſe another lover, madam, "and be as faithful as I."

"Ah, give me this aſtoniſhing letter (ſays the beautiful Formoſante) it will be my conſolation; I am happy in my misfortune. Amazan loves me, Amazan renounces for me the poſſeſſion of the princeſs of China; he was the only perſon on earth capable of gaining ſuch a victory; he ſets me a great example; the phenix knows,

knows, that I have no need of it; it is a very cruel caſe to be deprived of one's lover on account of the moſt innocent kiſſes given out of pure fidelity: but where is he gone? what road has he taken? deign to acquaint me, and I ſet out."

The emperor of China anſwered, that, according to the reports which he had received, her lover had taken the rout of Scythia. Directly the unicorns were put to, and the princeſs, after the moſt tender compliments, took leave of the emperor, with the phenix, her waiting woman Irla, and all her retinue.

As ſoon as ſhe arrived in Scythia, ſhe ſaw more than ever how much men and governments vary, and ever will vary, till ſome nation, more enlightened than the reſt, enlightens them one after another, after a thouſand ages of darkneſs; or ſome heroic ſouls ſtart up in barbarous climates, who have the fortitude and perſeverence to change brutes into men. No cities in Scythia, conſequently no polite arts; vaſt meadows only were to be ſeen, and whole nations living in tents and waggons. This ſight impreſſed terror. Formoſante inquired in which tent or waggon the king lived? She was told, that about eight days before, he had marched at the head of three hundred thouſand horſe to meet the king of Babylon, whoſe niece, the fair Aldea, he had ran away with. "Ran away with my couſin! (cried Formoſante) I did not expect this new adventure: what! my couſin, whoſe utmoſt happineſs was to pay her court to me, a queen, and I myſelf not yet married!" She deſired to be conducted directly to the queen's tent.

Their unexpected meeting in this remote climate; the extraordinary circumſtances which they had mutually to diſcloſe, rendered their interview charming, and made them forget that they had never loved one another; they ſaw each other with tranſport; a ſweet illuſion ſupplied the place of real tenderneſs; they embraced with tears; and even behaved with cordiality and ſincerity, becauſe the interview was not in a palace.

Aldea

Aldea preſented her couſin with ſome very curious ſables, who, in return, made her a preſent of diamonds. They diſcourſed of the war which the two kings had undertaken; they deplored the condition of men whom monarchs ſend, through caprice, to murder each other, for differences which two honeſt people might ſettle in an hour; but they particularly talked about the handſome ſtranger, the conqueror of lions, the giver of the biggeſt diamonds in the univerſe, the poſſeſſor of the phenix, become the moſt wretched of mankind, through the falſe information of a black-bird. "He is my brother (ſaid Aldea);" "He is my lover (exclaimed Formoſante); you have ſeen him doubtleſs, he is perhaps ſtill here; for, couſin, he knows that he is your brother; he would not ſurely leave you abruptly, as he left the king of China."

"Yes, I have ſeen him (replied Aldea) he paſſed four whole days with me: Ah! couſin, how greatly is my brother to be pitied! a falſe tale has abſolutely rendered him mad; he runs about the world without knowing where he goes. He has puſhed his madneſs ſo far as to refuſe the favours of the moſt beautiful Scythian in all Scythia. He departed yeſterday, after writing a letter to her, which has thrown her into a ſtate of diſtraction. As for him he is gone to Cimmeria." "Thank God (cried Formoſante); another refuſal in my favour! my happineſs has exceeded my moſt ſanguine hopes, as my misfortunes have ſurpaſſed my utmoſt fears. Give me this charming letter, that I may ſet out, that I may follow him with my hands full of his ſacrifices. Adieu, couſin! Amazan is in Cimmeria, I fly thither."

Aldea thought the princeſs her couſin more diſtracted than her brother Amazan. But, as ſhe had felt herſelf the attacks of this epidemic diſtemper, as ſhe had quitted the delights and magnificence of Babylon for the king of Scythia, as women always intereſt themſelves in the follies of which love is the cauſe, ſhe really pitied Formoſante, wiſhed her a happy journey, and

and promiſed to aſſiſt her paſſion, if ſhe ſhould be happy enough ever to ſee her brother again.

SECTION VI.

THE princeſs of Babylon, and the phenix ſoon arrived at the empire of the Cimmerians, much leſs populous indeed than China, but twice as large, formerly like Scythia, but lately become as flouriſhing as the kingdoms which boaſt of inſtructing other ſtates.

After ſome days journey, they entered a very large city, which the reigning empreſs had embelliſhed, but did not reſide therein herſelf; ſhe was then travelling from the European frontiers of her dominions to thoſe of Aſia, to view the different provinces herſelf; that ſhe might form a judgment of the grievances, and apply proper remedies, encreaſe the advantages, and ſow inſtruction.

One of the principal officers of this antient capital, being acquainted with the arrival of the Babylonian and the phenix, made the utmoſt expedition to pay his reſpects to the princeſs, and the cuſtomary honours; very certain, that his miſtreſs, the moſt polite and magnificent of ſovereigns, would be well pleaſed at his having received ſo noble a princeſs with the ſame honours that ſhe would have laviſhed on her herſelf.

Formoſante was lodged in the palace, from before which the guards diſperſed the importunate rabble; and was elegantly entertained. The Cimmerian lord, who was a great naturaliſt diſcourſed a good deal with the phenix, while the princeſs retired to her own apartment. The phenix owned to him that he had formerly been in Cimmeria, and that he now did not know the country again. How, (ſaid the phenix,) has it been poſſible to effect ſuch a prodigious change in ſo ſhort a time? It is not three hundred years ſince I here ſaw ſavage nature in all its horror, I at preſent find

find the arts, ſplendor, glory, and politeneſs. One ſingle man began this great work, (anſwered the Cimmerian,) a woman has brought it to perfection, a woman has been a better legiſlatrix, than Iſis of the Egyptians, or Ceres of the Greeks. The genius of moſt legiſlators has been contracted and deſpotic, which has confined their views to the countries which they governed: each has conſidered his own nation as the only one on earth: or as if it ought to be an enemy to the reſt of the world. They have formed inſtitutions for this nation only, introduced cuſtoms for it alone, and eſtabliſhed a religion for this nation only. Thus it is, that the Egyptians, ſo famous for their pyramids, have befotted and diſhonoured themſelves through their barbarous ſuperſtitions. They think other nations prophane, they hold no communication with them, and except the court, which ſometimes raiſes itſelf above vulgar prejudices, not a ſingle Egyptian would eat out of a plate that a ſtranger had made uſe of. Their prieſts are cruel and abſurd. It would be better to have no laws, and to liſten only to the voice of nature, which has engraved on our hearts the marks of juſtice and injuſtice, than to ſubject ſociety to ſuch unſociable laws.

Our empreſs embraces plans entirely oppoſite; ſhe conſiders her vaſt dominions on which all the meridians join, as correſponding to all the nations which inhabit theſe different meridians. The chief of her laws has been a toleration of all religions, and compaſſion for all errors. Her exalted genius is ſenſible that though the forms of worſhip are different, morality is every where the ſame; through this principle ſhe has connected her nation to all the nations in the world, and the Cimmerians conſider the Scandinavians and Chineſe as their brethern. She has done more; ſhe has uſed her endeavours that this precious toleration, the firſt tie of makind, ſhould be eſtabliſhed among her neighbours; thus ſhe has deſerved the title of mother of her country, and will have that of benefactreſs of mankind if ſhe perſeveres.

Before

Before her, thoſe, unhappily poſſeſſed of power, ſent troops of murderers to raviſh from unknown nations, and ſprinkle with their blood, the inheritances of their anceſtors; theſe aſſaſſins were called heroes; their rapine was called glory. Our ſovereign's glory is of another kind; ſhe makes armies march to procure peace, to prevent men from doing miſchief to each other, to force them to ſupport each other, and her ſtandards have been thoſe of public concord.

The phenix, enchanted with the diſcourſe of this lord, ſaid to him, ſir, I have lived twenty ſeven thouſand nine hundred years and ſix months; I have never yet ſeen any thing to be compared with what you relate to me. He inquired after his friend Amazan; the Cimmerian gave him the ſame account that the princeſs had received from the Chineſe and Scythians. Amazan fled from all the courts which he viſited, as ſoon as a lady appointed him a rendezvous, which he feared might prove fatal to his virtue. The phenix ſoon acquainted Formoſante with this new inſtance of fidelity in Amazan, a fidelity the more aſtoniſhing, as he could not poſſibly ſuſpect it would ever come to the knowledge of his princeſs.

He was ſet out for Scandinavia. In theſe climates, new ſights ſtruck his eyes: here royalty and liberty ſubſiſted together by an agreement which ſeemed impoſſible in other ſtates: the peaſants had a ſhare in the legiſlative power, as well as the grandees of the kingdom, and a young prince gave the greateſt hopes of his being worthy to rule a free nation. There was ſomething more ſtrange; the only king on earth who was deſpotic by law, through a formal contract with his people, was at the ſame time the youngeſt and moſt juſt of kings.

In Sarmatia Amazan ſaw a philoſopher on the throne; he might be called the king of anarchy, for he was the head of an hundred thouſand petty kings, of whom a ſingle one could annul the reſolutions of all the reſt. Æolus had not more difficulty to reſtrain the winds that are continually contending with each other, than this monarch to conciliate minds; he was a pilot

a pilot ſurrounded with an eternal ſtorm, and yet the veſſel did not founder, for this prince was an excellent pilot.

In journeying through theſe countries ſo different from his own, Amazan conſtantly refuſed all the intrigues that offered, always diſtracted at the kiſs which Formoſante gave the king of Egypt, ever firm in his inconceivable reſolution to ſet Formoſante an example of a matchleſs and unſhaken conſtancy.

The princeſs of Babylon with the phenix followed him every where cloſe at his heels, and ſeldom miſſed of him above a day or two, without the one being tired of running away, or the other of purſuing.

They traverſed thus all Germany; they admired the progreſs that reaſon and philoſophy made in the north; there all the princes were learned, all authoriſed the liberty of thinking; their education had not been entruſted to men who had an intereſt in deceiving them, or were deceived themſelves; they had been educated in the knowledge of univerſal morality, and had learned to deſpiſe ſuperſtition of every kind; in all theſe ſtates a ſenſeleſs cuſtom had been baniſhed which enervates and depopulates ſeveral ſouthern countries; this cuſtom conſiſted in burying alive in vaſt dungeons an infinite number of both ſexes eternally ſeparated from each other, and in making them ſwear never to have the leaſt communication together.

This exceſs of madneſs, having been in eſteem for ages, had depopulated the earth as much as the moſt cruel wars.

The princes of the north had at laſt comprehended, that if they would have a fine breed of horſes, they ought not to ſeparate the ſtrongeſt horſes from the mares. They had deſtroyed alſo errors equally abſurd and not leſs pernicious. At length men dared to make uſe of their reaſon in theſe vaſt countries, while elſewhere their rulers ſtill think that they cannot be governed unleſs they are kept feeble and in ignorance.

SECTION

SECTION VII.

AMAZAN arrived in Holland; his heart experienced a delightful ſatisfaction in his chagrin, to find there ſome ſlight reſemblance of the country of the happy Gangaridians; liberty, equality, property, plenty, toleration; but the ladies of the country were ſo cold, that not one them made him advances as the ladies had done every were elſe, ſo that he met with no difficulties to reſiſt. If he had choſe to attack theſe ladies, he might have ſucceeded with them all one after another, without being loved by any; but he was very far from thinking of ſuch conqueſts.

Formoſante was very near overtaking him in this inſipid nation: ſhe miſſed of him but by a moment.

Amazan had heard ſuch prodigious encomiums in Holland of a certain iſland called Albion, that he determined to embark himſelf and his unicorns on board a veſſel, which by a favourable eaſterly wind arrived in four hours at one of the ports of this kingdom, more celebrated than Tyre or the Atlantic iſle.

The fair Formoſante, who had followed him to the borders of the Dwina, the Viſtula, the Elbe and the Weſer, arrived at laſt at the mouth of the Rhine, which then emptied its rapid waters into the German ſea.

She learned that her dear lover had juſt ſailed for Albion; ſhe fancied that ſhe ſaw his veſſel; ſhe ſhouted with joy, at which all the Dutch ladies were vaſtly ſurpriſed, having no idea that a young man could occaſion ſo much pleaſure: and with reſpect to the phenix, they ſet no great value on it, becauſe they judged its feathers, in all probability, would not ſell ſo well as thoſe of geeſe, ducks, and other water-fowls. The princeſs of Babylon hired or freighted two veſſels to tranſport her and her retinue into this bleſt

bleſt iſland, which was about to poſſeſs the only object of all her wiſhes, the ſoul of her life, the god of her heart.

An unlucky weſterly wind ſuddenly aroſe, at the very inſtant when the faithful and unhappy Amazan landed in Albion, which prevented the ſhips of the princeſs of Babylon from ſailing. Formoſante was ſeized with a moſt violent oppreſſion of the heart, a moſt exceſſive grief, and a moſt profound melancholy; in the height of her diſtreſs ſhe reſolved to go to bed, till the wind ſhould change; but the ſtorm continued eight days with the utmoſt violence. The princeſs, during this age of eight days, made Irla read romances to her; not becauſe theſe books were compoſed by the Dutch; but being the factors of the univerſe they ſold the genius and wit of other nations, as well as their produce. The princeſs bought at Michael Ray's all the tales that had been wrote by the Auſonians and Welchi, the ſale of which had been wiſely forbidden among thoſe nations, in order to enrich the Dutch; ſhe was in hopes of finding ſomething in theſe hiſtories that reſembled her own adventures, and might lull her grief. Irla read, the phenix gave its opinion, and the princeſs met with nothing in the Fortunate Country Maid, in Tanzai and Neadarne, in the Sopha, nor in the hiſtory of the Four Facardins, that had the leaſt relation to her adventures; ſhe interrupted Irla's reading every moment, to inquire whether the wind was changed.

SECTION VIII.

IN the mean while Amazan was already on the road towards the capital of Albion, in his carriage drawn by ſix unicorns, his whole thoughts bent on his princeſs: he perceived a handſome poſt chaiſe overturned in a ditch: the ſervants were gone to procure aſſiſtance: the maſter remained quietly in his carriage,

carriage, without ſhewing the leaſt impatience, and amuſed himſelf with ſmoaking; for it was cuſtomary then to ſmoke; his name was my lord What-then.

Amazan haſtily alighted from his carriage in order to lend him aſſiſtance; he by himſelf raiſed up the carriage, ſo ſuperior was his ſtrength to that of other men. My lord What-then contented himſelf with ſaying, "Upon my word a very ſtrong fellow." The neighbouring country fellows who came to his lordſhip's aſſiſtance, were angry that they had been ſent for without being wanted, and complained of it to the ſtranger; they threatened him, called him outlandiſh dog, and offered to fight him.

Amazan laid hold of two of the moſt abuſive with each hand, and threw them above twenty paces off; the reſt pulled off their hats, begged his pardon, and aſked for ſomething to drink: he gave them more money than they had ever ſeen before. My lord What-then ſaid, "Sir, I eſteem you, come and dine with me at my country-houſe, which is only about three miles off;" and ſtepped into Amazan's carriage, his own being greatly damaged by the accident.

After a quarter of an hour's ſilence, his lordſhip looking ſtedfaſtly at Amazan, ſaid, "How do you do?" and afterwards added, "You have ſix pretty unicorns there," and reſumed ſmoaking.

The traveller told him, that the unicorns were at his ſervice, that he came with them from the country of the Gangaridians, and took occaſion to mention the affair of the princeſs of Babylon, and the fatal kiſs that ſhe had given the king of Egypt; to which the other returned no anſwer, not caring whether there was a king of Egypt or a Princeſs of Babylon in the world. He remained without ſpeaking another quarter of an hour; at the end of which he again aſked his companion how he did, and whether the Gangaridians eat good roaſt beef. The traveller replied, with his uſual politeneſs, that they did not eat their brethren on the banks of the Ganges. He explained to his lordſhip the ſyſtem which, many ages after, was adopted by Pythagoras, Porphyrius and Iamblicus.

Iamblicus. During which my lord fell aſleep, and made only one ſound nap of it till he arrived at his ſeat.

He had a young handſome wife, on whom nature had beſtowed as much ſenſibility as her huſband poſſeſſed indifference. Several Engliſh noblemen were come to dine with her. The company conſiſted of all kinds of characters; for the country having almoſt always been governed by ſtrangers, the families, that came with theſe princes, had all brought with them their different manners. Some were very amiable people, others perſons of very extraordinary genius, and ſome profoundly learned.

The beautiful miſtreſs of the family did not conceal, by a diſdainful carriage and an affected ſilence, the barrenneſs of her ideas, and the humiliating perplexity of having nothing to ſay: no woman could be more engaging. She received Amazan with her natural politeneſs and obliging behaviour. The extreme beauty of this young ſtranger, and the ſudden compariſon ſhe made between him and her huſband, ſenſibly affected her the very firſt moment.

Dinner came on table. She made Amazan ſit next her, and helped him to puddings of every kind, having learned from him that the Gangaridians eat nothing which had received from heaven the celeſtial gift of life. His beauty, ſtrength, the manners of the Gangaridians, the progreſs of arts, religion and government, were the topics of a converſation as agreeable as inſtructive, during the repaſt, which laſted till night, and during which my lord What-then drank a great deal, and ſaid nothing.

After dinner, while my lady made tea, and devoured the youth with her eyes, he entered into diſcourſe with a member of Parliament; for every body knows, that even in thoſe time there was a parliament which was called Wittenagemot, which ſignifies an aſſembly of perſons of genius. Amazan informed himſelf of the conſtitution, manners, laws, ſtrength, cuſtoms and arts that rendered this country ſo commendable

mendable, which this gentleman acquainted him with in the following terms:

"We went naked a long while, though this climate is not hot. We were a long time treated as ſlaves by a nation that came from the ancient land of Saturn, watered by the river Tiber. But we brought on ourſelves much greater evils than we experienced from our firſt conquerors. One of our kings carried his baſeneſs ſo far as to declare himſelf the ſubject of a prieſt who dwelt alſo on the banks of the Tiber, called the Old Man of the ſeven Hills: it has long been the deſtiny of theſe Seven Hills to rule over the greateſt part of Europe, inhabited then by brutes.

After theſe abject times, followed ages of ferocity and anarchy. Our country, more tempeſtuous than the ſea that ſurrounds it, was pillaged and embrued with blood through our diſcords; ſeveral kings periſhed by violent deaths; above an hundred princes of the blood loſt their lives on the ſcaffold. The hearts of their adherents were torn out and thrown into their faces. It was the province of the executioner to write the hiſtory of our iſland, ſince he was the perſon, who had the principal ſhare in our tranſactions.

It is not long ſince, that, to complete the ſcene of horror, ſome people wearing black cloaks, and others, who put a white ſhirt over their jackets, having been bitten by mad dogs, communicated their madneſs to the whole nation. All were either murderers or murdered, executioners or executed, plunderers or ſlaves, in the cauſe of heaven, and by ſeeking the Lord.

Who would believe that, from this frightful abyſs, from this chaos of diſſentions, crimes ignorance and fanaticiſm, the moſt perfect government, that is perhaps at preſent in the whole world, has reſulted. An honoured and rich king, all-powerful to do good, unable to do ill, preſides over a free, warlike commercial enlightened nation. The nobles, on one part, and the repreſentatives of the people on the other, ſhare the legiſlative power with the monarch.

We have ſeen, by a ſingular fatality, diſorders, civil wars, anarchy and poverty deſolate the country, when

when the monarch has aimed at arbitrary power. Tranquillity, riches, and public felicity have reigned among us, when our kings have been ſenſible that they were not abſolute. All was diſorder when we have entered into diſputes about unintelligible matters: every thing has gone right when we have had the ſenſe to deſpiſe them. Our victorious fleets extend our glory to the moſt remote parts of the world; and the laws are the ſafeguard of our fortunes; a judge can never interpret them arbitrarily; never pronounce a decree that is not founded on law. We ſhould puniſh as an aſſaſſin a judge who preſumed to condemn a ſubject without a public trial, and confronting him with the witneſſes who accuſe him, and declaring the law by which he ſtands convicted.

It is true, we have always two parties amongſt us, which are continually intriguing and writing againſt each other; but they always unite together when there is occaſion to take up arms in order to defend our country and our liberties. Theſe two parties watch over each other, they mutually prevent each other from violating the ſacred depoſit of the laws; they hate each other, but they love the ſtate; they are jealous lovers, who, in emulation of one another, ſerve the ſame miſtreſs.

From the ſame fund of underſtanding, that we have diſcovered and maintained the rights of human nature, we have carried the ſciences to the higheſt pitch they poſſibly can arrive at among mankind. Your Egyptians who paſs for ſuch great mechanics, your Indians who have been thought ſuch great philoſophers, your Babylonians who boaſt of having ſtudied aſtronomy four hundred and thirty thouſand years; the Greeks, who have wrote ſo many ſentences, and ſo little matter, hardly know any thing in compariſon with the leaſt of our ſcholars who have ſtudied the diſcoveries of our great maſters. We have dived into more of the ſecrets of nature, in the ſpace of an hundred years, than mankind had diſcovered in a multitude of ages.

This is the real ſtate of our preſent condition; I have neither concealed the good nor the bad, neither our ſhame nor our glory; and have exaggerated nothing.

Amazan, at this diſcourſe, felt an earneſt deſire to inſtruct himſelf in theſe ſublime ſciences; and if his paſſion for the princeſs of Babylon, filial reſpect for his mother, whom he had quitted, and love of his country, had not ſpoke loudly to his tortured heart, he would have wiſhed to paſs his life in the iſle of Albion. But this unfortunate kiſs that his princeſs gave the king of Egypt, had deprived him of that tranquillity of mind neceſſary for the ſtudy of the ſublime ſciences.

"I acknowledge (ſays he) that, having impoſed on myſelf a law to roam about the world and avoid myſelf, I am extremely deſirous of ſeeing this antient country of Saturn, this nation that inhabits the banks of the Tyber and the Seven Hills, to whom Albion was ſubject heretofore; it muſt certainly be the firſt nation on earth." "I adviſe you to take this journey (replied the Albionian) if you have the leaſt inclination for muſic or painting. We frequently travel ourſelves for amuſement to the Seven Mountains. But you will be aſtoniſhed to ſee the deſcendents of our conquerors."

This converſation held a conſiderable time. Tho' the charming Amazan was a little touched in his head, he ſpoke ſo agreeably, his voice was ſo pathetic, his appearance ſo noble, and his carriage ſo genteel, that the miſtreſs of the family could not help entering into a téte a téte converſation with him in her turn. She ſqueezed his hand tenderly whilſt talking to him, and gave him ſuch looks as kindled deſires in his ſoul. She kept him to ſupper, and inſiſted on his ſtaying all night. Each moment, every word, every look increaſed her paſſion. As ſoon as the company was gone, ſhe wrote him a little billet doux, not doubting but he would come to court her in her bed, as my lord *What-then* ſlept in a ſeparate apartment. Amazan had again the courage to reſiſt; ſo many miraculous effects

does

does a grain of folly produce in a noble mind deeply wounded.

Amazan, as uſual, made the lady a very reſpectful anſwer; in which he repreſented to her the ſacredneſs of his oath, and the ſtrict obligation he had laid himſelf under to ſet the princeſs of Babylon an example of ſelf-denial; after which he ordered his unicorns to be put to, and ſet out for Batavia, leaving the whole company in aſtoniſhment, and the lady in a ſtate of diſtraction. In the exceſs of her grief ſhe dropped Amazan's letter; my lord What-then read it next morning, and, ſhrugging up his ſhoulders, ſaid, "What a parcel of ſtuff is here;" and went a fox-hunting with ſome jolly fellows in the neighbourhood.

Amazan already ſailed on the ſea, furniſhed with a geographical map, which the learned Albionian, with whom he had converſed at my lord What-then's had made him a preſent of. He beheld with ſurprize, a great part of the world on a ſheet of paper.

His eyes and imagination wandered about in this little ſpace; he remarked the Rhine, the Danube, the Alps of Tirol, deſcribed then under other names, and all the countries through which he muſt paſs to arrive at the ſeven hills; but particularly fixed his eyes with attention on the country of the Gangaridians, on Babylon where he firſt ſaw his dear princeſs, and on the fatal country of Baſſora, where ſhe had kiſſed the king of Egypt. He ſighed, he ſhed tears; but allowed, that the Albionian, who had made him a preſent of the world in miniature, was not wrong in ſaying, that people were more learned a thouſand times on the banks of the Thames, than on thoſe of the Nile, Ganges, and Euphrates.

While he was returning back to Batavia, Formoſante was flying towards England with her two veſſels under full ſail; the princeſs's veſſel, and that in which Amazan had taken his paſſage, paſſed very cloſe each other, and almoſt touched! How near were the lovers! Ah, had they known it! but imperious deſtiny did not permit.

SECTION IX.

AS ſoon as Amazan diſembarked on the level boggy ſhore of Batavia, he ſet out quick as lightning for the city of the ſeven hills. He croſſed the ſouthern part of Germany. Every three or four miles he met with princes and princeſſes, gentlewomen and beggars. He was ſtruck with aſtoniſhment at the coquetries which theſe ladies and gentlewomen of honour practiſed to enſnare him, with the German plain-dailing; to which he only replied by modeſt refuſals. After having croſſed the Alps, he embarked on the ſea of Dalmatia, and landed in a city which had not the leaſt reſemblance to any that he had hitherto ſeen. The ſea formed the ſtreets, the houſes were built in the water. The few public ſquares that adorned this city, were crowded with men and women who carried double faces, that which nature had given them, and a face of paſteboard badly painted, which they wore over the other; ſo that the nation ſeemed compoſed of ſpectres. Foreigners who came into this country uſed immediately to buy themſelves a face, as people elſewhere furniſh themſelves with caps and ſhoes. Amazan diſdained this unnatural faſhion, and preſented himſelf ſuch as he naturally was. In this city ten thouſand young women were regiſtered in the great book of the ſtate, entruſted with the moſt advantageous and agreeable commerce that ever inriched a nation. In the common way of trade, merchants ſend goods to the Eaſt at a great expence and conſiderable riſk; theſe fair traders carried on without the leaſt riſk a traffic perpetually ariſing from their charms. They all waited on the handſome Amazan, and offered him his choice. He made his eſcape as quick as poſſible, uttering the name of the incomparable princeſs of Babylon, and ſwearing by the immortal gods that ſhe was handſomer than

than all the twelve thouſand Venetian beauties together. Sublime wanton, (cried he in his tranſports) I will ſhew you an example of fidelity.

At laſt the yellow waves of the Tyber, marſhes that exhaled peſtilential vapours, and a few ghaſtly meagre inhabitants, cloathed in rags which diſcovered their withered, tawny hides, preſented themſelves to his view, and let him know that he was very near the gates of the city of the Seven Hills, the city of heroes and legiſlators, which had conquered and civilized great part of the globe.

He expected to have ſeen at the triumphant gate, five hundred battalions, drawn up, commanded by heroes; and in the ſenate, an aſſembly of demigods giving law to the whole world; inſtead of an army, he found about thirty ragged fellows mounting guard with umbrellos over their heads for fear of the ſun: and upon entering a temple which ſeemed very fine to him, but leſs in ſize than that of Babylon, he was prodigiouſly ſurprized to hear muſic executed by men who had the voices of women.

This antient country of Saturn is a very comical one, (ſays he,) I have ſeen a city where none wore their own faces; here is another, where the men have neither beards, nor their proper voice. He was informed that theſe ſingers were no longer men; that they had been deprived of their virility to improve their voices, in order that they might ſing in a more agreeable manner the praiſes of a prodigious number of deſerving perſons. Amazan comprehended nothing at all from this diſcourſe. Theſe gentlemen aſked the favour of a ſong from him; he ſung a Gangaridian air in his uſual graceful manner. His voice was a very fine counter-tenor. Ah! ſir, (ſaid they,) what a charming ſoprano you would have, ah! if—What do you mean? —ah, ſir!—very well, go on—if you had but no beard! They then explained what they meant very drolly, and with very comical geſtures, according to their uſual cuſtom. Amazan was quite confounded. I have travelled (ſaid he,) and never heard before of ſuch a piece of caprice.

When the vocal muſic was finiſhed, the old man of the Seven Hills, went in great ſtate to the door of the temple; he cut the air in four parts, with his thumb held up, two fingers ſtraitened, and the other two bent, ſpeaking at the ſame time theſe words, in a language that is no longer ſpoke; *To the city and to the whole world* *. The Gangaridian could not comprehend how two fingers could reach ſo far.

He ſoon after ſaw the whole court of the maſter of the world paſs by; it was compoſed of grave perſonages, ſome in ſcarlet, and others in purple robes: almoſt all of them leered at Amazan, paid their reſpects to him, and ſaid to one another, "St. Martin, what a charming youth! St. Pancras, what a beautiful—! †"

The perſons, whoſe employment it was to point out to ſtrangers the curioſities of the city, were very forward to ſhew him ruinous places, where a muletier would not paſs a night, but which had been formerly monuments worthy of the grandeur of a republic, miſtreſs of the world. He ſaw alſo pictures that were painted about two hundred years before, and ſtatues of above twenty centuries, which ſeemed to him maſter-pieces of art. "Does your nation produce ſuch artiſts at preſent?" (ſaid Amazan) "No, your excellency (replied his conductor,) but we deſpiſe the reſt of the world becauſe we poſſeſs theſe rarities. We are a kind of ſaleſmen, who get our glory from the old cloaths which we keep in our ſhops."

Amazan was deſirous of ſeeing the palace of this prince; he was conducted thither. He ſaw perſons dreſſed in purple robes, reckoning the produce of the revenues of the ſtate; ſo much from a country ſituated on the Danube; ſo much from another ſituated on the Loire, the Guadalquiver, or the Viſtula. "Oh ho! (ſays Amazan, after conſulting his geographical map) your maſter poſſeſſes then all Europe, like the antient heroes of the Seven Hills?" "He ought to poſſeſs the whole univerſe, by divine right (replied one of the perſons

* Urbi et orbi.

† San Martino che bel' ragazzo! San Pancratio che bel' fanciullo!

perſons dreſſed in purple,) and there even has been a time when his predeceſſors came very near univerſal monarchy; but their ſucceſſors have had the goodneſs to content themſelves with a ſum of money, which the kings their ſubjects pay as a kind of tribute."

"Your maſter is then in fact, king of kings; and, I ſuppoſe, this is his title (ſays Amazan)?" "No, your excellency, his title is *ſervant of ſervants*; he is originally a fiſherman and a porter, and, for this reaſon, the emblems of his dignity are nets and keys; but he always gives orders to all kings. It is not long ſince he ſent an hundred and one commands to a king of the Celtæ, and the king obeyed them."

"Surely then your fiſherman (ſaid Amazan), ſent five or ſix hundred thouſand ſoldiers to cauſe his hundred and one commands to be executed?"

"No ſuch thing, your excellency, our holy maſter is not rich enough to maintain ten thouſand ſoldiers; but he has four or five hundred thouſand divine prophets diſtributed about in other countries. Theſe prophets of all colours are, as in reaſon they ought to be, maintained at the expence of the nation where they reſide; they publiſh on the part of heaven, that my maſter can open and ſhut all locks with his keys, eſpecially thoſe of ſtrong boxes. A Norman prieſt, who was confeſſor to the king whom I have mentioned, convinced him, that it was his duty to obey, without reply, the hundred and one opinions of my maſter; for you muſt know, that one of the prerogatives of the old man of the Seven Hills is to be always in the right, whether he deigns to ſpeak or deigns to write."

"Ods zookers (ſays Amazan), a very extraordinary perſon this; I ſhould like extremely to take a a dinner with him." "Your excellency, though you were a king, could not eat at his table; all he could do for you would be to permit you to dine at a ſide-table, ſmaller and lower than his own. But if you are deſirous of the honour of converſing with him, I will entreat the favour of an audience for you, upon paying the *buonà mancia*, which you will have the goodneſs to give me." With all my heart" (ſays the Gangaridian.)

Gangaridian.) The purple gentleman bowed. "I will introduce you to morrow (ſaid he); you muſt make three bows at your entrance, and kiſs the great toe of the old man of the Seven Hills." At theſe words Amazan was ſeized with ſuch a fit of laughter, that he was almoſt choaked with it; went away, holding both his ſides, and laughed till he cried again the whole way home; where, when he arrived, he ſtill continued laughing a great while. During dinner-time, twenty men without beards, and twenty muſicians, treated him with a concert. He was courted the remainder of the day by the principal lords of the court; they made him propoſals ſtill more ſtrange than to kiſs the great toe of the old man of the Seven Hills. As he was extremely polite, he thought at firſt that theſe gentlemen miſtook him for a lady, and acquainted them of their miſtake in the moſt genteel and diſcreet manner. But being attacked rather briſkly by two or three of the moſt reſolute purple gentry, he threw them out of the window, without thinking that he made a great ſacrifice to the fair Formoſante. He quitted as ſoon as poſſible this city of maſters of the world, where an old man's great toe was to be kiſſed as if his cheek was in his foot, and where young men were accoſted with ceremonies ſtill more extraordinary.

SECTION X.

HAVING travelled from province to province, ever proof againſt temptations of every kind, ever faithful to the princeſs of Babylon, ever burning with reſentment againſt the king of Egypt, this model of conſtancy arrived at laſt at the new capital of the Gauls. This city, like moſt others, had paſſed thro' all the degrees of barbariſm, ignorance, folly, and miſery. Its firſt name was Lutece, ſuppoſed to be derived from the Latin word *Lutum*, which ſignifies clay; it

it afterwards was called Iſis, from a temple in its neighbourhood dedicated to that goddeſs. A company of boatmen was its firſt ſenate. It had been long ſubject to the ravaging heroes of the Seven Hills, and, after many ages had elapſed, other plundering heroes who came from the fartheſt borders of the Rine got poſſeſſion of its little territory.

Time, that changes every thing, formed a city, one half of which was very noble and agreeable, the other part more rude and ridiculous; ſuch was the emblem of its inhabitants. It contained about an hundred thouſand perſons at leaſt, who had nothing elſe to do, but to make merry and divert themſelves. This nation of idlers paſſed their judgment on the arts which the others cultivated. They were entirely ignorant of what paſſed at court; though it was only about four miles off, it ſeemed as if it had been ſix hundred miles diſtant at leaſt. The delights of ſociety, gaiety, and diſſipation, were their important and only employs: they were governed like children, to whom we give plenty of playthings to prevent their crying. If told of the horrors which two ages paſt deſolated their country, and of thoſe dreadful times when one half of the nation maſſacred the other for ſophiſms, they replied, that, to be ſure, this was not right, and afterwards fell a laughing and ſinging.

The more polite, agreeable, and amiable the idlers were, the more ſtriking was the contraſt between them, and the ſocieties that were induſtriouſly employed.

Among the induſtrious, or thoſe who pretended to be ſo, there was a party of gloomy fanatics, half fools, half rogues, whoſe very aſpect made the earth ſad, and who would have turned it topſy turvy if in their power, in order to gain credit. But the nation of idlers, by dancing and ſinging, made them reenter their caverns, as the birds oblige ſcreech owls to hide themſelves in the holes of ruins.

Others of the employed, but a much ſmaller number, were the preſervers of antient barbarous cuſtoms, againſt which nature ſhocked loudly exclaimed; they

conſulted only their worm-eaten regiſters. If they found there a fooliſh and horrid cuſtom, they regarded it as a ſacred law. Through this lazy habit of not daring to think themſelves, and of drawing their ideas from the wreck of time, when men did not think at all, it is that in the city of pleaſures atrocious cuſtoms ſtill ſubſiſted. This is the reaſon why there was no proportion between puniſhments and crimes. An innocent perſon was ſometimes made to ſuffer a thouſand deaths, in order to make him confeſs a crime which he had not committed.

An inconſiderate raſh action of a young fellow was puniſhed in the ſame manner as a poiſoner or parricide ought to have ſuffered. The idlers loudly exclaimed againſt it, and the next day thought no more of the matter, and talked only of new faſhions.

This nation had ſeen an whole age elapſe, during which the liberal arts roſe to a degree of perfection that exceeded the moſt ſanguine expectations: foreigners came then, as to Babylon, to admire the noble pieces of architecture, prodigies in gardening, and ſublime attempts in ſculpture and painting. They were enchanted with a muſic that affected the heart without aſtoniſhing the ears.

True poetry, that is to ſay poetry which is natural and harmonious, which ſpeaks to the heart as much as to the mind, was not known to this nation until this happy æra. New ſpecies of eloquence diſplayed ſublime beauties. The theatres particularly reſounded with maſter pieces, which no nation will ever rival. In ſhort good taſte abounded in all profeſſions to ſuch a degree, that even among the Druids good writers were to be found.

So many laurels which had raiſed their heads even to the clouds, ſoon pined away in an exhauſted ſoil. A ſmall number only remained, whoſe leaves were of a pale and expiring green. The fall was produced through the facility of compoſing, and ſloth, through a ſatiety of the *beautiful*, and a taſte for the *uncommon*. Vanity protected artiſts who brought back the times of barbariſm: and this ſame vanity by perſecuting real

real talents, forced them to quit their country; the hornets drove away the bees.

Scarce any more true artiſts, ſcarce any more genius; merit conſiſted in arguing at random on the merit of the paſt ages. The dauber of walls in an alehouſe criticized learnedly the pictures of the greateſt painters; the daubers of paper ſpoiled the works of the beſt writers. Ignorance and bad taſte had other daubers in their ſervice; the ſame things were repeated in an hundred volumes under different titles. Every thing was either a dictionary or a pamphlet. A Druid gazetteer wrote twice a week the obſcure annals of ſome ignorant catechiſts, and gave an account of heavenly prodigies wrought in garrets by little beggars; other Ex-druids cloathed in black, ready to die with hunger and paſſion, complained in an hundred publications that they were no longer permitted to deceive mankind, and that this right ſhould be allowed to old goats cloathed in grey. Some Arch-druids printed defamatory libels.

Amazan knew nothing of all this; and even if he had know it, it would have given him no concern, having his head entirely filled with the princeſs of Babylon, the king of Egypt, and his inviolable oath to deſpiſe all advances from the ladies in whatever countries his chagrin ſhould conduct his ſteps.

The ignorant fickle populace, ever carrying to exceſs this curioſity natural to mankind, flocked eagerly round his unicorns; the more ſenſible women forced the gates of his hotel to contemplate his perſon.

He at firſt teſtified to his landlord ſome deſire to viſit the court; but the idle good company that he by accident met with there, told him it was no longer the faſhion; that times were very much altered; and that there was as much pleaſure and diverſion in the city as at court. He was invited the very ſame evening to ſupper by a lady, whoſe genius, wit and talents were known abroad, beyond the limits of her own nation, and who had travelled into ſome countries where Amazan had been. He reliſhed prodigiouſly this lady

lady and her company. Liberty with decency, gaiety without noiſe, ſcience without any thing diſguſting, and wit that was original and not in the leaſt borrowed reigned here. He ſaw that the word good company was not a vain expreſſion, though frequently uſurped. The next day he dined in a ſociety not leſs amiable, but much more voluptuous. The more he was pleaſed with his companions, the fonder they were of him. He found his ſoul grow enervate, and melt, like as the ſpices of his own country diſſolve in a gentle heat, and exhale delicious perfumes.

After dinner, his companions carried him to an enchanting public ſpectacle, condemned by the Druids, becauſe it deprived them of that part of their audience of which they were moſt jealous. This ſpectacle conſiſted of agreeable poetry, delightful airs, dances that expreſſed the paſſions of the mind, and paintings in perſpective, which by their deception charmed the ſight. This ſpecies of pleaſure, which contained ſo many different kinds, was not known, except under a foreign title; it was called *the opera*, which ſignified formerly in the language of the ſeven hills, labour, care, occupation, induſtry, enterprize, work, buſineſs. This buſineſs enchanted him. A girl in particular charmed him with her melodious voice and graceful manner of ſinging; this girl of *buſineſs*, after the opera was finiſhed, was introduced to him by his new friends. He made her a preſent of an handful of diamonds. She was ſo full of gratitude for this favour, that ſhe could not leave him the reſt of the evening. He ſupped with her, and during the repaſt forgot his ſobriety, and after ſupper forgot his oath to be always inſenſible to beauty, and inexorable to tender coquetry. What an inſtance of human weakneſs!

The fair princeſs of Babylon at this inſtant arrived with the phenix, her attendant Irla, and her two hundred Gangaridians mounted on their unicorns. She was obliged to wait a conſiderable time before the gates were opened. She enquired immediately, whether the handſomeſt, moſt courageous, moſt witty, and moſt faithful of mankind was ſtill in this city.

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The magiſtrates ſaw plainly that ſhe meant Amazan. She cauſed herſelf to be conducted to his hotel, entered the court yard with an heart beating with love; and her ſoul filled with inexpreſſible pleaſure at the thoughts of ſeeing again at laſt in her lover the model of conſtancy. Nothing could prevent her going into his chamber; the curtains were undrawn; ſhe ſaw the handſome Amazan faſt aſleep in the arms of a pretty Brunette. They had both great need of repoſe.

Formoſante ſhrieked out ſo loud as to make the houſe ring, but could not awake her couſin or the girl of *buſineſs*. She ſwooned away in Irla's arms. As ſoon as ſhe recoved her ſenſes, ſhe departed from this fatal chamber in the utmoſt agony of grief and fury. Irla inquired who this young woman was that paſſed her hours ſo delightfully with Amazan. She was informed that ſhe was a girl of buſineſs, very obliging, who, beſides her other talents, ſung charmingly. "Juſt heavens! O all powerful Oroſmades, (exclaimed the fair princeſs of Babylon in tears,) by whom am I betrayed, and for whom? He who has refuſed for my ſake ſo many princeſſes, abandons me for a gauliſh opera girl! no, I cannot ſurvive this affront."

"Madam, (ſays Irla) thus all young men act throughout the world; were they in love with a beauty deſcended from heaven, they would, at certain moments, be guilty of infidelities towards her for an alehouſe-wench."

"It is over, my reſolution is fixed (ſays the princeſs) I will never ſee him more; order my unicorns to be put to, we will ſet out this very inſtant." The phenix conjured her to wait at leaſt till Amazan waked, and he could talk to him. "He does not deſerve it (ſays the princeſ); you would injure me cruelly; he would think that I had deſired you to reproach him with his fault, and that I want to make it up with him; if you love me, add not this injury to the injury which he has done me. The phenix, who, after all, owed his life to the king of Babylon's daughter, could not diſobey her. She ſet out with all her retinue.

"Where

"Where are we going madam:" aſked Irla: I don't "know (anſwered the princeſs) we will take the firſt "road that offers; provided I fly Amazan for ever I "am content." The phenix who was wiſer than Formoſante, becauſe he was not in a paſſion, conſoled her as they travelled; he mildly remonſtrated that it was a ſad thing to puniſh one's ſelf for the faults of another; that Amazan had given her ſo many and ſuch ſtriking proofs of his fidelity, as might excuſe his forgetting himſelf one moment; that he was a juſt man to whom the grace of Oroſmandes had been wanting; that this inſtance of miſconduct would render him for the future more conſtant in love and virtue; that the deſire of expiating his fault would raiſe him beyond himſelf; that ſhe would be the happier for this ſlip; that many great princes before her had pardoned ſuch faults, and were reconciled; he gave her inſtances thereof and diſcourſed ſo cleverly, that the heart of Formoſante became at laſt more calm and appeaſed; ſhe could have wiſhed that ſhe had not ſet out ſo ſoon; ſhe found her unicorns go too faſt: but ſhe did not dare to return; wavering between her deſire of pardoning, and that of ſhewing her reſentment; between her love and her vanity; ſhe ſuffered her unicorns to go forward; and ran up and down the world according to the prediction of her father's oracle.

Amazan, at his awaking, learned the arrival and departure of Formoſante and the phenix; he learned the deſpair and rage of the princeſs; and that ſhe had ſworn never to pardon him: "Then no other ſtep remains for me to take, (exclaimed he) than to overtake her and kill myſelf at her feet."

His friends of the good company of idlers flocked to him, upon the rumour of his adventure, and all remonſtrated to him, that he would do infinitely better to ſtay with them; that nothing could be comparable to the delightful life they led in the boſom of arts, amidſt a delicate tranquil pleaſure; that many foreigners, and even kings, had preferred this ſo agreeably employed and enchanting repoſe, to their native country

country and their throne; that beſides, his carriage was damaged, and a coach-maker was building one for him after the new faſhion; that the beſt taylor in the city had already cut out twelve ſuits for him in the higheſt taſte; that the moſt witty and moſt amiable ladies in the city, who belonged to the play-houſe, had each ſet apart their day to entertain him: The girl of buſineſs, in the mean while, drank chocolate at her toilet, laughed, ſung, and coquetted with the handſome Amazan, who at length diſcovered that ſhe had not the ſenſe of a gooſe.

As ſincerity, cordiality, and openneſs, as well as magnanimity and courage, compoſed the character of this great prince, he had related his misfortunes and travels to his friends; they knew that he was couſin to the princeſs; they were informed of the fatal kiſs ſhe gave the king of Egypt; "Such little tricks as theſe are to be forgiven among relations, (ſaid they to him) otherwiſe one might paſs one's life in perpetual uneaſineſs." Nothing ſtaggered his reſolution to purſue Formoſante; but his carriage not being finiſhed, he was obliged to paſs three days among the idlers in diverſions and pleaſures: at length he embraced and took leave of them, inſiſting upon their acceptance of ſome of the beſt mounted diamonds of his country, recommending to them to be always airy and trifling, ſince thereby they became more amiable and more happy. "The Germans, (ſaid he) are the grey heads of Europe, the inhabitants of Albion the grown men, the people of Gaul the children, and I love to play with them."

SECTION XI.

HIS guides found no difficulty in purſuing the rout of the princeſs; her great bird and herſelf were the only topics of converſation wherever ſhe had paſſed. All the inhabitants were ſtill in the enthuſi-

aſm

aſm of admiration. The people of Dalmatia, and of the territory of Ancona, experienced ſince a leſs delicious ſurpriſe, when they beheld a houſe fly in the air; the banks of the Loire, the Dordonne, Garonne and Gironne, reſounded ſtill with acclamations.

When Amazan arrived at the foot of the Pyrenean mountains, the magiſtrates and Druids of the country made him dance a tambourine in ſpite of his teeth; but as ſoon as he paſſed the Pyreneans, he ſaw no more gaiety and joy. If he heard ſome ſongs at a diſtance, the tunes were ſlow and heavy: the inhabitants walked gravely with a ſtring of beads in their hands, and a poignard ſtuck in their girdles. The nation cloathed in black, ſeemed in mourning. If the ſervants of Amazan aſked queſtions of paſſengers, they replied by ſigns; if they entered an inn, the maſter of the houſe told them in three words, that he had nothing in the houſe, and that they might ſent ſome miles off to procure what they had immediate occaſion for.

When they inquired of theſe taciturn people, whether they had ſeen the fair princeſs of Babylon paſs by, they replied with leſs brevity, "We have ſeen her, ſhe is not ſo very handſome; nothing is ſo beautiful as a tawny complexion; ſhe has a white neck, which is the moſt diſguſting thing in the world, and is ſcarcely known in our climate."

Amazan advanced towards the province watered by the river Betis. More than twelve thouſand years had elapſed ſince this country had been diſcovered by the Tyrians, about the ſame time that they made the diſcovery of the great Atlantic iſland, ſwallowed up by the ſea ſome ages after. The Tyrians cultivated Betica, which the natural inhabitants of the country had left untilled, under the pretence that they ought not to concern themſelves with any thing, and that it was the buſineſs of the Gauls their neighbours to come and cultivate their lands. The Tyrians brought with them ſome of the inhabitants of Paleſtine, who at this time travelled into all climates, to pick up what little money they could. Theſe Paleſtines, by lending

lending money on pawns, at fifty per cent, got into their hands almoſt all the riches of the country. This made the people of Betica think that the Paleſtines were ſorcerers; aud all thoſe, who were accuſed of magic, were burnt by a company of druids, who were called inquiſitors, or devourers of men. Theſe prieſts dreſſed them firſt in a maſquerade habit, got poſſeſſion of their fortunes, and devoutly recited the very prayers of the Paleſtines, while they roaſted them alive before a ſlow fire, *por l'amor de Dios* *.

The princeſs of Babylon had alighted in the city that has ſince been named Seville. Her deſign was to embark on the Betis, in order to return to Babylon by the way of Tyre, to reviſit king Belus her father, and forget if ſhe could her faithleſs lover, or rather to demand him in marriage. She ſent for two Paleſtines, who tranſacted all the court buſineſs; they were to furniſh her with three veſſels. The phenix ſettled every thing neceſſary with them, and agreed on the price after a ſhort diſpute.

The hoſteſs was very devout; and her huſband, not leſs ſo, was a familiar, that is to ſay, a ſpy belonging to the druid inquiſitors, or man deſtroyers; he failed not to acquaint them, that a ſorcereſs and two Paleſtines were at his houſe, who made a compact with the devil, in the ſhape of a large beautiful bird. The inquiſitors underſtanding that the lady had a prodigious quantity of diamonds, immediately judged her a witch; but waited till night to confine the two hundred men and unicorns, who lay in large ſtables: for the inquiſitors are cowards.

After having well barricadoed the doors, they ſeized the princeſs and Irla; but could not catch the phenix, who eſcaped by the help of his wings: he gueſſed that he ſhould find Amazan on the road from Gaul to Seville.

He accordingly met him on the frontiers of Betica, and acquainted him with the misfortune of the princeſs.

* For the love of God.

ceſs. Amazan was in ſuch a fury that he loſt his ſpeech; he armed himſelf with a cuiraſs of ſteel inlaid with gold, a lance twelve feet long, two javelins, and a ſharp ſword, called the Thunderer, which, at one blow, would divide a tree, a rock, or a druid; and covered his beautiful head with an helmet of gold, ſhaded with oſtrich's and heron's feathers. It was the antient armour of Magog, which his ſiſter Aldea had made him a preſent of in his journey into Scythia. The few attendants who accompanied him, mounted like him each on his unicorn.

Amazan embracing his dear phenix, uttered only theſe ſad words; "I am to blame; If I had not ſlept with a girl of buſineſs in the city of idlers, the fair princeſs of Babylon would not have been in this terrible ſituation; let us fly to her relief;" he ſoon enters Seville; fifteen hundred Alguaſils guarded the gates of the encloſure, where the two hundred Gangaridians and their unicorns were confined without food: all was in readineſs for the ſacrifice, they were going to make of the princeſs of Babylon, her chamber-maid Irla, and the two rich paleſtines.

The inquiſitor general ſurrounded with the other inquiſitors, was already on his ſacred ſeat of judgment; a vaſt crowd of the inhabitants of Seville with ſtrings of beads hanging at their waiſts, joined their hands together without ſaying a ſingle word; and the fair princeſs, Irla, and the two Paleſtines, were led along with their hands tied behind them, dreſſed in a kind of maſquerade habits.

The phenix enters through a loophole into the priſon, the doors of which the Gangaridians had already began to break down. The invincible Amazan forced them on the outſide. They iſſue forth all armed, all mounted on their unicorns; Amazan placed himſelf at their head. He overthrew the Alguaſils, familiars and man devourers with the greateſt eaſe; each unicorn pierced dozens of them at once. The thunderer of Amazan cleaved in two all thoſe it met with in its paſſage; the folks in black with naſty ruffs,

fled

fled as fast as their heels could carry them, ever holding in their hands their beads *por l'amor de dios*.

Amazan laid hold of the inquisitor general on his judgment seat, and threw him into the great fire that had been prepared about forty paces off; he also threw in the rest of the inquisitors one after another. He afterwards prostrated himself at Formosante's feet. "Ah! how amiable are you (exclaimed the princess) and how I should adore you, if you had not been guilty of a piece of infidelity with a girl of *business*!"

While Amazan was making his peace with the princess, while his Gangaridians were throwing into the fire the bodies of all the men devourers, and the flames ascended to the very clouds, Amazan discovered at a distance as it were an army marching towards him. An old monarch wearing his royal crown on his head, advanced in a carriage drawn by eight mules, tied with cords; an hundred other carriages followed. They were accompanied by grave persons in black cloaks and ruffs round their necks, mounted on very beautiful horses a multitude of persons on foot with greasy hair, and in silence closed the cavalcade.

At first Amazan ranged his Gangaridians about him, and advanced with his lance couched. As soon as the king perceived him, he took off his crown, descended from his coach, embraced the stirrup of Amazan, and said to him: "Man, sent from God, you are the avenger of mankind, the deliverer of my country, my protector. These sacred monsters, of whom you have purged the earth, were my masters in the name of the old man of the seven hills; I was forced to suffer their criminal power. My people would have abandoned me if I had attempted only to moderate their abominable cruelties. From this day I breathe, I reign, and I owe it to you.

He afterwards respectfully kissed Formosante's hand, and entreated her to step into his coach drawn by eight mules, with Amazan, Irla, and the phenix. The two Palestine court-bankers still prostrate on the ground through fright and gratitude, raised themselves

ſelves up at laſt; and the troop of unicorns attended the king of Betica to his palace.

As the dignity of the king of a grave nation required that his mules ſhould travel a ſlow ſolemn pace, Amazan and Formoſante had time to relate their adventures. He diſcourſed alſo with the phenix, admired and kiſſed him an hundred times. He perceived how ignorant, brutal, and barbarous the weſtern nations were, who fed on animals, and no longer underſtood their language; that the Gangaridians alone had preſerved the nature and primitive dignity of man; but he allowed, eſpecially, that theſe inquiſitors of whom Amazan had juſt purged the earth, were the moſt barbarous of mankind. He never ceaſed bleſſing and returning him thanks. The fair Formoſante already forgot the adventure of the girl of *buſineſs*, and her whole thoughts were taken up with the hero who had ſaved her life. Amazan convinced of the innocence of the kiſs given to the king of Egypt, and of the reſurection of the phenix, taſted a pure joy, and was intoxicated with the moſt violent love.

They dined at the palace, but met with indifferent fare. The cooks of Betica were the worſt in all Europe. Amazan adviſed the king to ſend for ſome from Gaul. The king's muſicians played during the repaſt that celebrated air which has ſince been called the vagaries of Spain. After dinner, buſineſs was talked of.

The king aſked the handſome Amazan, the fair Formoſante, and the beautiful phenix, what they propoſed to do. "For my part (ſaid Amazan,) my intention is to return to Babylon, of which I am the preſumptive heir, and demand of my uncle Belus, my couſin german, the incomparable Formoſante, unleſs ſhe chuſes rather to live with me among the Gangaridians."

"My deſign (ſaid the princeſs) is certainly never to part from my couſin german. But I think it proper that I ſhould return to the king my father, ſince he only gave me leave to go on a pilgrimage to Baſſora, and

and I have travelled almoſt all over the world." "For my part (ſaid the phenix) I will follow every where this pair of tender and generous lovers."

"You are in the right (replied the king of Betica); but it is not ſo eaſy to return to Babylon as you imagine. I hear every day news of this country by Tyrian veſſels, and my Paleſtine bankers who carry on a correſpondence with all nations on earth. All is in arms towards the Euphrates and the Nile. The king of Scythia demands the inheritance of his wife at the head of three hundred thouſand warriors all on horſeback. The king of Egypt and the king of India ravage alſo the borders of the Tigris and Euphrates, each with an army of three hundred thouſand men, in order to be revenged for the affront they fancy they have received from your refuſal. While the king of Egypt is abſent from his dominions, his enemy the king of Ethiopia invades Egypt with an army of three hundred thouſand men; and the king of Babylon has yet only ſix hundred thouſand men on foot for his defence.

"I own to you (continued the king) that when I hear of theſe prodigious armies which the eaſt pours forth, and of their aſtoniſhing magnificence; when I compare them with our ſmall bodies of twenty or thirty thouſand ſoldiers, which we find ſo much difficulty to cloath and maintain, I am tempted to think that the Eaſt has been formed long before the weſt. It ſeems as if we were emerged but the day before yeſterday from Chaos, and only yeſterday from barbarity."

"Sir, (replied Amazan) the laſt comers ſometimes prevail over thoſe who firſt entered the liſts. We think in my country that man originally comes from India, but I have no certainty thereof."

"And you (ſaid the king of Betica to the phenix) pray what do you think about this matter. Sir, (anſwered the phenix) I am far too young to be acquainted with antiquity. I have only lived about twenty ſeven thouſand years; but my father, who lived five times this age, told me, that he had heard from his father

father that the countries of the eaſt had always been better peopled, and richer than all others. He held from his anceſtors that the generation of all animals had began on the borders of the Ganges. For my part I have not the vanity to be of this opinion. I can no more think that the foxes of Albion, the mountain rats of the Alps, and the wolves of Gaul originally came from my country, than I believe that the firs and oaks of your countries deſcended from the palms and cocoa-trees of the Indies."

"But, whence do we come then? (ſaid the king). I know nothing of the matter, (replied the phenix). I would only know whether the fair princeſs of Babylon, and my dear friend Amazan can return to Babylon. I doubt very much, (returned the king) his being able to penetrate through ſo many armies of three hundred thouſand men each, with his two hundred unicorns only." Why not? (replied Amazan.) The king of Betica felt the ſublime of *why not!* but was of opinion that the ſublime alone was not ſufficient againſt innumerable armies. "I adviſe you (ſaid he) to find the king of Æthiopia; I entertain a correſpondence with that prince by means of my paleſtines. I will give you a letter to him. As he is at variance with the king of Egypt, he will be very glad to ſtrengthen himſelf by your alliance. I can aſſiſt you with two thouſand very ſober and brave ſoldiers; it depends on yourſelf to engage as many more among the people who dwell or rather dance at the foot of the Pyrenean mountains, who are called vaſcoons. Send one of your warriors on an unicorn with a few diamonds: not a vaſcoon but will quit his caſtle or rather the hut of his father to ſerve you. They are indefatigable, courageous and diverting; you will like them vaſtly. Until their arrival, we will entertain you magnificently, and give orders for the immediate equipment of proper veſſels for your ſervice. I can never ſufficiently acknowledge the ſervice which you have done me.

Amazan enjoyed the happineſs of having found Formoſante again, and of taſting in peace in her converſation

verſation all the charms of reconciled love, which almoſt equal thoſe of a new born paſſion.

A courageous and merry troop of vaſcoons, ſoon arrived dancing a tambourine. Another valiant and grave body of Beticans were ready. The old tawny king tenderly embraced the two lovers; he loaded their veſſels with arms, beds, cheſs-boards, black cloaks, ruffs, ſkins of wine, onions, ſheep, fowls, flower, and a great quantity of garlic, wiſhing them an happy voyage, conſtant love, and victory.

The fleet approached the ſhore, where it has been aſſerted ſo many ages ſince, that the Phenician Dido, ſiſter to one Pygmalion, and wife of one Sicheus, having quitted this city of Tyre, founded the proud city of Carthage, by cutting an ox's hide into thongs, according to the teſtimony of the moſt grave authors of antiquity who have never related idle ſtories, and according to the profeſſors who have wrote for children; though after all, there never was in Tyre a perſon named Pygmalion, Dido, or Sicheus, which are all abſolutely Greek names, and though laſtly in thoſe times, Tyre was not governed by kings.

The proud Carthage was not yet a ſea-port; it had no other inhabitants than a few Numidians, who dried fiſh in the ſun. They coaſted along thoſe fertile ſhores, which were afterwards called Cyrene, and the great Cherſoneſus.

At laſt they arrived at the principal mouth of the ſacred river Nile. It was at the extremity of this fertile ſoil, that the port of Canope already received the ſhips of all commercial nations, without its being known whether the god Canope had founded the port, or whether the inhabitants had made the diety, or whether the ſtar Canope had given name to the city, or the city to the ſtar: all that was known about the city and ſtar were both very antient; and this is all that can be known concerning the origin of things of whatſoever nature they may be.

There it was that the king of Ethiopia, having ravaged all Egypt, ſaw the invincible Amazan, and the incomparable Formoſante diſembark. He miſtook the

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one for the god of war, the other for the goddeſs of beauty. Amazan preſented to him his letter of recommendation from the king of Spain. The king of Ethiopia directly ordered an admirable feſtival according to the indiſpenſable cuſtom of heroic times. They afterwards talked of going to exterminate the three hundred thouſand men of the king of Egypt, the three hundred thouſand men of the emperor of India, and the three hundred thouſand horſe of the great khan of Scythia, that beſieged the immenſe, proud, voluptuous city of Babylon.

The two thouſand Spaniards whom Amazan had brought with him, inſiſted they had no need of the king of Ethiopia to ſuccour Babylon; that it was enough that their king had commanded them to go and deliver it, that they alone were ſufficient for this expedition.

The Vaſcoons ſaid that they themſelves alone could beat the Egyptians, Indians, and Scythians, and that they would not march with the Spaniards, except on condition they formed the rear.

The two hundred Gangaridians fell a laughing at the pretenſions of their allies, and maintained, that with an hundred unicorns only, they could put to flight all the kings in the univerſe. The fair Formoſante appeaſed them by her prudence and enchanting diſcourſe. Amazan preſented to the black monarch his Gangaridians, unicorns, Spaniards, Vaſcoons, and beautiful bird.

Every thing was ſoon in readineſs for the army to march through Memphis, Heliopolis, Arſinoe, Artemiſia, Sora, and Apamea, to attack the three kings, and make this memorable war, in compariſon of which, all the wars that men have ſince entered into, have been only cock and quail fights.

Every body knows, how the king of Ethiopia fell in love with the fair Formoſante, and how he ſurprized her in bed, when a ſweet ſlumber had cloſed her long eyelaſhes, and how Amazan, witneſs of this ſight, thought he ſaw them night and day in bed together. None are ignorant that Amazan, outrageous at the affront, quickly

quickly unſheathed his thunderer, and cut off the perverſe head of the inſolent negroe, and drove all the Ethiopians out of Egypt; theſe prodigies, are they not written in the chronicles of Egypt? Fame has publiſhed with her hundred mouths the victories which he gained over the three kings, with his Spaniards, Vaſcoons, and Unicorns. He reſtored the fair Formoſante to her father. He delivered all her attendants whom the king of Egypt had made ſlaves. The great khan of Scythia acknowledged himſelf his vaſſal; and his marriage with the princeſs Aldea was confirmed. The invincible and generous Amazan, acknowledged heir to the crown of Babylon, entered the city in triumph, with the phenix, in preſence of an hundred tributary kings. The feſtival of his marriage ſurpaſſed in every thing that which king Belus had given before. The Ox Apis was ſerved up roaſted whole. The kings of Egypt and of India waited at table on the new married couple, and theſe nuptials were celebrated by five hundred great poets of Babylon.

" O muſes! always invoked at the beginning of a work, I implore not your aid until the end of mine. In vain ſhall I be reproached with ſaying grace without having repeated my *benedicite*. Muſes! ye will not be leſs my protectreſſes on this account. Prevent raſh continuators from injuring with their idle ſtories the truths which I have taught mankind in this faithful recital; as they have preſumed to disfigure Candid, the man of nature, and the chaſte adventures of the chaſte maid of Orleans, which an excapuchin has disfigured by verſes worthy of a capuchin in a Batavian edition. Let them not do this wrong to my printer burdened with a large family, and who has ſcarcely enough to pay for paper and print.

O muſes! ſilence the deteſtable Cogé profeſſor of romancing in the mazarine college, who has been diſpleaſed with the moral diſcourſes of Beliſarius and the emperor Juſtinian, and has wrote villainous, defamatory libels againſt both thoſe great men.

Gag the pedant Larcher, who without knowing a word of the antient Babylonian language, without having travelled like me on the banks of the Euphrates and of the Tigris, has had the impudence to aſſert that the fair Formoſante, daughter of the greateſt monarch in the univerſe, the princeſs Aldea, and all the ladies of this magnificent and reſpectable court proſtituted themſelves to all the grooms of Aſia, for money, in the great temple of Babylon, through a religious principle. This college libertine, your enemy, as well as an enemy to modeſty, accuſes the fair Egyptians of *Mendes* of loving goats only, ſecretly propoſing, from this example, to make a tour to Egypt himſelf, in order to meet with intrigues.

As he has no more knowledge of the moderns than of the antients, he inſinuates, in hopes of introducing himſelf to ſome old women, that the incomparable Ninon de L'Enclos at eighty years of age had criminal converſation with the Abbé Gedouin of the French academy, and that of inſcriptions and belles lettres. He had never heard talk of the Abbé Chateauneuf whom he miſtakes for the Abbé Gedouin. He knows no more of Ninon than of the ladies of Babylon.

Muſes, daughters of heaven, your enemy Larcher does more; he launches out into great commendations of Pederaſtry; he preſumes to ſay that all the youths of my country are ſubject to this infamy. He thinks to ſcreen himſelf by increaſing the number of the guilty.

Noble and chaſte muſes, who deteſt equally pedantry and pederaſtry, protect me againſt maſter Larcher!

And you, maſter Aliboron, named Freron, heretofore calling yourſelf a Jeſuit; you whoſe Parnaſſus is ſometimes the Bicêtre, and ſometimes an hedge alehouſe; you to whom ſuch juſtice has been rendered by all the theatres in Europe, in the good comedy of the Scotchwoman, you worthy ſon of the prieſt Des fontaines, ſprung from his amours with one of thoſe beautiful boys who are hood winked like the ſon of Venus,

Venus, and like him fly in the air, though they never aſcend higher than the tops of chimneys; my dear Aliboron, for whom I have always had ſo much tenderneſs, and who haſt made me laugh an whole month together at the time of this Scotchwoman; to you I recommend my princeſs of Babylon, ſpeak extremely ill of it, in order that it may be read.

I ſhall not forget you here, eccleſiaſtical gazetteer, illuſtrious orator of the convulſioniſts, father of the church founded by the Abbé Becherand and Abraham Chaumeix, do not fail to aſſert in your ſheets, as pious, as eloquent and ſenſible, that the princeſs of Babylon is heretical, deiſtical, and atheiſtical. In particular endeavour to engage the Sieur Riballier to get the princeſs of Babylon condemned by the Sorbonne; you will do my bookſeller a great favour, to whom I have made a preſent of this little hiſtory for a new-year's gift.

A

LETTER

FROM THE

ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY,

TO THE

ARCHBISHOP of PARIS.

My Lord,

I Received your mandate againſt the great Beliſarius general of the army of Juſtinian, and againſt Mr. Marmontel of the French academy, ſealed with your arms in two places, ſurmounted with a large mitre, and accompanied with two ſtreamers of fifteen tufts each, ſigned Chriſtopher, by his grace, La Touche, with a flouriſh.

We iſſue mandates only concerning our tenants, and I acknowledge, my lord, that I could have wiſhed a little more chriſtian humility in your affair. Beſides I do not perceive the reaſon why you affect to declare in your title, that you condemn *Mr. Marmontel. of the French Academy.*

If thoſe who digeſted your mandate, found that a general of the army of Juſtinian did not explain himſelf like a competent theologian of your community, in my opinion, you ought to have contented yourſelf with ſaying ſo, without including a reſpectable body compoſed of princes of the blood, cardinals, prelates like yourſelf, dukes and peers, marſhals of France, magiſtrates, and the moſt illuſtrious literary perſonages; I think the French academy has no concern with your theological diſputes.

Permit me to tell you, that if we iſſue mandates on ſuch occaſions, we compoſe them ourſelves. I have been vaſtly concerned, that your mandate condemns this propoſition of the great captain Beliſarius: *I believe that God is terrible to the wicked, but I am good myſelf.* I aſſure you my lord, that if our king, who is the head of our church, ſhould ſay, *I am good*, we ſhould not iſſue a mandate againſt him. I am good, means every where, in my opinion; I have an honeſt heart, I love good, I love juſtice, I am deſirous that my ſubjects ſhould be happy. I do not ſee the leaſt reaſon why any body ſhould be damned for having a good heart. The king of France, according to all report, is very good, and ſo good that he has pardoned your repeated acts of diſobedience, which have put all France into confuſion, and which the reſt of Europe has conſidered as marks of inſanity. You doubtleſs are good enough to repent of theſe actions.

We do not perceive that Beliſarius deſerves hell, for having aſſerted that he was a good man. You pretend that this goodneſs is an hereſy, becauſe St. Peter, in his firſt epiſtle, chap. v. ver. 5. has ſaid, *God reſiſteth the proud.* But the perſon who drew up the mandate hardly conſidered what he wrote. God reſiſts, I allow: reſiſtance becomes God very well. But whom does he reſiſt, according to St. Peter? Pray read carefully what precedes, and you will ſee that he reſiſts prieſts who feed their flocks ill, and in particular young perſons who do not ſubmit themſelves to their elders. *All of you be ſubject to one another*, ſays he, *for God reſiſteth the proud.*

I aſk

I aſk you then, what connection this reſiſtance of God has with the goodneſs of Beliſarius? To recommend humility i uſeful, but we ought alſo to recommend common ſenſe.

We are vaſtly aſtoniſhed that your mandate has criticiſed this humane and ingenuous expreſſion of Beliſarius: *Is there any neceſſity that there ſhould be ſo many reprobates?* You not only are diſpleaſed that Beliſarius is good: But you alſo won't allow the God of mercies to be good: What pleaſure would you receive from it, (if you pleaſe,) if every body was damned? We are not ſo hard hearted and void of pity in our iſland. Our predeceſſor, the great Tillotſon, allowed the moſt ſenſible and leaſt declamatory preacher in Europe, ſpeaks like Beliſarius in almoſt every ſermon. You will permit me here to take his part. Be damned, if your grace pleaſes, but I give you notice that I do not chooſe to be damned myſelf, and that I could wiſh alſo, that my friends were not: One would have a little charity. I have a vaſt number of things beſides to ſay to your mandate-writer: I would, in particular, recommend to him not to be ſo tireſome and dull. Tediouſneſs is always mortal to mandates. This is an eſſential point, which is not regarded ſufficiently in your country.

In this, my dear brother, I recommend you to the divine goodneſs, though the word good gives you ſo much uneaſineſs.

Your dear Brother,
Archbiſhop of Canterbury.

P. S. When you write to the biſhop of Rome, pray preſent my compliments to him; I have always had a great regard for him as a brother. I am told he has lately experienced ſome little diſguſts; that a Neapolitan horſe has given his mule a terrible kick; that a Venetian ſhip has run foul of St. Peter's bark; and that a Parmeſan cheeſe has ſpoiled his digeſtion. I am very ſorry for it, I am told he is a good man, pardon me this word. I knew his father very well, in my travels to Italy formerly: He was a good banker: But, in my opinion, his ſon is miſtaken in his accounts.

THE

MAN

WORTH

FORTY CROWNS.

THE MAN WORTH FORTY CROWNS.

AN old man *who always bewails the preſent and cries up former times*, ſaid to me, my dear friend, France is not ſo rich now, as it was in the reign of Henry the fourth. Why? Becauſe the land is not ſo well cultivated, becauſe the country is leſs populous, and labour being dearer, many ***** leave their eſtates entirely uncultivated.

Whence proceeds this dearth of labourers?—Becauſe every perſon, who has the leaſt inclination to induſtry, embraces either the trades of an embroiderer, cutler, watch-maker, ſilk-weaver, lawyer, divine, &c. Becauſe the revocation of the edict of Nants has left a great void in the kingdom; becauſe beggars and monks are more numerous; and laſtly, becauſe every one has avoided, as much as poſſible, the laborious employment of huſbandry, for which we were created

created by God, and which we have rendered ignominious: So ſenſibly we act.

Our new wants are another cauſe of our poverty. We muſt pay our neighbours four millions of livres for one article, and five or ſix for another, to ſnuff up our noſes a ſtinking powder that comes from America: Coffee, tea, chocolate, cochineal, indigo, ſpices, grocery wares, &c. coſt us above ſixty millions a year. All theſe articles were unknown in Henry the fourth's time, except grocery wares, the conſumption of which was then far leſs than at preſent. We burn an hundred times more wax candles, and we procure above half of our wax from foreigners, becauſe we neglect our hives. We ſee an hundred times more diamonds in the ears, on the necks and fingers of the citizens' wives of Paris and of our great cities, than all the ladies of the court of Henry the fourth were poſſeſſed of including the queen herſelf. We have been obliged to pay ready money for almoſt all theſe ſuperfluities.

Take notice in particular, that we pay above fifteen millions of livres per annum to foreigners on the town-houſe; and that Henry the fourth, on his acceſſion to the throne, finding a debt of only two millions, on this imaginary ſecurity, wiſely paid off a part of the debt, to deliver the ſtate from this burden.

Conſider, that our civil wars occaſioned the treaſures of Mexico to circulate in France when Don Philip *the diſcreet* was deſirous of purchaſing France, and that ſince this time foreign wars have drained from us half of our money.

Theſe are in part the cauſes of our poverty; we conceal it under gilt wainſcotings, and through the artifices of milliners; we are poor with taſte. We have financiers, ſchemers, and merchants who are very rich; their children, their ſons in law very rich alſo; but in general the nation is not ſo.

The reaſoning of this old man, right or wrong, made a deep impreſſion on me, for the curate of our pariſh, who always entertained a friendſhip for me, has inſtructed me a little in geometry and hiſtory, and I begin

I begin to reflect, a thing which is very uncommon in my province. I do not know whether he was entirely right, but being poor myſelf, I eaſily brought myſelf to believe that I had a great number of companions in miſery.*

Diſaſter of the Man Worth Forty Crowns.

I AM not in the leaſt uneaſy about acquainting *the univerſe* that I am maſter of an eſtate which would bring me in clear forty crowns per annum, were it not for the tax with which it is loaded.

Several publications have appeared, wrote by perſons, who, for want of other employment, govern the ſtate by their fire ſides. The preamble of theſe edicts runs, *that the legiſlative and executive power is, by divine right, a co-proprietary of my landed eſtate*, and that I owe it at leaſt one half of what I eat. The enormous ſtomach of the legiſlative and executive power made me bleſs myſelf. What would it be if this power which preſides over *the eſſential order of ſocieties* had the whole of my eſtate? The one is ſtill more divine than the other.

The comptroller-general knows that I uſed to pay in all but twelve livres; that this was a very heavy burthen on me, and that I ſhould have ſunk under it, if

* Madame Maintenon, who was a woman of very diſtinguiſhed abilities in every reſpect, except that wherein ſhe conſulted the Abbé Gobelin, her confeſſor. Madam de Maintenon, I ſay, in one of her letters, reckons up the expence of her brother's family in 1680. He was a married man, rented an handſome houſe, kept ten ſervants, four horſes, and two coachmen, and kept a good table. Madam de Maintenon values the whole at nine thouſand livres per annum, and allows three thouſand livres for card playing, public diverſions, and extra expences of him and his lady.

To lead ſuch a life at Paris would require at preſent an income of forty thouſand livres. At the time of Henry the fourth, ſix thouſand livres per annum would have been ſufficient. This inſtance proves that the good old man does not abſolutely rave.

if God had not beſtowed on me the talent of making wicker baſkets, which aſſiſted me to ſupport my miſery. How then can I at once give the king twenty crowns?

The new miniſters aſſerted alſo in their preamble, that lands only ought to be taxed, becauſe every thing proceeds from the earth, except rain, and that conſequently nothing but the fruits of the earth owe an impoſt.

One of their officers came to me laſt war, and demanded for my quota, three ſeptiers ‡ of wheat and a ſack of beans, worth together about twenty crowns, towards maintaining the war that was then carrying on; the reaſon of which war I was entirely ignorant of, having only heard ſay, that my country could gain nothing by it, but might be a great loſer. As I had then neither corn, beans, nor money, the legiſlative and executive power committed me to priſon, and carried on the war as well as it could.

When I got diſcharged from my confinement, having nothing left but the ſkin on my bones, I met a jolly chubby cheeked fellow in a coach and ſix, who kept ſix footment, and gave each of them for wages twice as much as my income. His maitre d'hotel as chubby cheeked as himſelf, had a ſalary of two thouſand livres per annum, and cheated him of twenty thouſand more. His miſtreſs coſt him eighty thouſand crowns a year: I had known him formerly, when he was not ſo rich as myſelf. He owned for my conſolation, that he enjoyed an income of four hundred thouſand livres per annum: you pay then two hundred thouſand to the ſtate, ſaid I, towards maintaining the preſent advantageous war; for I who have an eſtate that only produces an income of an hundred and twenty livres, am obliged to pay one half. I! replied he, I contribute to the neceſſities of the ſtate! You are certainly in jeſt, friend; I am heir to an uncle who gained eight millions at Cadiz and Surat; I have not an inch of land; all my fortune is veſted in government ſecurities; you are the perſon who is to give

‡ A French meaſure containing twelve buſhels.

give half of his ſubſtance; you are a man of a landed eſtate. Don't you ſee, that if the miniſter of the finances was to demand of me ſomething towards ſupplying the neceſſities of the ſtate, he would be a blockhead who knew not how to calculate, for every thing proceeds from the land; money, and letters of exchange are only tokens of exchange, inſtead of placing on a card at Pharaoh an hundred ſeptiers of wheat, an hundred oxen, a thouſand ſheep, and two hundred ſacks of oats, I play with rouleaus, which repreſent theſe diſguſting commodities. If after having placed *the only impoſt* on theſe commodities, a demand was to be made on me of money a ſecond time, don't you perceive that this would be a double employ? That it would be demanding the ſame thing twice over? my uncle ſold at Cadiz to the value of two millions of your corn, and as much woollen manufactures made of your wool, as coſt two millions in France; he gained above cent per cent by theſe two articles. You clearly conceive that his profit was made on lands which were already taxed. What my uncle bought of you for ten pence, he ſold for above fifty livres at Mexico, and after diſcharging all expences, returned with a fortune of eight millions.

You are ſenſible it would be a horrid piece of injuſtice to demand of him ſome farthings on the tenpence that he laid out with you. If twenty ſuch nephews as myſelf, whoſe uncles have gained each, eight millions at Mexico, Buenos Ayres, Lima, Surat, and Pondicherry, lent the ſtate only two hundred thouſand livres each, towards ſupplying the urgent neceſſities of their country, it would produce four millions: What a ſhocking affair! Pay, my friend, you who enjoy in peace a clear neat revenue of forty crowns, ſerve your country, and come and take a dinner ſometimes with my ſervants.

This plauſible diſcourſe afforded me much matter for reflection, but very little conſolation.

Diſcourſe with a Geometrician.

IT ſometimes happens that we cannot make a reply, yet are not in the leaſt convinced. We are ſilenced without being ſatisfied. We feel in the bottom of our hearts, a ſcruple, a ſecret repugnance which prevents our believing what has been proved to us. A geometrician demonſtrates to you that between a circle and a tangent you can make an infinity of crooked lines paſs, but cannot paſs a ſtrait one. Your eyes, your reaſon tell you the contrary. The geometrician gravely anſwers, that this is an infinity of a ſecond order. You are ſilent and return quite aſtoniſhed without having any clear idea, without comprehending any thing, and without making any reply.

You conſult a geometrician who explains the myſtery to you. We ſuppoſe, ſays he, what cannot be in nature, lines which have length without breadth; it is impoſſible, phyſically ſpeaking, that a real line can penetrate another. No crooked, no real ſtrait line can paſs between two lines that touch each other: Theſe are only ſallies of the underſtanding, ideal chimeras; and true geometry is the art of meaſuring things that exiſt.

I was highly pleaſed with the confeſſion of this wiſe mathematician, and could not help ſmiling amidſt my misfortunes, to find that there was quackery even in the ſcience that is called the excellent ſcience. My geometrician was a philoſophical citizen who had condeſcended to chat with me ſometimes in my cottage. I ſaid to him, Sir, you have endeavoured to enlighten the citizens of Paris, with reſpect to the moſt important intereſt of mankind, the duration of human life. The miniſter has learned from you alone the value of lives at different ages. You have propoſed to furniſh the houſes of the city with water, which at preſent they are in want of, and to ſave us at laſt the ſhame and

and ridicule of always hearing water cried about, and ſeeing women encloſed in an hoop, carry two water buckets, weighing together thirty pounds up four pair of ſtairs to a privy. Pray do me the favour to inform me how many animals with two feet and two hands there are in France?

The geometrician.

It is generally imagined, about twenty millions, and I am willing to adopt this very probable calculation * until it is verified, which would be a very eaſy matter, yet has not been done hitherto *becauſe we never think at all.*

The man worth forty crowns.

How many arpents do you imagine the territories of France contain? †

The geometrician.

One hundred and thirty millions, almoſt half of which conſiſts of roads, cities, villages, heaths, bogs, marſhes, ſandy and barren lands, uſeleſs convents, pleaſant gardens, more agreeable than uſeful, uncultivated ſpots, and indifferent land badly cultivattivated. The good lands might be reduced to ſeventy five millions of ſquare arpents, but let us reckon eighty millions: One cannot do too much for one's country.

The

* This is proved by the memorials of the intendants made about the end of the ſeventeenth century, combined with the numbering by cottages in 1753 by order of the count d'Argenſon; and eſpecially with the very exact work of Mr. Mezance, wrote under the inſpection of the intendent Michaudiere, a gentleman of very extraordinary abilities.

† An arpent is a French meaſure that contains 100 perches ſquare, of 18 feet each.

The man worth forty crowns,

How much do you think each arpent of land produces one year with another, in wheat, corn of all kinds, wine, fish, wood, metals, cattle, fruits, wool, silk, milk, and oil, after deducting all expences, not reckoning the impost?

The geometrician.

If each produces twenty livres, it is a great deal; however, let us say thirty, not to discourage our fellow citizens. Some arpents of land produce the value of three hundred livres; the produce of others amounts in value to only three livres. The proportional medium between three and three hundred is thirty; for you see plainly, that three is to thirty, as thirty to three hundred. It is true, if there were a great many arpents at thirty livres, and very few at three hundred livres, our reckoning would be very far from the truth, but again once more I have no mind to cavil.

The man worth forty crowns.

Very well, Sir, how much would the sum total of the produce of these eighty millions of arpents amount to in a year?

The geometrician.

It would amount to two thousand four hundred millions of livres tournois.

The man worth forty crowns.

I have read that Solomon possessed himself twenty five thousand pounds sterling in ready money; and we

we certainly have not above two thouſand four hundred millions of ſpecie circulating in France, which I have been told is a much larger and richer country than the kingdom which Solomon reigned over.

The geometrician.

There's the myſtery: There are, perhaps, at preſent about nine hundred millions of money circulating in the kingdom; and this money, paſſing from hand to hand, ſuffices to pay for all commodities and all labour: the ſame crown may paſs a thouſand times from the pocket of the cultivator into that of the publican, and commiſſary of the aids.

The man worth forty crowns.

I underſtand you, but you have told me that we are twenty millions of inhabitants, men, women, aged perſons and children; how much pray does each perſon's ſhare amount to?

The geometrician.

An hundred and twenty livres, or forty crowns.

The man worth forty crowns.

You have gueſſed my income exactly: I poſſeſs four arpents of land, which, upon an average, one year with another, brings me in an hundred and twenty livres per annum: this is but a very trifle.

What! if every one had an equal ſhare as in the golden age, does the ſhare of each amount to no more than five louis d'or a year?

The geometrician.

No more, according to our calculation, which I have ſwelled a little. Such is the ſtate of human nature. Life and fortune are very much limited; we live

live at Paris one with another not above twenty two or twenty three years, and have one with another, at moſt, not above one hundred and twenty livres to expend; that is to ſay, your lodging, cloaths, nouriſhment, furniture, &c. are comprehended in the ſum of one hundred and twenty livres.

The man worth forty crowns.

Alas! what have I done to you thus to deprive me of fortune and life? Is it true, that I have no longer than twenty three years to live, unleſs I ſteal a part of my companion's ſhare?

The geometrician.

This is inconteſtibly certain in the good city of Paris; but from theſe twenty three years, the ten of your infancy muſt be retrenched; for we do not enjoy life in infancy, it is but a preparatory ſtate; it is the veſtibule of the edifice; it is a tree that has not yet produced fruit; it is the dawn of a day. Retrench from the remaining thirteen years, the time of ſleep and of wearineſs, and you reduce it to one half, and there remains ſix years and an half, which you paſs in chagrin, pain, ſome ſmall pleaſure and hope.

The man worth forty crowns.

Mercy! your reckoning does not extend to three years of a ſupportable exiſtence.

The geometrician.

This is not my fault; nature regards individuals but very little. There are other inſects that live only a day, but whoſe ſpecies continue for ever. Nature is like thoſe great princes, who make no account of the loſs of four hundred thouſand men, provided they can compaſs their auguſt deſigns.

The

The man worth forty crowns.

Forty crowns a year, and but three years to live! What reſource can you deviſe againſt theſe two curſes?

The geometrician.

With reſpect to life, we ſhould endeavour to render the air more pure in Paris; men ſhould feed leſs luxuriouſly, and uſe more exerciſe; mothers ſhould ſuckle their own children, and not be ſo ill adviſed as to dread inoculation, as I have already obſerved; and with reſpect to fortune, people ſhould marry and get children.

The man worth forty crowns.

What! the method to live comfortably conſiſt in making another partaker of my miſery!

The geometrician.

Five or ſix wretched together make a very tolerable eſtabliſhment. Have a good wife, two boys and two girls only, and your ſhares all together amount to ſeven hundred and twenty livres for your little family, ſuppoſing juſtice was done, and each individual had an hundred and twenty livres a year. Your children when young are hardly any expence to you; when grown up they aſſiſt you; their mutual aſſiſtance ſaves almoſt every kind of expences, and you would live very happily like a philoſopher, provided theſe gentlemen who govern the ſtate had not the barbarity to extort from each of you twenty crowns a year: but the misfortune is that we are no more in the golden age, wherein men were born all equal, had an equal ſhare in the production of an uncultivated earth. A vaſt deal is wanting at preſent for each being with two feet and two hands to poſſeſs a fund of an hundred and twenty livres yearly.

The man worth forty crowns.

Hah! you ruin us. You told me juſt now, that in a country which contained eighty millions of arpents of tolerable good land, and twenty millions of inhabitants, each ought to enjoy an income of one hundred and twenty livres, and you now take them away from us.

The geometrician.

I reckoned according to the regiſters of the golden age, but we muſt make our computation according to the iron age. There are many inhabitants who have not the value of ten crowns a year, others who have only four or five, and above ſix millions of ſouls who have abſolutely nothing at all.

The man worth forty crowns.

Impoſſible, they would die of hunger in three or four days time.

The geometrician.

No ſuch thing, the others who poſſeſs their ſhare find them employment, and let them ſhare with them; this it is, which pays the divine, apothecary, confectioner, actor, lawyer, coachman, &c. You think you have reaſon to complain that you have only an hundred and twenty livres a year to expend, reduced to an hundred and eight livres, by your tax of twelve livres; but conſider the condition of ſoldiers, who ſpill their blood for their country; they expend, at four ſols per day, only ſeventy three livres a year, yet live well enough, by aſſociating themſelves into meſſes.

The man worth forty crowns.

Then an ex-jeſuit has above five times the pay of a ſoldier; yet the ſoldiers have rendered the ſtate more ſervice in the preſence of the king, at Fontenoy, Laufelt, and the ſiege of Fribourg, than the reverend father Valette has done.

The geometrician.

Nothing can be more true: And even each Ex-jeſuit has more to ſpend than his maintenance would have coſt in his convent: Some of them have got a great deal of money by writing pamphlets againſt the parliaments, as the reverend father Patouillet, and the reverend father Monote. Every one makes uſe of his wits in this world; one is at the head of a manufactory of ſtuffs; another of china; one undertakes the management of the opera; another writes the eccleſiaſtical gazette; a fifth compoſes a city tragedy or a romance in the Engliſh taſte, and employs the paper-maker, Ink-maker, book-ſeller, printer, publiſher and hawker, who but for him muſt beg alms. It is only, in ſhort, the reſtitution of the hundred and twenty livres, to thoſe who have nothing at all, that makes the ſtate flouriſh.

The man worth forty crowns.

A comical way of flouriſhing!

The geometrician.

There is no other; in every country the rich make the poor live. This is the only ſource of induſtry, of commerce. The more induſtrious a nation is, the more it gains from foreigners. If we got by commerce from foreigners a balance in our favour of ten millions a year, there would be in twenty years, two hundred millions more in the ſtate; this would amount to a dividend of ten livres more for each perſon; that is to ſay the merchants would gain each poor perſon ten additional livres in hopes of making

making ſtill more conſiderable advantages. But commerce has its bounds like the fertility of the earth, otherwiſe the progreſſion would go on to infinity; and ſince it is not certain that the balance of our commerce will be always in our favour, there are particular times when we loſe.

The man worth forty crowns.

I have heard much talk about population. If we ſhould have double the number of children that we have at preſent, if our country ſhould become twice as populous, if we ſhould have forty millions of inhabitants inſtead of twenty, what would be the conſequence?

The geometrician.

The conſequence would be that each would have only twenty crowns to expend, reckoning one with another: or the earth muſt yield doudle the produce it does at preſent; or there muſt be double the number of poor; or we muſt be doubly induſtrious, and gain from foreigners twice as much as at preſent; or half the nation muſt be ſent to America; or one half of the nation muſt eat the other.

The man worth forty crowns.

Let us be contented then with our twenty millions of men, and our hundred and twenty livres a head, ſhared as God pleaſes: but this ſituation is ſhocking, and your iron age is very hard.

The geometrician.

No nation is better off, and many fare far worſe. Do you think the north produces ſufficient to allow each inhabitant an hundred and twenty of our livres a year? Would the Huns, Vandals and Franks, if they had poſſeſſed an equivalent ſum, have deſerted their native countries

countries to endeavour to ſettle themſelves elſewhere, ſword in hand.

The man worth forty crowns.

If I let you talk on, you will perſuade me ſoon that I am happy with my hundred and twenty livres.

The geometrician.

If you think yourſelf happy, you are ſo.

The man worth forty crowns.

None but a fool can imagine himſelf to be what he is not.

The geometrician.

I have already told you, that to become eaſier in your circumſtances, and more happy than you are at preſent, you muſt get a wife; but I ſhall add, that ſhe muſt have an hundred and twenty livres a year income, that is to ſay, four arpents of land at ten crowns an arpent; the antient Romans had each only three. If your children are induſtrious, each of them may gain as much by working for the others.

The man worth forty crowns.

Thus they might get money without others loſing it.

The geometrician.

This is the law of all nations, we breathe but upon theſe terms.

The man worth forty crowns.

And I and my wife ought each to give half of our ſubſtance to the legiſlative and executive power, and

the new miniſters of ſtate rob us of half the reward of our labour and of the ſubſtance of our poor children before they can gain their livelihood. Tell me pray, how much money theſe new miniſters by their divine right bring into his majeſty's coffers.

The geometrician.

You pay twenty crowns for four arpents, which bring you in forty. The rich man who poſſeſſes four hundred arpents will pay two thouſand crowns, according to this new tariff, and the eighty millions of arpents in the kingdom will produce the king twelve hundred millions of livres a year, or four hundred millions of crowns.

The man worth forty crowns.

This to me ſeems impracticable and impoſſible.

The geometrician.

You are quite in the right, and this impoſſibility is a geometrical demonſtration, that the reaſoning of our new miniſters is fundamentally wrong.

The man worth forty crowns.

Does it not demonſtrate the greateſt injuſtice to take from me half of my wheat, hemp, wool, &c. and not to require any aſſiſtance from thoſe who have gained ten, twenty or thirty thouſand livres a year with my hemp, which they have manufactured into linen; with my wool, which they have made into cloth; with my wheat, which they have ſold at a much greater price than they gave for it.

The geometrician.

The injuſtice of this adminiſtration is as evident as its calculation is erroneous. It is requiſite that induſtry

duſtry ſhould be encouraged, but opulent induſtry ſhould notwithſtanding contribute towards the neceſſities of the ſtate. This induſtry has certainly taken from you a part of your hundred and twenty livres, and has appropriated it to itſelf, by ſelling you your linen and cloaths for twenty times as much as they would have coſt if you had made them yourſelf. The manufacturer who has enriched himſelf at your expence, has given, I acknowledge, ſalaries to his artificers, who poſſeſſed nothing themſelves; but he has kept for himſelf each year a ſum, which at laſt amounts to thirty thouſand livres a year; he has therefore acquired this fortune at your expence: you could never ſell him your neceſſaries dear enough to reimburſe you what he has gained by you; for if you were to attempt this advance of price, he would procure them from abroad at an eaſier rate. A proof of this is, that he remains always poſſeſſed of his thirty thouſand livres a year, and you remain with your hundred and twenty livres, which ſtock, far from being encreaſed, is frequently leſſened. It is therefore both neceſſary and equitable that the refined induſtry of the merchant ſhould pay more than the rude induſtry of the labourer. It is the ſame with reſpect to receivers of public taxes. Your tax was twelve livres, until our great miniſters taxed you twenty crowns: of theſe twelve livres the publican kept ten ſols for himſelf. If your province contains five hundred thouſand ſouls, he will have gained two hundred and fifty thouſand livres a year. If he expends fifty thouſand, it is evident at the expiration of ten years, he will be maſter of a fortune of two millions. It is but juſt that he ſhould contribute in proportion, otherwiſe all would be perverted and turned topſy turvy.

The man worth forty crowns.

I return you thanks for taxing this financier, it conſoles my imagination; but ſince he has ſo finely encreaſed his ſuperfluity, how muſt I do to augment alſo my little fortune?

The geometrician.

I have already told you; marry, work, endeavour to draw from your land a greater quantity of produce than it affords at preſent.

The man worth forty crowns.

Suppoſe that I have laboured hard, that all the nation has done the ſame, that the legiſlative and executive power has received thereby a much greater tribute, how much has the nation gained at the expiration of the year?

The geometrician.

Nothing at all; unleſs it has carried on an uſeful foreign commerce; but the inhabitants will have lived more commodiouſly. Every one will have had in proportion, more linen, cloaths and furniture than before. There will have been a more plentiful circulation in the ſtate, wages will have been encreaſed at length nearly in proportion to the number of ſheaves of corn, fleeces of wool, bullocks, hides, &c. that have been conſumed, and of grapes that have been preſſed to make wine. The king will have received a greater value of commodities in money, and the king will have paid a greater price to all thoſe whom he has employed under him; but there will not be a ſingle crown more in the kingdom.

The man worth forty crowns.

What will then remain with the government at the expiration of the year?

The geometrician.

Nothing once more; as is the caſe with every power; it does not grow rich, it has been maintained, cloathed,

cloathed, lodged, &c. every individual has been ſo too, according to his ſtation; and if it hoards up money, it has taken from the circulation as much money as it has heaped up; it has made as many wretches as it has put forty crowns into its coffers.

The man worth forty crowns.

But the great Henry the fourth was then only a villain, a miſer, a plunderer, for I have been told that he hoarded up in the baſtile more than fifty millions of our preſent money.

The geometrician.

He was as good as he was wiſe and valiant. He was about to engage in a juſt war; and by amaſſing in his coffers twenty two millions of the money of his age, having ſtill to receive above twenty millions more which he ſuffered to circulate, he ſpared his people above an hundred millions that it would have coſt them if he had not taken theſe uſeful meaſures. He rendered himſelf morally certain of ſucceſs againſt an enemy that had not made uſe of the ſame precautions. The calculation of probabilities was prodigiouſly in his favour. His twenty two millions hoarded up, prove that there was then in the kingdom the value of twenty two millions overplus in the produce of the land; thus nobody was a ſufferer.

The man worth forty crowns.

My old man then with juſtice told me, that we were richer in proportion under the duke of Sully's adminiſtration than under that of our new miniſters who have laid on us the *only* impoſt, and have taken from me twenty crowns out of my forty. Tell me pray, is there any one nation in the world that enjoys this fine advantage of one only impoſt?

The geometrician.

Not a ſingle opulent nation. The Engliſh, who ſeldom laugh, laughed heartily when they heard that our ſchemers propoſed among us this adminiſtration. The Chineſe demand a tax from all merchant ſhips that arrive at Canton. The Dutch pay at Nangazaqui, when they are received at Japan, under pretence that they are not chriſtians. The Laplanders and Samoieds indeed are ſubject to a ſingle impoſt in marten's ſkins; the republic of San Marino pays only a tithe for the ſupport of the ſplendor of the ſtate.

There is in Europe a nation celebrated for its equity and valour that pays no tax, viz. the Helvetian nation; but it happens thus; this nation has taken the place of the dukes of Auſtria and Zuringia; the little diſtricts are democratical and very poor: each inhabitant therein pays a very moderate ſum towards the neceſſities of the ſmall republic. In the rich diſtricts they are taxed for the uſe of the ſtate the ſame duties that the arch-dukes of Auſtria and the lords of the manors formerly demanded: the proteſtant diſtricts are in proportion twice as rich as the catholic, becauſe there the ſtate poſſeſſes the eſtates of the monks. Thoſe who were ſubjects of the archdukes of Auſtria, dukes of Zuringia, and the monks, are ſo at preſent of the ſtate; they pay this ſtate the ſame tithes, the ſame duties, the ſame fines of alienation that they paid their antient maſters; and as the ſubjects in general have very little commerce, merchandize is not ſubjected to any duty except the trifling tax of ſtaple: Men make a traffic of their valour with foreign powers, and ſell themſelves for a term of years, which brings ſome money into their country at our expence; and is as ſingular an inſtance in the civilized world, as the impoſt eſtabliſhed by your new legiſlators.

The

The man worth forty crowns.

So, Sir, the Swiſs are not by divine right ſtripped of half their fortunes; and he who poſſeſſes four cows does not give two of them to the ſtate?

The geometrician.

No, doubtleſs. In one diſtrict, they pay one caſk in thirteen caſks of wine; and drink the other twelve themſelves. In another diſtrict, they pay the twelfth caſk and drink eleven themſelves.

The man worth forty crowns.

Ah! that I was but a Swiſs. What a curſed tax is this *ſingle* and iniquitous tax which has reduced me to beg alms! But are three or four hundred taxes whoſe very names it is impoſſible to remember, more juſt and honeſt? Was there ever a legiſlator, who upon founding a ſtate, thought of creating the counſellors of the king, coal-meters, gaugers of caſks, aſſizers of wood, ſearchers of hogs tongues, overſeers of ſalt butter, &c.? Of maintaining an army of ſcoundrels twice as numerous as that of Alexander, commanded by ſixty generals, who lay the country under contributions, and gain ſignal victories every day, and take priſoners, whom they ſometimes ſacrifice in the air, or in a little wooden theatre, after the manner of the antient Scythians, as my curate has informed me?

Is ſuch a legiſlature, which is ſo much exclaimed againſt, and occaſions ſo many tears to be ſhed, better than that which takes from me at once half of my property? I am very much afraid, that upon a nice calculation, it will be found, that the old eſtabliſhment takes three-fourths by retail.

The geometrician.

Iliacos intra muros peccatur et extra.
Eſt modus in rebus, caveas ne quid nimis.

The man worth forty crowns.

I have learned a little hiſtory and geometry, but I don't know a word of latin.

The geometrician.

This ſignifies nearly, *extreams on both ſides are wrong, preſerve a medium in every thing. Too much of nothing.*

The man worth forty crowns.

Yes, nothing too much, this is exactly my caſe; but I have not enough.

The geometrician.

I allow that you would be ſtarved to death, and myſelf too, and the ſtate alſo, if the new adminiſtration laſted only two years; but it is hoped God will be pleaſed to take pity on us.

The man worth forty crowns.

We paſs our lives in hope, and die in hope. Adieu, Sir, you have inſtructed me, but I have a wounded heart.

The geometrician.

That is frequently the fruit of knowledge.

Adventure with a Carmelite.

AFTER returning a thouſand thanks to the member of the academy of ſciences, for having given me a true notion of the matter, I went away praiſing providence, but muttering between my teeth theſe ſad words, *only twenty crowns a year to live upon, and only twenty two years to live.* Alas, would to God that life was ſtill ſhorter, ſince it is ſo miſerable!

I ſoon arrived at a ſuperb houſe. I was already very hungry; I had not even the hundred and twentieth part of the ſum which by right belongs to every individual. But as ſoon as I was informed that this palace was a convent of barefooted Carmelites, I conceived great hopes; and ſaid to myſelf, ſince theſe holy fathers are ſo humble as to walk barefooted, they will certainly be charitable enough to give me a dinner.

I pulled the bell; a Carmelite came; what would you have, my ſon? Bread, reverend father, the new edicts have robbed me of every thing. Son, we aſk alms ourſelves, we do not beſtow them. What! your holy inſtitute command you not to wear ſhoes, and you have a palace, yet refuſe me a morſel of bread! Son, it is true, we go without ſhoes; it is an expence ſaved; but we feel no more cold in our feet than in our hands; and if our holy inſtitution had commanded us to go bare a—d, we ſhould have felt no cold in our backſides. With regard to our fine houſe, we built it eaſily, becauſe we are poſſeſſed of houſes in this very ſtreet, the rents of which amount to an hundred thouſand livres a year.

Ah! ah! you ſuffer me to periſh with hunger, and have an hundred thouſand livres a year: You pay then ſurely fifty thouſand to the new government.

God preſerve us from paying a farthing. The product of the earth cultivated by induſtrious hands,

hardened with toil and bedewed with tears, alone owes a tribute to the legiſlative and executive power. The alms which we have received have enabled us to build theſe houſes which bring in this revenue of an hundred thouſand livres per year. But theſe alms, ariſing from the fruits of the earth, having already paid the duty, ought not to pay it a ſecond time: They have ſanctified the faithful who impoveriſhed themſelves by enriching us: And we continue to aſk charity and lay under contribution the ſuburb of St. Germains in order to ſanctify more faithful. Having ſaid theſe words the Carmelite ſhut the door in my face, and retired.

As I paſſed the hotel of grey muſqueteers I told the affair to one of theſe gentlemen; I had a good dinner given me and a crown. One of them propoſed to burn the convent, but a muſqueteer, who was wiſer, remonſtrated that the time was not yet come, and entreated him to wait two or three years longer.

An Audience of the Comptroller General.

I WENT with my crown to preſent a petition to the comptroller general who that day gave audience. His anti-chamber was filled with all ſorts of people. There were faces ſtill more chubby, bellies much more round, and countenances more haughty than that of any man worth eight millions. I did not dare to come near them, I ſaw them, but they did not deign to ſee me.

A monk, a great tything man, had commenced a proceſs againſt people whom he called his peaſants. He had already a greater revenue than half his pariſhioners put together; and he was beſides lord of the manor. He maintained that his vaſſals having converted with prodigious labour their heaths into vineyards, ought to pay him the tenth part of their wine, which amounted, reckoning the expences of labour and wine props, caſks, &c. to above a quarter of the vintage.

vintage. But as tithes are of divine right, ſaid he, I demand a fourth part of the ſubſtance of my peaſants in the name of God. The miniſter ſaid to him, I ſee how charitable you are.

A farmer general very ſkilful in the aids, then ſaid to the comptroller, Sir, the village can give nothing to this monk; for having made the pariſhioners pay laſt year thirty two cuſtoms for their wine, and having condemned them afterwards to pay the *trop bu*,* they are entirely ruined. I have ſold their cattle and their furniture, they are ſtill in my debt. I oppoſe the pretenſions of the reverend father.

You are in the right to be his rival, replied the miniſter, you both equally love your neighbour, and edify me.

A third, a monk and lord of a manor whoſe peaſants are in mortmain, waited alſo a decree of council to put him in poſſeſſion of the whole fortune of a citizen of Paris, who having inadvertently dwelt a year and a day in a houſe ſubject to this ſervitude, and ſituated in the eſtate of this prieſt, died there at the expiration of the year. The monk claimed the whole fortune of the citizen, and this by divine right.

The miniſter concluded this monk to be as juſt and as tender hearted as the former two.

A fourth, who was comptroller of the king's demeſnes, preſented a fine memorial, in which he juſtified his having reduced twenty families to beggary. They had inherited from their uncles, aunts, brothers and couſins; conſequently muſt pay the uſual fine. The comptroller had generouſly proved to them that they had not ſufficiently valued their inheritances; that they were much more valuable than they thought; and in conſequence thereof having caſt them in triple coſts, had ruined them by the expences of the law ſuit, and thrown the fathers of the families into priſon, by which means he had purchaſed their beſt poſſeſſions without opening his purſe.

The

* A particular kind of impoſt.

The comptroller general ſaid to him, (in rather a ſarcaſtical manner to be ſure) *Euge comptroller bonus; quia ſupra pauca fuiſti fidelis farmergeneral te conſtituem.*† Nevertheleſs he wiſpered to a maſter of requeſts who ſat near him; we muſt make theſe ſacred bloodſuckers and theſe profane bloodſuckers refund: It is time to relieve the people, who, without our care and equity, would never have any thing to live upon, but in the other world.*

Men of profound genius preſented ſchemes to him. One propoſed to place a tax upon wit. Every body, ſaid he, will be eager to pay it, none will be willing to paſs for fools. The miniſter anſwered, I declare you exempt from the tax.

Another propoſed to eſtabliſh the *ſingle* impoſt on ſinging and laughter, becauſe the nation was the merrieſt in the world, and a ſong conſoled it for every thing. But the miniſter obſerved, that for ſome time paſt hardly any merry ſongs had been compoſed, and he was fearful leſt to avoid the tax the nation ſhould become too ſerious.

A wiſe and brave citizen came next, who offered to give the king three times as much as at preſent, by making the nation pay three times leſs. The miniſter adviſed him to learn arithmetic.

A fourth proved to the king *out of friendſhip*, that he could not collect above ſeventy five millions, but that he would procure him two hundred and twenty five millions. You will do me a favour, replied the miniſter, when the debts of the ſtate are diſcharged.

At laſt arrived a commiſſary belonging to the new author who makes the legiſlative power co-proprietary of all our eſtates, by divine right, and who gives the king twelve hundred millions a year. I recollected the man who ſent me to priſon for not paying my twenty crowns.

† Well done, good comptroller, becauſe thou haſt been faithful over a few things, I will make thee a farmer general.

* A caſe nearly ſimilar happened in the province where I lived, and the comptroller of the demeſnes was forced to make reſtitution. But he was not puniſhed.

crowns. I threw myſelf at the feet of the comptroller general, and demanded juſtice; he laughed heartily, and told me they had played me a trick. He commanded theſe ſorry jeſters to pay me an hundred crowns damages, and exempted me from the tax the reſt of my life. I expreſſed my gratitude, by ſaying, Sir, God bleſs you!

A Letter to the Man worth Forty Crowns.

THOUGH I am thrice as rich as you, that is to ſay, though I poſſeſs an income of three hundred and ſixty livres a year, yet I write to you as to my equal, without affecting the pride of a rich man.

I have read the account of your diſaſter, and the juſtice that the comptroller general has done you. I compliment you on the occaſion; but unfortunately I have juſt been reading Le Financier Citoyen, notwithſtanding my diſlike to the title which ſeems contradictory to a number of people. This citizen takes from you twenty crowns of your income, and from me ſixty; he allows only an hundred livres to each individual in the whole nation. But in return, a man not leſs illuſtrious ſwells our incomes to an hundred and fifty livres; I perceive your geometrician embraces an exact medium. He is none of thoſe maginficent gentlemen who with a ſtroke of the pen people Paris with a million of inhabitants, and make fifteen hundred millions of ſounding ſpecie circulate in the kingdom, after all our loſſes in the late war.

As you are a great reader, I will lend you the *Citizen Financier*, but do not believe every thing the author ſays; he quotes the will of the great miniſter Colbert, and is ignorant that it is a ridiculous rhapſody compoſed by one Gatien de Courtils. He quotes the tithe of marſhal Vauban and does not know it was wrote by one Boiſguilbert. He quotes the will of Cardinal Richelieu and is ignorant that it was compiled

piled by the abbé de Bourzeis. He pretends this cardinal aſſerts *that when proviſions are dear the ſoldier receives more pay.* Yet during his miniſtry proviſions grew very dear, and the pay of the ſoldiery was not at all encreaſed; which proves, independently of an hundred other proofs, that this book, known to be counterfeit at its firſt appearance, and afterwards imputed to the cardinal, was no more his than the wills of Cardinal Alberoni and Marſhal Belliſle belonged to them.

Ever while you live diſtruſt wills and ſyſtems. I have been their victim as well as you; the new Triptolemus's have diſappointed me ſtill more; and had it not been for a little legacy which revived me, I ſhould have died for want.

I have an hundred and twenty arpents of arable land ſituated in the fineſt country in nature and in the moſt ungrateful ſoil. Each arpent yields only (after all expences are paid,) half a crown. As ſoon as I read in the monthly journals that a celebrated lover of agriculture had invented a new machine for ſowing, and that he had tilled his land in borders, in order that ſowing leſs he might reap a greater crop; I immediately borrowed money, bought a machine for ſowing, ſowed after his manner, and loſt my money and labour, as well as this illuſtrious perſonage who no longer ſows by borders.

My curſed ſtars ſuffered me to read the oeconomical journal which is ſold at Paris by Boudot. I hit upon the experiment of an ingenious Pariſian, who for his amuſement had tilled his garden fifteen times, and ſowed corn in it inſtead of planting tulip roots; he had a very plentiful crop. I borrowed more money. I have only to give my land thirty plowings, ſaid I to myſelf, and I ſhall have double the crop of this worthy Pariſian who has formed his principles of agriculture at the opera and play houſe, and behold how I am enriched by his leſſons and example.

In my country it is impoſſible to plow even four times, the rigour and ſudden changes of the weather do not permit it; and beſides, the misfortune that I had to ſow in borders after the manner of the illuſtri-

ous

ous lover of agriculture whom I have mentioned, had obliged me to ſell my team. I employed all the ploughs within four leagues of me to plough my hundred and twenty arpents thirty times. Three ploughings coſt twelve livres an arpent, it is the fixed price, but each arpent was to have thirty ploughings. The tillage of each arpent coſt me an hundred and twenty livres, the expence of the whole amounted to fourteen thouſand four hundred livres. My crop, which in my curſed country commonly amounts to three hundred ſeptiers, amounted it is true to three hundred and thirty, which at twenty livres the ſeptier produced me ſix thouſand ſix hundred livres; I loſt ſeven thouſand eight hundred livres. Indeed I had the ſtraw.

I had been ruined entirely, but for an old aunt whom a great phyſician diſpatched to the other world, by reaſoning as well in phyſic as myſelf in agriculture.

Could you believe that I was weak enough to ſuffer myſelf to be ſeduced again by this Boudot? This man after all had not ſworn my deſtruction. I read in his journal, that a perſon need only advance four thouſand livres, to have four thouſand livres a year in artichoaks: Certainly Boudot will reſtore me in artichoaks what I have loſt in wheat by his means. Behold my four thouſand livres expended, and my artichoaks devoured by the field mice. I was hiſſed at in my diſtrict like the devil of Papefiguere.

I wrote a thundering letter of reproach to Boudot. Inſtead of returning me an anſwer, the traitor diverted himſelf in his journal at my expence. He impudently denied that the Caribeans were born red. I was obliged to ſend him an atteſtation from an ancient councellor of the king at Gaudeloupe, that God had made the inhabitants of the Caribbee iſlands red, as well as the negroes black. But this little victory did not prevent my loſing, to the very laſt farthing, the whole of my aunt's fortune by giving two eaſy belief to the new ſyſtem. My dear Sir, once more beware of quacks.

FRESH

FRESH DISASTERS

OCCASIONED BY THE

NEW SYSTEMS.

This little fragment is extracted from the manuſcripts of an old hermit.

I PERCEIVE that if good citizens have amuſed themſelves in governing kingdoms, and putting themſelves in the places of kings; if others have thought themſelves Triptolemus's and Ceres's; there have been ſome more haughty who without ceremony have ſet themſelves in the place of God, and created the univerſe with their pens, as God created it formerly by his word.

One of the firſt who preſented himſelf to my adoration was a deſcendent of Thales named Telliamed, who taught me that the mountains and men were produced by the waters of the ſea. There were at firſt fine ſeamen which afterwards became amphibious. Their beautiful forked tails were changed into thighs and legs. I was as yet quite full of the metamorphoſes of Ovid, and of a book which demonſtrated that the human race was deſcended from baboons. I liked as well to deſcend from a fiſh as a monkey.

In proceſs of time I entertained ſome doubts concerning this genealogy, as well as concerning the formation of mountains. What, ſaid he, are you ignorant that the currents of the ſea, which always caſt up ſand to the right and left to the height of ten or twelve feet at moſt, have produced in an infinite ſeries of ages, mountains twenty thouſand feet in height, which are not

not compoſed of ſand? Learn that the ſea has neceſſarily covered the whole globe. A proof of it is, that anchors of ſhips have been found on mount St. Bernard, which were there many ages before mankind made uſe of ſhips.

Imagine to yourſelf that the earth is a *globe of glaſs* which has been a long time covered with water. The more he inſtructed me the more incredulous I became. What then, ſaid he to me, have you not ſeen the hill of Touraine thirty ſix leagues diſtant from the ſea? It is an heap of ſhells, with which the peaſants enrich their lands as with dung. Then if the ſea has depoſited in a ſucceſſion of ages a whole mine of ſhells thirty ſix leagues diſtant from the occean; why may it not have flowed as far as three thouſand leagues in an infinity of centuries on our globe of glaſs?

I anſwered, Mr. Telliamed, there are people who can walk fifteen leagues a day; but they cannot walk fifty. I do not believe that my garden is glaſs, and as to your mine I doubt whether it is a bed of marine ſhells. It may be poſſibly only a mine of ſmall calcarious ſtones which eaſily take the form of fragments of ſhells, as there are ſtones ſhaped like tongues, which nevertheleſs are not tongues at all; others ſhaped like ſtars which are not ſtars in the leaſt; others rolled up like ſerpents, which are not ſerpents; ſome like the private parts of the fair ſex, which however never were parts of an human body. We ſee dendritæ, and figured ſtones that repreſent trees and houſes without theſe ſtones having ever been houſes or oaks.

If the ſea has depoſited ſo many beds of ſhells in Touraine, why has it neglected Brittany, Normandy, Piccardy, and all the other coaſts? I am very much afraid that this ſo much boaſted hill no more proceeds from the ſea, than mankind. And even if the ſea had diffuſed itſelf thirty ſix leagues, this is no proof that it ever extended as far as three thouſand, or even as far as three hundred leagues; and that all mountains were produced by the ſea. One might as well

well ſay that mount Caucaſus formed the ſea, as pretend that the ſea formed mount Caucaſus.

But Mr. Incredulous, what anſwer can you make to the petrified oyſters that have been found on the top of the alps?

I ſhall anſwer, that I have no more ſeen petrified oyſters than anchors of ſhips on the top of mount Cenis. I ſhall anſwer, as has already been ſaid, that oyſter ſhells (which eaſily become petrified) have been found at very great diſtances from the ſea, as roman medals have been dug up an hundred leagues from Rome; and I ſhould rather chuſe to believe that the Pilgrims of St. James left ſome ſhells towards St. Maurice, than imagine that the ſea formed mount St. Bernard.

There are ſhells every where, but it is very certain that they are not the exuviæ of the teſtaceous and cruſtaceous animals, of our lakes and our rivers, as well as of little ſea-fiſh?

Mr. Incredulous, I will make you ridiculous in the world that I propoſe to create.

Mr. Creator, with your permiſſion: Every one is maſter in his own world; but you ſhall never make me believe that the world, in which we are is made of glaſs, nor that a few ſhells are a demonſtration that the ſea has produced the Alps and mount Taurus. You know the mountains of America contain no ſhells. You therefore cannot have created that hemiſphere, and ought to be contented with the ancient world; this is enough.

Sir, Sir, if ſhells have not yet been diſcovered on the mountains of America, *they will be diſcovered in time.*

Sir, this is talking like a creator who knows his ſecret and goes on ſure grounds. I give you up if you pleaſe your hill provided you leave me my mountains. Otherwiſe I am your providence's moſt obedient humble ſervant.

At the time I was thus arguing with Telliamed, an Iriſh jeſuit in the diſguiſe of a layman, moreover a great obſervator and poſſeſſed of good microſcopes, made

eels

eels with the flour of damaged corn. There was then no doubt but men might be made with flour of good wheat. Immediately organic particles were created, of which man was compoſed. Why not? The great geometrician Fatio had raiſed the dead at London; live perſons might as eaſily be made at Paris with organic particles: But unfortunately the new eels of Needham having diſappeared, the new men diſappeared alſo, and fled away amongſt the monads which they met with in the plenum in the midſt of ſubtile, globular, and canulated matter.

Not but theſe creators of ſyſtems have rendered great ſervices to phyſics. God forbid I ſhould deſpiſe their labours! they have been compared to alchymiſts, who in ſearch of the philoſopher's ſtone (which they have not found) have diſcovered many good remedies, or at leaſt very curious matters. A man may be a perſon of uncommon merit, and yet be miſtaken concerning the formation of animals, and ſtructure of the globe.

Fiſhes changed into men and water changed into mountains, did not injure me ſo much as Mr. Boudot; I confined myſelf tranquilly to doubt, when a Laplander took me under his protection. He was a profound philoſopher, but never pardoned thoſe who were not of his opinion. He directly made me know the future clearly, by exalting my ſoul. I made ſuch prodigious efforts of exaltation that I got a fit of ſickneſs; but he cured me of it by wrapping me up in a pitch plaiſter from head to foot. Scarcely was I able to walk, before he propoſed to me a voyage to the terra auſtralis to diſſect there the heads of giants, in order to attain a clear knowledge of the nature of the ſoul. I could not bear the ſea; he was kind enough to lead me through the earth. He cauſed a great hole to be bored through the terreſtrial globe; this hole led ſtraight through to the Patagonians. We ſet out, I broke one of my legs at the very entrance of the paſſage; it was very difficult to reduce the fracture: However at laſt a callus formed which afforded me a good deal of comfort.

I have

I have already mentioned all this in one of my diatribes, in order to inſtruct the univerſe very attentive to theſe great matters. I am very old; I love ſometimes to repeat my ſtories, in order to inculcate them the better in the minds of children, for whoſe inſtruction I have ſo long laboured.

Marriage of the Man worth Forty Crowns.

THE man worth forty crowns having improved himſelf greatly, and having got a ſmall fortune, married a pretty girl who poſſeſſed an income of an hundred crowns. His wife ſoon became pregnant. He went to his geometrician to inquire whether ſhe would have a boy or a girl? The geometrician anſwered, that midwives and chambermaids generally knew, but that profeſſors of phyſics who predicted eclipſes were not ſo enlightened.

He was deſirous afterwards of knowing whether his ſon or daughter had already a ſoul. The geometrician ſaid that this was not his buſineſs, that he muſt conſult a profeſſor of divinity.

The man of forty crowns who was already worth two hundred crowns a year at leaſt, aſked in what place his child was? In a little bag, replied his friend, ſituated between the bladder and the gut rectum. O God of my fathers, exclaimed he, the immortal ſoul of my child lodged between urine and ſomething worſe! Yes, my dear neighbour, the ſoul of a cardinal has no other cradle; and yet they behave with haughtineſs and give themſelves airs.

Ah Mr. ſcholar, could not you inform me how children are made?

No, my friend; but if you have a mind I will tell you what philoſophers have imagined; that is to ſay, how children are not made.

Firſt,

First, the reverend father Sanchez in his excellent book concerning *Matrimony*, is entirely of the opinion of Hippocrates; he believes as an article of faith, that the male and female both emit at the ſame time, and that their ſemen unites together, and that at this moment the child is conceived by this union; and he is ſo thoroughly perſuaded of the truth of this phiſical ſyſtem become a point of theology, that he examines chap. 21 of the ſecond book *utrum virgo Maria ſemen emiſerit in copulatione cum ſpiritu ſancto.*

Ah, Sir, I have already told you that I do not underſtand Latin, explain in French the oracle of father Sanchez. The geometrician tranſlated the text, and both were ſhocked to the higheſt degree.

The new married man, though he thought Sanchez very ridiculous, was nevertheleſs well enough ſatisfied with Hippocrates, and flattered himſelf that his wife had fulfilled all the conditions impoſed by this phyſician in order to get a child.

Unfortunately, ſays his neighbour to him, there are many women who do not emit any fluid in copulation, and who receive the embraces of their huſbands with averſion; yet notwithſtanding have children. This circumſtance alone decides againſt Hippocrates and Sanchez.

Beſides, there is the greateſt probability that nature acts always in the ſame caſes by the ſame principles; then, there are many ſpecies of animals that engender without copulation, as ſcaled fiſh, oyſters, and ſome kinds of inſects. Phyſicians therefore were obliged to ſeek a mechaniſm of generation that ſuited all animals. The celebrated Harvey who firſt demonſtrated the circulation of the blood, and was worthy to diſcover the ſecrets of nature, thought he had found it in fowls: They lay eggs; he judged that women laid eggs alſo. The wicked wits ſaid that this was the reaſon why people call their wives or miſtreſſes, my chicken, and that all women are coquets, becauſe they are deſirous the cocks ſhould think them handſome. Notwithſtanding this raillery, Harvey did not change

change his opinion, and that we proceeded from eggs was the eſtabliſhed doctrine throughout Europe.

The man worth forty crowns.

But Sir, you have told me that nature is always like herſelf, that ſhe acts ever by the ſame principle in the ſame circumſtances; women, cows, ſhe aſſes, eels, do not lay eggs at all. You are joking with me.

The geometrician.

They do not lay eggs outwardly, but they lay eggs within: They have ovaries like all fowls: Cows and eels have them alſo. An egg is detached from the ovary, and is hatched in the womb. Obſerve all ſcaled fiſh and frogs, they lay eggs which are fecundated by the male. Whales and other ſea animals of that ſpecies hatch their eggs in their womb. Mites, moths, the moſt vile inſects are viſibly formed from eggs. Every thing proceeds from an egg; And our globe is a great egg that contains all the reſt.

The man worth forty crowns.

Indeed this ſyſtem carries with it all the marks of truth, it is ſimple and uniform, and demonſtrable to the eye in the greater part of animals; I am very well ſatisfied with it, I deſire no other; the eggs of my wife are extremely dear to me.

The geometrician.

In length of time the world grew tired of this ſyſtem; and children were made after another manner.

The man worth forty crowns.

Why, ſince this is ſo natural?

The

The geometrician.

Becauſe the learned pretended that women have no ovaries but only little glands.

The man worth forty crowns.

I ſuſpect that people who had another ſyſtem to put off, were deſirous to decry this of eggs.

The geometrician.

Very poſſibly. Two dutchmen bethought themſelves of examining the ſeminal fluid of the human ſpecies, and of ſeveral animals, in a microſcope; and fancied they perceived animals already wholly formed, that moved with an inconceivable velocity. They ſaw them alſo in the ſeminal fluid of a cock. They then judged that the males did all, and the females nothing, they ſerved only to bear the treaſure which the males had entruſted them with.

The man worth forty crowns.

This is very ſtrange. I have ſome doubts concerning all theſe little animals that friſk about ſo prodigiouſly in a liquor in order to become afterwards motionleſs in the eggs of birds, and to be not leſs motionleſs during nine months, (ſome few tumbles excepted) in the belly of a woman; this does not ſeem to me conſequent. This is not, according to my judgment, the ſtep of nature. Pray, how are theſe little homunculi ſhaped who ſwim ſo excellently in the liquor you mention?

The geometrician.

Like worms. There was particularly a phyſician named Andry, who diſcovered worms every where, and who wanted abſolutely to deſtroy the ſyſtem of Harvey. He

He would, if he could, have annihilated the circulation of the blood, becauſe another had made the diſcovery. At length, two dutchmen, and Mr. Andry, by committing the ſin of Onan and examining things in a microſcope, reduced man to be a caterpillar. Like this inſect we are at firſt a worm, then in our enveloped ſtate we become, like it, during nine months a true chryſalis. Afterwards if the caterpillar becomes a butterfly, we become men; behold our metamorphoſes.

The man worth forty crowns.

Very well! has the world abided by this opinion? Has there been no new way of thinking on this head ſince?

The geometrician.

Mankind was diſguſted at being caterpillars. A very diverting philoſopher diſcovered that attraction made children, and thus the matter is effected. The germ having fallen into the matrix, the right eye attracts the left eye which arrives to unite itſelf to it in the quality of an eye, but is hindered therefrom by the noſe that it meets in its way which obliges it to place itſelf on the left ſide. It is the ſame with the arms, thighs and legs which join to the thighs. It is difficult to explain by this Hypotheſis the ſituation of the breaſts and buttocks. This great philoſopher admits no deſign of the creating being, in the formation of animals. He is very far from believing that the heart is made to receive the blood and force it to all parts of the body, the ſtomach for digeſtion, the eyes for ſeeing, or the ears for hearing, this ſeemed too vulgar; every thing is done by attraction.

The man worth forty crowns.

A fool. I flatter myſelf nobody adopted ſo extravagant an idea.

The

The geometrician.

It was a good deal laughed at, but what is a ſad thing, this mad man reſembled theologians who perſecute, as much as they can, thoſe whom they cauſed to laugh.

Other philoſophers have invented other ways, but have not been more ſucceſsful; it is no longer the arm which ſeeks the arm; it is no longer the thigh that runs after the thigh; but little molecula, little particles of the arms and thighs which place themſelves on each other. We ſhall perhaps be obliged at laſt to return to the doctrine of eggs, after having waſted a great deal of time.

The man worth forty crowns.

I am glad of it! but what has been the reſult of all theſe diſputes?

The geometrician.

Doubt. If the queſtion had been debated between theologians, excommunications and bloodſhed would have been the conſequence, but among profeſſors of phyſics peace is ſoon made, each has lain with his wife without thinking the leaſt in the world about her ovaries or fallopian tubes. The women have become pregnant without even inquiring how the myſtery is effected. Thus you ſow wheat, and are ignorant how wheat grows in the earth.

The man worth forty crowns.

Oh! I know how very well; I have been told long ago; it is by putrefaction. However I am ſometimes inclinable to laugh at what has been told me.

The geometrician.

It is a very good inclination. I adviſe you to doubt every thing, except that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right lines, and that triangles

which have the ſame baſis and the ſame height are equal between themſelves, or other like propoſitions, as for example, that two and two make four.

The man worth forty crowns.

Yes, I believe it is very wiſe to doubt, but I perceive that I am grown curious ſince I have acquired a fortune and have leiſure. I would, when my will moves my arm or my leg, diſcover by what means my will moves them; for certainly there muſt be ſome ſecret cauſe. I am ſometimes quite aſtoniſhed that I am able to lift up and caſt down my eyes, and yet cannot erect my ears. I think, and I would know a little —there—comprehend my thought. This muſt be very curious, I ſearch whether I think through myſelf, whether God gives me Ideas. Whether my ſoul came into my body at the end of ſix weeks, or the firſt day of my exiſtence, how it is lodged in my brain, whether I think much when I ſleep profoundly, or am in a lethargy. I rack my brain to diſcover how one body impels another. My ſenſations aſtoniſh me no leſs; I find therein ſomething divine, and particularly in pleaſure. I have ſometimes made an effort to imagine a new ſenſe, and have never been able to ſucceed. Geometricians know all theſe things; be kind enough to inſtruct me.

The geometrician.

Alas! We are as ignorant as you; addreſs yourſelf to the Sorbonne.

The Man worth Forty Crowns become a Father; argues concerning Monks.

WHEN the man worth forty crowns became father of a ſon, he began to think himſelf a man of ſome weight in the ſtate; he hoped to give the king at

at leaſt ten ſubjects, who would be all uſeful members of ſociety. He was himſelf the beſt baſket maker in the world: And his wife was an excellent ſempſtreſs. She was born in the neighbourhood of a large abbey that had an income of an hundred thouſand livres a year. Her huband aſked me one day, why theſe gentlemen who were ſo few in number, had ſwallowed up ſo many ſhares of forty crowns?—Are they more uſeful to the country than myſelf?—No, my dear neighbour—Do they contribute like me to the population of the country?—No, at leaſt apparently.—Do they cultivate the land? Do they defend the ſtate when it is attacked?—No, they pray to God for you—Very well, I will pray to God for them, and let us go ſhares.

The man worth forty crowns.

How many of theſe uſeful people, men and women, do you imagine are maintained in convents throughout the whole kingdom?

The geometrician.

By the accounts of the intendants made towards the end of the laſt century, the number amounted to about ninety thouſand.

The man worth forty crowns.

By our old reckoning they ought not, at forty crowns per head, to poſſeſs above ten millions eight hundred thouſand livres; How much do their revenues amount to?

The geometrician.

To fifty millions, reckoning the maſſes and gatherings of the mendicant friars who really levy a conſiderable tax on the people. A mendicant brother of a convent at Paris publicly boaſted that his wallet was worth eighty thouſand livres a year to him.

Let us ſee, how much fifty millions divided amongſt ninety thouſand ſhaved heads amounts to for each perſon's ſhare?—Five hundred and fifty-five livres.

The man worth forty crowns.

This is a conſiderable ſum in a numerous ſociety, where the expence is leſſened even by the number of conſumers; for it coſts much leſs for ten perſons to live together, than if each perſon had his lodging and board ſeparately.

The ex-jeſuits, who at preſent receive a penſion of four hundred livres a year, are therefore in fact loſers by their bargain.

The geometrician.

I do not think ſo; for they almoſt all retired to their relations, who aſſiſt them; many ſay maſs for money, which they did not do before; others turn ſchoolmaſters, and ſome are maintained by devotees, every one follows ſome employment or other, and perhaps there are few at preſent who, having taſted the ſweets of the world and liberty, would retake their former chains. The monaſtic ſtate of life, whatever people may ſay of it, is not in the leaſt to be envied. It is a well known maxim, that monks are people who are aſſembled together without knowing each other, live without loving one another, and die without regretting each other.

The man worth forty crowns.

You think then that to abſolve them from their vows would be doing them all a great ſervice?

The geometrician.

They would be great gainers thereby no doubt, and the ſtate would gain ſtill more; citizens of both ſexes

ſexes who had raſhly ſacrificed their liberty at an age when the law does not permit them to diſpoſe of an eſtate to the value of a ſhilling, would be reſtored to their country. Theſe dead bodies would be raiſed from their tombs; this would be a real reſurrection. Their houſes would become hoſpitals and manufactories. Population would be encreaſed, all the arts would be better cultivated. At leaſt the number of theſe voluntary victims might be diminiſhed by limiting the number of novices. The country would have more uſeful members, and fewer unhappy wretches. This is the ſentiment of all our magiſtrates, the unanimous wiſh of the public, ſince our minds have been enlightened. The example of England, and of ſo many other ſtates, is an evident proof of the neceſſity of ſuch a reformation. What would England be at preſent, if inſtead of forty thouſand ſeamen it had forty thouſand monks? The more the arts are multiplied, the greater neceſſity there is for a number of induſtrious ſubjects. Certainly many talents are buried in cloyſters, and are loſt to the ſtate. A kingdom to flouriſh ſhould have as few prieſts and as many mechanics as poſſible. The ignorance and barbarity of our anceſtors, far from being a rule for us, ought to be an advertiſement for us to do, what they would have done, if they had been in our place and bleſſed with our ſuperior lights.

The man worth forty crowns.

It is not then through hatred that you would aboliſh monks, but from a love of your country: I think as you do. I would on no account have my ſon be a monk, and rather than have children to furniſh a convent, I would never more lie with my wife.

The geometrician.

In fact, what good father of a family would not groan to behold his child loſt to ſociety? This is called ſaving oneſelf; but a ſoldier, who deſerts when

he ought to fight, is puniſhed. We are all ſoldiers of the ſtate; we are in the pay of ſociety, we become deſerters when we quit it. What do I ſay? Monks are parricides who deſtroy a whole poſterity. Ninety thouſand monks who bawl or noſe Latin might give the ſtate two ſubjects each: This makes an hundred and eighty thouſand men whom they cauſe to periſh in their germ. In an hundred years the loſs is immenſe. This is a demonſtrable truth.

Why then has monachiſm prevailed ſo much? Becauſe after Conſtantine the government was almoſt every where deteſtable and abſurd: Becauſe the Roman empire contained more monks than ſoldiers: Becauſe there was in Egypt alone an hundred thouſand of them: Becauſe they were exempted from labour and taxes: Becauſe the chiefs of the barbarous nations which deſtroyed the empire, having become chriſtians in order to rule over chriſtians, exerciſed the moſt dreadful tyranny: Becauſe people in crowds threw themſelves into convents to eſcape the fury of theſe tyrants, and plunged themſelves into one kind of ſlavery in order to avoid another: Becauſe the popes, by inſtituting ſo many different orders of holy lazy beggars, gained ſo many ſubjects in other ſtates: Becauſe a peaſant likes better to be called reverend father, and beſtow benedictions than follow the plough: Becauſe he does not know that the plough is more noble than the religious habit: Becauſe he likes better to live at the expence of fools than by honeſt labour: Laſtly becauſe he is ignorant that by becoming a monk he prepares for himſelf days of unhappineſs, ſorrow and repentance for the future.

The man worth forty crowns.

Well, Sir, no more monks, for their own happineſs and ours. But I am ſorry to hear ſay of the lord of my village, father of four boys and three girls, that he does not know how to ſettle his daughters unleſs he makes them nuns.

The

The geometrician.

This allegation too often repeated is inhuman, unpatriotic, and deſtructive to ſociety.

As often as it may be ſaid of any condition of life whatever, that if every body embraced this ſtate, the human ſpecies would be deſtroyed; it is demonſtrable that this condition of life is good for nothing, and that whoever embraces it injures mankind as much as lies in his power.

It is evident then that if all the young people of both ſexes were put in convents, the world would periſh; therefore on this account alone monachiſm is an enemy to human nature, indepently of the dreadful evils it ſometimes cauſes.

The man worth forty crowns.

But what muſt the daughters, Sir, of poor gentlemen do, who cannot get married?

The man worth forty crowns.

Might not as much be ſaid of ſoldiers?

The geometrician.

No certainly; for if every citizen bore arms in his turn, as was formerly the caſe in all republics, and particularly in that of Rome; the ſoldier thereby becomes the better huſbandman: the citizen ſoldier marries, and fights for his wife and children. Would to God that all huſbandmen were ſoldiers and married! they would be excellent citizens. But a monk conſidered as a monk is good for nothing but to devour the ſubſtance of his countrymen. No truth is better known than this.

The geometrician.

They would do, as has been ſaid a thouſand times over, as the young women of England, Scotland, Ireland, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Turkey, Tartary, Africa, and almoſt of all the world. They would be much better wives and much better mothers, if it was the cuſtom here as well as in Germany to marry women without a fortune. A houſewifely induſtrious woman would do more good in a family, than the daughter of a financier who expends more in extravagance than the income of the fortune that ſhe has brought her huſband.

Receptacles for old age, infirmity and deformity are neceſſary. But through the moſt deteſtable abuſe, theſe foundations are only for youth, and well formed people. In cloyſters the firſt thing done is to make the novices of both ſexes ſtrip themſelves naked, in defiance of all the laws of modeſty; and they are attentively examined all over. Should a crooked old woman offer to enter into a convent, ſhe would be refuſed with contempt, unleſs ſhe brought an immenſe portion. What do I ſay? Every nun muſt bring a portion otherwiſe ſhe is refuſed. Never was a more intolerable abuſe.

The man worth forty crowns.

Away, away, Sir, I ſwear none of my daughters ſhall ever be nuns. They ſhall learn to ſpin, to ſow, to make lace, to work embroidery, to make themſelves uſeful. I regard vows of celibacy as a crime againſt one's country and one-ſelf.

Pray explain to me, how it can be that one of my friends, in contradiction to mankind in general, pretends that monks contribute to the population of a ſtate; becauſe their buildings are kept in better repair

pair than thoſe of private gentlemen, and their lands are better cultivated?

The geometrician.

Hah! Who is this friend of yours that advances ſo ſtrange a propoſition?

The man worth forty crowns.

The friend of mankind, or rather the friend of monks.

The geometrician.

He muſt certainly be in jeſt; he is very ſenſible that ten families, which poſſeſs each an income of five thouſand livres in land, are an hundred times, a thouſand times more uſeful than a convent that enjoys a revenue of fifty thouſand livres, and has always a ſecret treaſure hoarded up. He boaſts of the fine houſes built by the monks, and this is the very circumſtance that irritates the citizens? and is the ſubject of complaint all over Europe. The vow of poverty condemns the palace, as the vow of humility is contradictory to pride, and as the vow of annihilating their race is contrary to nature.

The man worth forty crowns.

I begin to think that one ought to be very diſtruſtful of books.

The geometrician.

We ſhould deal with books as by men, chooſe the moſt reaſonable, examine them, and ſubmit ourſelves to evidence alone.

Of Imposts paid to Foreigners.

ABOUT a month ago the man worth forty crowns came to me holding both his ſides, and laughing ſo heartily that I fell laughing myſelf without knowing what was the matter. Such an imitator is man born, ſo much inſtinct martriculates us, ſo contagious are the great impulſes of the ſoul.

Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adflent * *humani vultus.*

When he had laughed his belly full, he told me that he had juſt met a perſon who called himſelf prothonotary of the holy ſee, and that this perſon ſent a large ſum of money three hundred leagues abroad to an Italian, in the name of a Frenchman to whom the king had granted a ſmall fief, and that this Frenchman could never enjoy this favour of his king unleſs he gave this Italian the firſt year's produce of his fief.

The thing is very true, replied I, but it is not ſuch a laughable matter. Rights of this kind coſt France about four hundred thouſand livres a year; and ſince about two centuries and an half that this cuſtom has exiſted, eighty millions have already been ſent into Italy.

God of my father! cried he, how many forty crowns! This Italian then ſubdued us two centuries and an half ago, and impoſed this tribute on us. Truly, anſwered I, he impoſed it formerly in a much more burthenſome manner. This is only a trifle in compariſon to what he long levied on our poor nation, and on the other poor nations of Europe. Then I related

* The jeſuit Sanadon has placed *adſunt* for *adflent*. A lover of Horace pretends that is the reaſon why the jeſuits were expelled.

related to him how theſe ſacred uſurpations were eſtabliſhed; he knows a little of hiſtory, he has good ſenſe, he eaſily comprehended that we have been ſlaves who ſtill retain a ſmall part of our former chains. He ſpoke a great while with energy againſt this abuſe, but with what reſpect for religion in general! how he reverenced the biſhops! how heartily did he wiſh them plenty of forty crowns, in order that they might expend them in their reſpective dioceſes in good works.

He was deſirous alſo that all country curates ſhould have a ſufficient number of forty crowns to enable them to live decently. It is a ſad thing, ſaid he, that a curate ſhould be obliged to diſpute three ſheaves of wheat with his flock, and that he is not handſomely provided for by the province. It is ſhameful that theſe gentlemen are always at law with their pariſhioners. Theſe eternal diſputes about imaginary rights and tithes, deſtroy the regard that is due to them. The unhappy huſbandman who has already paid to the overſeers the tenth penny and the penny in the pound land tax, his capitation money, and money to be exempted from maintaining ſoldiers after he has been obliged to maintain them, &c. &c. &c. This wretch, I ſay, who ſees ſtill the tenth part of his crop taken away from him by his curate, no longer conſiders him as his paſtor, but as his butcher who flays him of the little ſkin that remains. He is thoroughly ſenſible that by taking from him his tenth ſheaf by right divine, they have the diabolical cruelty not to reckon what expences he has been at to procure this ſheaf. What remains for himſelf and his family? Tears, want, diſcouragement, and deſpair, and he dies of fatigue and miſery. If the curate was paid by the province, he would be the conſolation of his pariſhioners inſtead of being conſidered by them as their greateſt enemy.

This worthy man melted into tears while he pronounced theſe words; he loved his country and was a well wiſher to the public good. He exclaimed frequently, what a nation might France be if ſhe pleaſed!

He went to ſee his ſon to whom his mother, extremely neat and clean, offered a large white bubby. The child

child was very pretty. Alas! ſaid the father, poor child thou haſt only twenty three years to live, and forty crowns to expect!

Of Proportions.

THE product of extremes is equal to the product of the mean: But two ſacks of wheat ſtolen, are not to thoſe who have ſtole them as the loſs of their lives is to the intereſt of the perſon robbed.

The prior of **** whom two of his ſervants had robbed of two ſeptiers of wheat, has juſt had both the criminals hanged. This execution has coſt him more than his whole harveſt was worth, and ever ſince he can get no ſervants.

If the laws had ordained that thoſe, who ſtole corn from their maſters, ſhould till his land all their lives, with fetters on their legs and an iron collar on their necks with a little bell fixed to it, this prior would have been a conſiderable gainer.

We ought to endeavour to frighten perſons from committing crimes; yes, doubtleſs; but forced labour and laſting ſhame intimidate more than the gallows.

Some months ago at London a malefactor was condemned to be tranſported to America, to be ſet to work with the Negroes in raiſing tobacco, and in other laborious employments. All criminals in England, as well as in many other countries, are permitted to petition the king, either for a pardon, or a mitigation of their ſentence. This fellow requeſted to be hanged. He alledged that he mortally hated work, and had rather be ſtrangled one minute, than work hard all his life.

Others may be of a different way of thinking, every one to his taſte; but it has been ſaid already, and I repeat

repeat it again, that a hanged man is good for nothing, and that punishments ought to be useful.

Some years ago two young men were condemned in Tartary to be impaled for not pulling off their hats when a procession of Lamas was passing by. The emperor of China, who is a very sensible man, observed that the judge should have condemned them to walk bareheaded in the procession for three months.

Proportion punishments to crimes, as the marquis Beccaria has said; those who have made laws were no geometricians.

If the abbe Guyon or Cogé or the ex-jesuit Nonotte, or the ex-jesuit Patouillet, or the preacher Beaumelle write wretched libels, which contain neither truth, reason, sense or wit, would you go to hang them as the prior of D**** had done his servants, under pretence that caluminators are worse than robbers?

Would you condemn even Freron to the galleys for having told lies all his life time in hopes of paying his ale-house score?

Would you put Larcher in the pillory because he has heaped error upon error, because he has never known how to distinguish the least degree of probability, because he insists that in an antient and immense city, renowned for its policy, and the jealousy of husbands, in short that in Babylon where the women were guarded by eunuchs, all the princesses went out of a principal of devotion and sold their favours publicly in the cathedral to strangers for money? Let us content ourselves with sending him to the spot to meet with intrigues; let us have moderation in every thing; let us make some proportion between punishments and offences.

Let us pardon poor John James when he writes only to contradict himself, when after having wrote a comedy that was damned at Paris, he abuses those who act it an hundred leagues off; when he seeks protectors whom he reviles; when he declaims against romances, and composes a romance himself, the hero of which is a foolish schoolmaster who receives alms from a Swiss woman by whom he has a child, and who spends

ſpends his money at a bawdy houſe at Paris; let us ſuffer him to think that he has ſurpaſſed Fenelon and Xenophon, by bringing up a young man of quality to be a joiner: Theſe extravagant flatneſſes do not deſerve a priſon; a mad houſe is ſufficient, with bleeding, hellebore and a low diet.

I hate the laws of Draco which puniſhed equally crimes and faults, wickedneſs and folly. Let us not treat the jeſuit Nonotte, who is culpable only for writing nonſenſe and abuſe, as the jeſuits Malagrida, Aldecorn, Garnet, Guignard, and Guerot have been ſerved, and as the jeſuit Tellier ought to have been treated, who deceived his king, and put all France into confuſion. Let us principally make a diſtinction in every proceſs, in every ſuit, in every quarrel, between the aggreſſor and the perſon injured, the oppreſſor and the oppreſſed. Offenſive war is that of a tyrant: Defenſive war is that of a juſt man.

As I was plunged in theſe reflections, the man worth forty crowns came to me in tears. I aſked him with emotion whether his ſon, who ought to live twenty three years, was dead? No, ſays he, the little one is very well and my wife too; but I have been ſent for as a witneſs againſt a miller who has undergone the torture both ordinary and extraordinary, and has at laſt been found innocent; I have beheld him ſwoon away under the moſt exquiſite tortures; I have heard his bones crack: I ſtill hear his groans and piercing cries; they follow me, I weep with pity and tremble with horror; I wept and trembled too; for I am extremely ſenſible.

This recalled to my memory the terrible ſtory of the Calas family, a virtuous mother in fetters, her children in tears and fugitives, her houſe pillaged, a reſpectable father of a family put to the torture, agonizing on the wheel, and expiring in the flames; a ſon loaded with irons, dragged before his judges, one of whom ſaid to him, *we have juſt broke your father on the wheel, and will do the ſame by you preſently.*

I recollected the family of the Sirvans, which one of my friends met amongſt mountains covered with ſnow, when

when he fled from the perſecution of a judge as iniquitous as ignorant. This judge, ſaid he to me, had condemned the whole of this innocent family to death, upon a bare ſuppoſition, without the leaſt appearance of any kind of proof, that the father and mother, aſſiſted by their two daughters, had murdered and drowned their third daughter, to prevent her turning roman catholic. I perceive at the ſame time in judgments of this kind, the moſt exceſſive folly, injuſtice and barbarity.

The man worth forty crowns and myſelf both of us bewailed human nature. I had in my pocket the diſcourſe of an advocate general of Dauphiny which partly turned on theſe intereſting matters. I read him the following paſſages:

"Surely, thoſe men were truly great who firſt ventured to undertake to govern their fellow creatures, and load themſelves with the burthen of public felicity; who, for the good they were deſirous of doing mankind, expoſed themſelves to their ingratitude, and for the repoſe of a nation renounced their own; who placed themſelves, to uſe the expreſſion, betwixt mankind and providence, to frame for them by artifice an happineſs, which it ſeemed to have refuſed them.

"What magiſtrate, who has the leaſt ſenſe of his duty, or even of humanity, can ſupport theſe ideas? In the ſolitude of his cloſet can he, without trembling with horror and pity, look at theſe papers the unfortunate monuments of guilt or innocence? Does not he ſeem to hear groans iſſue from theſe fatal writings, and preſs him to decide the fate of a ſubject, an huſband, a father, a family? What unmerciful pitileſs judge, who engaged in but a ſingle criminal proceſs, is able to paſs a priſon with unconcern? Am I then, will he ſay, the perſon who confines in this deteſtable abode my fellow creature, perhaps my neighbour, in ſhort a man? Am I he who chains him up every day, who ſhuts the doors of this horrid dungeon upon him: perhaps deſpair has already ſeized his mind; he implores heaven and utters my name with curſes, and doubtleſs

doubtleſs calls to witneſs againſt me the great judge, who obſerves our actions and muſt hereafter judge us both?

"Here a dreadful ſpectacle at once preſents itſelf to my view; a judge tired with interrogating the priſoner by queſtions, has a mind to interrogate him by torture: Impatient in his reſearches, and perhaps irritated at their inutility, torches, chains, levers and all the inſtruments invented for torturing are brought. An executioner takes a ſhare in the functions of magiſtracy, and finiſhes by violence an interrogatory began with liberty.

"Mild and gentle philoſophy, thou who ſeekeſt truth only with care and patience, didſt thou expect that in thy age ſuch inſtruments would be uſed to diſcover it?

"Is it true that our laws approve this inconceivable method and that cuſtom renders it ſacred?

"Their laws imitate their prejudices, their public puniſhments are as cruel as their private vengeance, and the acts of their reaſon are ſcarcely leſs pitileſs than thoſe of their paſſions. What then is the cauſe of this ſtrange oppoſition. Becauſe our prejudices are ancient, and our morality is new; becauſe we are equally affected with our ſentiments as inatentive to our ideas; becauſe an avidity of pleaſure prevents us from reflecting on our wants, and we are more eager to live than to follow the dictates of reaſon; becauſe, in a word, our manners are gentle, but are not good: becauſe we are polite, but are not even humane."

Theſe fragments, which eloquence had dictated to humanity, filled the heart of my friend with a delightful conſolation. He admired them tenderly. What! ſaid he, with tranſport, are ſuch maſter pieces compoſed in the country? I have been told that no place in the world is like Paris.

Paris is the only one, replied I, where comic operas are compoſed; but at preſent there are in the provinces many magiſtrates who think with the ſame virtue and expreſs themſelves with the ſame force. Formerly the oracles of juſtice as well as thoſe of morality, were

were ridiculous. Doctor Fool declaimed at the bar, and Harlequin in the chair. Philoſophy is at laſt come; it has ſaid, ſpeak not in public unleſs to diſcloſe new and uſeful truths, with the eloquence of ſentiment and reaſon.

But ſuppoſe we have nothing new to ſay, exclaim the talkers: Be ſilent then, replies philoſophy; all thoſe vain ſtudied diſcourſes which contain only phraſes, are the fire of St. John lighted upon that very day in the year when we leaſt want to be warmed; it cauſes no pleaſure, and not even the aſhes of it remain.

Oh that all France read good books! But notwithſtanding the progreſs of the human underſtanding, we read but very little; and among thoſe who are deſirous ſometimes to inſtruct themſelves, the greateſt part read very badly. My neighbours of both ſexes divert themſelves after dinner with playing an Engliſh game at cards, which I find great difficulty to pronounce, for it is called whiſt. Many good citizens, many blockheads who think themſelves very clever, tell you, with an air of importance books are good for nothing. But gentlemen, do you know that you are governed by books? Do you know that the civil law, the military code, and goſpel are the books on which you continually depend? Read, enlighten yourſelves, the mind is fortified by reading only, converſation diſſipates it, gaming contracts it.

I have very little money, replied the man worth forty crowns; but if ever I get a ſmall fortune I will purchaſe books of ***.

Of the Venereal Disease.

THE man worth forty crowns dwelt in a little diſtrict where no ſoldiers had been quartered for an hundred and fifty years. The manners of this corner of the world were as pure as the circumambient air.

air. The inhabitants were ignorant that elſewhere love might be infected with a deſtructive poiſon; that generation was attacked in its germ; and that nature in contradiction to itſelf rendered tenderneſs horrible and pleaſure dreadful; they abandoned themſelves to love with the ſecurity of innocence. Troops came, and the ſcene was entirely changed.

Two lieutenants, the chaplain of the regiment, a corporal, and a recruit taken from a ſeminary, ſufficed to infect twelve villages in leſs than three months. Two couſins of the man worth forty crowns found themſelves covered all over with callous puſtules; their fine hair fell off; their voices became hoarſe; their eyes grew dull and languid, and their livid eye-lids no longer cloſed to give reſt to their diſlocated limbs, which a ſecret caries began to gnaw as it formerly did thoſe of the Arabian Job, though Job never had this diſtemper.

The ſurgeon major of the regiment, a man of great experience, was obliged to requeſt aſſiſtance from the government to cure all the young women in the country. The ſecretary at war, ever inclined through inclination to aſſiſt the fair ſex, ſent him a recruit of aſſiſtant ſurgeons who infected with one hand what they cured with the other.

The man worth forty crowns was then reading the philoſophical hiſtory of CANDID, tranſlated from the German of Doctor Ralph, which proves evidently that all is for the beſt, and that it was abſolutely *impoſſible* in the beſt of *poſſible* worlds, that the p—x, the peſtilence, the ſtone and gravel, the gout and king's evil, the chamber of Valence and the inquiſition ſhould not enter into the compoſition of the univerſe, of this univerſe only formed for man the king of animals and image of God, whom, we plainly ſee, he reſembles as much as two drops of water reſemble each other.

He read in the true hiſtory of Candid, that the famous doctor Pangloſs loſt in the treatment an eye and an ear. Alas! ſaid he, will my two couſins be blind of one eye and deaf? No, replied the ſurgeon major

to

to comfort him, the Germans have heavy hands, but we cure young women with eaſe, ſafety and diſpatch.

In fact, the two pretty couſins got rid of the diſeaſe by having their heads ſwelled as big as a large foot-ball for ſix weeks together, with the loſs of half of their teeth, and by having their tongues hanging half a foot out of their mouths, to die conſumptive at laſt within the ſpace of ſix months.

During the operation their couſin and the ſurgeon held the following diſcourſe.

The man worth forty crowns

Is it poſſible, Sir, that nature has attached ſuch ſhocking torments to ſo neceſſary a pleaſure? So much ſhame to ſo much glory, and that there is more riſk in getting a child than in murdering a man? Is it true at leaſt for our conſolation that this ſcourge diminiſhes a little on earth, and becomes leſs dangerous every day?

The Surgeon Major.

On the contrary, it ſpreads more and more throughout all chriſtian Europe; it has extended even as far as Siberia; I have ſeen above fifty perſons die of it, and particularly a great general of an army, and a very ſagacious ſecretary of ſtate. Few weak breaſts reſiſt the diſeaſe and force of the remedy. The two ſiſters, the ſmall and great p—x are leagued together ſtill more ſtrongly than monks for the deſtruction of the human ſpecies.

The man worth forty crowns.

A freſh reaſon for aboliſhing monks, in order that they, reſtored to the ſociety of mankind, may repair in ſome meaſure the miſchief that the two ſiſters do. Tell me, pray, have beaſts this diſtemper?

The

The Surgeon Major.

Neither the great, the ſmall pox, nor monks are known among them.

The man worth forty crowns.

It muſt be acknowledged then, that they are more happy and more prudent than we in this beſt of worlds.

The Surgeon Major.

I have never doubted it, they experience much fewer diſeaſes than we do; their inſtinct is far more certain than our reaſon, neither the paſt nor the future torments them.

The man worth forty crowns.

You have been ſurgeon to an ambaſſador in Turkey, pray, is this diſeaſe known at Conſtantinople?

The Surgeon Major.

The Europeans have brought it into the ſuburb of Pera where they dwell. I have there known a Capuchin eat up with it like Pangloſs; but it has never entered the city; the Franks ſcarcely ever lie there. This immenſe city hardly contains any common women. Every rich man has wives or Circaſſian ſlaves, always guarded, always watched, whoſe beauty cannot be dangerous. The turks call the venereal diſeaſe the chriſtian diſeaſe; and this redoubles the profound contempt which they entertain for our theology. But, in return, they have the plague, the diſeaſe of Egypt, which they regard very little, and give themſelves no trouble to prevent.

The man worth forty crowns.

At what particular period of time do you imagine this ſcourge firſt appeared in Europe?

The Surgeon Major.

When Chriſtopher Columbus returned from his firſt voyage to thoſe innocent nations which were ſtrangers to avarice and war, about the year one thouſand four hundred and ninety four. Theſe ſimple juſt nations had been attacked with this diſeaſe time immemorial, as the leproſy reigned among the Arabians and Jews, and the plague among the Egyptians. The firſt fruit that the Spaniards reaped from their conqueſt of the new world, was the pox; it ſpread itſelf more rapidly than the ſilver of Mexico, which did not circulate in Europe till long after. The reaſon was, becauſe in thoſe days, in every city, grand houſes called public brothels were eſtabliſhed by the authority of the ſovereign, in order to preſerve the honour of the ladies. The Spaniards introduced the poiſon into theſe privileged houſes, from whence princes and biſhops procured the women they had occaſion for: it has been remarked, that at Conſtance, there were ſeven hundred and eighteen women for the uſe of the council, which burnt ſo devoutly John Huſs and Jerome of Prague.

By this circumſtance alone, a judgment may be formed of the rapidity with which this diſeaſe over-ran every country. The firſt nobleman who died of it was the moſt illuſtrious and moſt reverend biſhop and viceroy of Hungary in 1499, whom Bartholemew Montanagua a celebrated phyſician of Padua could not cure. Gualtieri aſſerts that the archbiſhop of Mayence, Bertoldus Henneberg, attacked with the p—x, breathed out his ſoul to God in 1504. We know that our King Francis the firſt died of it. Henry the third catched it at Venice, but the Jacobine Friar James Clement prevented the effects of the diſorder.

The

The parliament of Paris, ever zealous for the public good, was the firſt which iſſued out an arret againſt this diſeaſe in 1497. It forbad all p—d perſons to remain in Paris under *pain of death*. But as it was not eaſy to prove juridically that the citizens of both ſexes were offenders againſt this law, it had no more effect than thoſe that were ſince iſſued againſt emetics: and in ſpite of the parliament the number of offenders encreaſed every day. It is certain that if the parliament had exorcized inſtead of hanging them, there would have been none left on the earth at preſent, but unfortunately this was never thought of.

The man worth forty crowns.

Is what I read in Candid true, that amongſt us, when two armies, of thirty thouſand men each, march againſt each other a wager may be laid, that each army contains twenty thouſand p—x—d men?

The Surgeon Major.

It is but too true. It is the ſame thing among our licentiates of the Sorbonne. What would you have young batchelors do, to whom nature ſpeaks more loudly than divinity. I can ſafely ſwear that in proportion I and my brethren have cured more young prieſts than young officers.

The man worth forty crowns.

Is there no way to extirpate this contagion which makes ſuch devaſtation in Europe? Endeavours have already been uſed to weaken the poiſon of one pox, can nothing be attempted for the other?

The Surgeon Major.

There is but one method, viz. For all the princes in Europe to enter into a league with each other, as in the time of Godfrey of Bouillon. Certainly a cruiſade

ſade againſt the venereal diſeaſe would be far more reaſonable than thoſe that were undertaken formerly againſt Saladine Melecſala, and the Albigenſes. It would be much better to conſult together to deſtroy the common enemy of mankind, than to be continually buſied in watching for a favourable opportunity to ravage the earth, and cover the fields with dead bodies, in order to force from our neighbours two or three cities or a few villages. I ſpeak againſt my own intereſt, for by war and the venereal diſeaſe I make my fortune, but I ought to prefer the duties of humanity to the advantages of my profeſſion.

Thus the man worth forty crowns formed (to uſe the expreſſion,) his mind and heart. He not only was heir to thoſe two couſins who both died in ſix months; but alſo inherited a fortune from a very diſtant relation who had been ſub-director of the hoſpitals belonging to the army, and had enriched himſelf by dieting the wounded ſoldiers. This man would never marry; he kept a very fine ſeraglio. He owned none of his relations, lived in a continual ſtate of drunkenneſs, and died of indigeſtion at Paris. He was a perſon, as has been ſeen, of great utility to the ſtate.

Our new philoſopher was obliged to go to Paris to receive the fortune of his deceaſed relation. The ſteward of the demeſne at firſt conteſted it with him. He had the good fortune to gain his cauſe, and had the generoſity to give the poor of his diſtrict, who had not their contingent of forty crowns a year, a part of the ſpoils of Richard. After which he went about ſatisfying his great deſire to poſſeſs a library.

He read every morning, made extracts, and in the evening conſulted the learned to know in what language the ſerpent ſpoke to our good mother Eve; whether the ſoul reſides in the corpus calloſum of the brain, or in the pineal gland? Whether St. Peter reſided twenty five years at Rome? What is the ſpecifial difference between a throne and a domination? and why Negroes have flat noſes? Moreover he determined never to govern the ſtate, nor to write any pamphlet

phlet againſt new pieces. He went by the name of Mr. Andrew, which was his chriſtian name. Thoſe who knew him did juſtice to his modeſty, and his acquired as well as natural talents. He built a commodious houſe on his old patrimony of four arpents. His ſon will ſoon be of a proper age to be ſent to college, but he is reſolved to place him at Harcourt college, and not at Mazarine college on account of profeſſor Coge, who writes libels, which a college profeſſor ought not to do.

Madam Andrew has juſt brought him a beautiful daughter whom he hopes to marry to a counſellor of the court of aids, provided this magiſtrate has not the diſeaſe which the ſurgeon major is deſirous of extirpating from chriſtian Europe.

A Great Diſpute.

WHILE Mr. Andrew reſided at Paris a very important quarrel aroſe. The matter in diſpute was whether Marcus Antoninus was a good man, and whether he was in Hell or in Purgatory, or in Limbo, till the time of the reſurrection. All honeſt people took the part of Marcus Antoninus. They maintained that Antoninus had always been juſt, ſober, chaſte and benevolent. It is true, he has not in paradiſe ſo diſtinguiſhed a ſeat as St. Anthony, for proportion is neceſſary, as has been already ſeen. But certainly the ſoul of the emperor Antoninus is not roaſting in Hell. If it is in purgatory it ought to be delivered; for a few maſſes only are required to be ſaid for him. The jeſuits have nothing to do now, let them ſay three thouſand maſſes for the repoſe of the ſoul of Marcus Antoninus: they would gain thereby at fifteen ſous a maſs* two thouſand two hundred and fifty livres.

Beſides,

* A ſous is a ſmall piece of French money in value an halfpenny Engliſh.

Beſides, a kind of reſpect is due to a crowned head, it ſhould not be damned raſhly.

The adverſaries of theſe good people pretended on the contrary, that no compoſition ought to be made with Marcus Antoninus; that he was an heretic; that the Carpocracians &c. were not ſo wicked as he; that he died without confeſſion; that he ought to be made an example of: that it was right to damn him, in order to teach the emperors of China, Japan, Ruſſia, Perſia, Turkey, the Stadtholder of Holland, and Avoyers of the canton of Berne how to live, who go to confeſſion no more than Marcus Antoninus; and that, in ſhort, it is an unſpeakable pleaſure to iſſue decrees againſt dead ſovereigns, when we cannot thunder them out againſt them while living, for fear of loſing our ears.

The diſpute became as ſerious, as that formerly between the urſuline nuns and thoſe of the annunciation, who diſputed which could carry eggs longeſt in their backſides without breaking the ſhell. A ſchiſm was feared as in the time of the hundred and one tales of Mother Gooſe, and of certain notes made payable to the bearer in the other world. A ſchiſm is a very dreadful affair, it ſignifies a diviſion in opinions, and to this very fatal moment all mankind had thought the ſame.

Mr. Andrew, who is an excellent citizen, invited the heads of both parties to ſupper. He is an excellent companion, mild and cheerful, his mirth not noiſy; of an eaſy temper and open diſpoſition; and does not ſeem deſirous of ſhining alone in converſation; the authority he gains is due only to his good nature, moderation, and a round phyſiognomy that is entirely perſuaſive. He would have made a Corſican and a Genoeſe, a citizen of Geneva and a popiſh Recuſant, the mufti and an archbiſhop ſup agreeably together. He ſkilfully parried the firſt ſtrokes that the diſputants aimed at each other, by giving the converſation a different turn, and telling a merry ſtory which equally diverted the damners and the damned. In ſhort, when they had drank a few glaſſes

of wine, he made them agree to let the ſoul of the emperor Marcus Antoninus remain *in ſtatu quo*, that is to ſay, they did not know where, till he receives his definitive ſentence.

The ſouls of the doctors returned into their limbos peaceably after ſupper: all was quiet. This accommodation did the man of forty crowns great honour; and now whenever a very ſharp and virulent diſpute ariſes between men of letters or men of no letters, it is a common expreſſion to ſay, *gentlemen go ſup with Mr. Andrew.*

I know two obſtinate factions, that for want of ſupping with Mr. Andrew, have brought on themſelves great misfortunes.

A Rascal repulſed.

THE reputation that Mr. Andrew had acquired for appeaſing quarrels by giving good ſuppers, occaſioned him laſt week a very ſingular viſit. A black man ſhabbily dreſſed with an hump back, wry neck, haggard hollow eyes, and very dirty hands, conjured Mr. Andrew to let him ſup with his enemies at his houſe.

Who are your enemies, and who are you, ſaid Mr. Andrew? Alas! replied he, I acknowledge Sir, that people take me for one of thoſe boobies who write libels to gain a livelihood, and exclaim God, God, God, religion, religion, to catch ſome little benefice. I am accuſed of having reviled the moſt truly religious citizens, the moſt ſincere adorers of the divinity the honeſteſt perſons in the kingdom. It is true, Sir, that in the heat of compoſition ſome little inadvertencies eſcape people of my profeſſion, which are taken for groſs errors, and digreſſions that are called impudencies. Our zeal is looked on as a frightful mixture of roguery and fanaticiſm. It is aſſerted that whilſt we impoſe on the credulity of ſome weak old women,

omen, we are the ſcorn and deteſtation of all honeſt eople who can read.

My enemies are the principal members of the moſt luſtrious academies in Europe, diſtinguiſhed writers, nd benevolent citizens, I have juſt publiſhed a work hich I have entitled *Antiphiloſophic*. I had the beſt ntentions in the world, but not a ſoul would buy my ook. Thoſe, to whom I preſented it, threw it into e fire, telling me that it was not only contrary to eaſon, but anti-chriſtian, and very diſhoneſt.

Well, ſaid Mr. Andrew, imitate thoſe to whom ou preſented your libel; throw it in the fire, and let be no more talked of, I approve your repentance exemely; but it is not poſſible for me to cauſe you to up with perſons of genius, who cannot be your eneies, becauſe they never read your works

Could you not at leaſt, Sir, returned the hypocrite, econcile me to the relations of the deceaſed Mr. Monteſquieu, whoſe memory I have reviled, in order o glorify the reverend father Rout who came to teaze im in his laſt moments, and was turned out of his edchamber?

S'blood, ſaid Mr. Andrew to him, the reverend faher Rout has been dead a long while: go and ſup ith him.

Mr. Andrew is very rude when he has to do with ch wicked fooliſh people. He perceived that the ypocrite wanted to ſup at his houſe with perns of merit, only to engage them in a diſpute that e might revile them afterwards, write againſt them nd print new lies. He turned him out of his houſe, Rout had been turned out of the apartment of the reſident Monteſquieu.

It is a very difficult matter to impoſe on Mr. ndrew. In proportion as he was ſimple, frank and nocent when the man of forty crowns, he has become ſcreet and cautious, ſince he has gained a knowledge mankind.

The Good Sense of Mr. ANDREW.

HOW exceedingly has Mr. Andrew improved his good underſtanding ſince he has been poſſeſſed of a library! He lives with books as with men; he chuſes, and is never a dupe to names. What a pleaſure to inſtruct oneſelf, and aggrandize one's mind for a crown piece without going out of one's ſtudy.

He felicitates himſelf upon his being born in an age when human reaſon is beginning to exert its endeavours to arrive at perfection. How unhappy ſhould I be, ſaid he, if the age in which I live was that of the jeſuit Garaſſe, the jeſuit Guignard, doctor Boucher, doctor Aubry or doctor Guinceſtre, or that, when thoſe who wrote againſt the predicaments of Ariſtotle were condemned to the galleys.

Miſery had weakened the ſprings of Mr. Andrew's ſoul, happineſs reſtored them to their elaſticity. There are a thouſand Andrews in the world who want only a turn of the wheel of fortune to become men of true merit.

At preſent he is fully acquainted with all the affairs of Europe and particularly with the progreſs of the human mind.

In my opinion, ſaid he to me laſt Tueſday, reaſon travels by ſlow journeys from the north towards the ſouth, with her two intimate friends experience and toleration. Agriculture and commerce accompany her. She has ſhewn herſelf in Italy but has been repulſed by the congregation *del indice*. All that ſhe has been able to do has been to ſend ſome of her agents privately who fail not to do good. A few years more, and the country of the Scipio's will no longer be that of Harlequins in the dreſs of friars.

She has from time to time had cruel enemies in France; but ſhe has ſo many friends there at preſent, that in the end ſhe will certainly be prime miniſter.

Whe

When ſhe ſhewed herſelf in Bavaria and Auſtria, ſhe met with two or three great heads in monſtrous wigs, who ſtared at her with the utmoſt ſtupidity and aſtoniſhment. They ſaid to her, Madam, we have never heard talk of you, we do not know you. Gentlemen, ſhe replied, in time you will know me, and love me. I am very well received at Berlin, Moſcow, Copenhagen and Stockholm. Long ago I received my letters of naturalization in England, through the intereſt of Locke, Gordon, Trenchard, Lord Shafteſbury, &c. You will grant me them too one day or other. I am the daughter of time, and expect every thing from my father.

When ſhe paſſed the frontiers of Spain and Portugal, ſhe bleſſed God that the fires of the inquiſition were kindled leſs frequently. She entertained ſanguine hopes at ſeeing the expulſion of the jeſuits, but feared leſt the country, being cleared of foxes, ſhould be left expoſed to wolves.

If ſhe makes any further attempts to enter into Italy, it is ſuppoſed ſhe will begin by eſtabliſhing herſelf at Venice, and that ſhe will remain a while in the kingdom of Naples, notwithſtanding all the liquefactions of this country which give her the vapours. People pretend that ſhe poſſeſſes an infallible ſecret to unlooſe the ſtrings of a crown that are ſome how or other entangled with thoſe of a mitre, and to prevent gennets from paying homage to mules.

In ſhort, the converſation of Mr. Andrew delights me exceedingly, and the more I ſee him the more I love him.

A Good Supper at Mr. ANDREW's.

WE ſupped together yeſterday in company with a doctor of the Sorbonne, Mr. Pinto a famous Jew, the chaplain of the Dutch ambaſſador, the ſecretary of Prince Galitzin of the Greek church, a

Calviniſt Swiſs captain, two philoſophers, and three ladies who have a great ſhare of wit.

The ſupper was very long, and yet we had no more diſputes about religion than if none of the gueſts had made profeſſion of any religion at all; ſo polite it muſt be acknowledged we are grown; ſo ſorry we are to vex our brethren at ſupper. It is not ſo with the regent Coge and the ex-jeſuit Patouillet, and the reſt of the animals of that ſpecies. Theſe pitiful wretches will talk more nonſenſe in a pamphlet of two pages, than the beſt company in Paris can furniſh agreeable and inſtructive converſation during a ſupper of four hours. And what is very ſtrange they would not dare to ſay to a perſon's face what they have the impudence to print.

The converſation turned at firſt on an expreſſion in the *Perſian Letters* where the author repeats after ſeveral grave perſonages, that the world not only grows worſe, but is depopulated more and more every day: ſo that if the proverb, *The more fools the more laughter* is in the leaſt true, laughter will ſoon be baniſhed from the earth.

The doctor of the Sorbonne aſſerted, that in fact the world was almoſt reduced to nothing. He quoted father Petau, who demonſtrates that in leſs than three hundred years, one only of the ſons of Noah, (I do not know whether Shem or Japhet) had deſcended from his body a ſeries of children amounting in number to ſix hundred and twelve millions three hundred and fifty eight thouſand faithful, in about two hundred and eighty five years after the univerſal deluge.

Mr. Andrew aſked why at the time of Philip the fair, that is to ſay, about three hundred years after Hugh Capet, there were not ſix hundred and twenty three thouſand millions of princes of the royal blood? Becauſe faith is grown leſs, ſaid the doctor of the Sorbonne.

The company diſcourſed a good deal about Thebes with its hundred gates, out of each of which iſſued a million of ſoldiers with twenty thouſand chariots of war. Hold, ſaid Mr. Andrew, I ſuſpect ſince I have applied

applied myſelf to reading, that the ſame genius which wrote Gargantua, wrote formerly all hiſtories.

But after all, replied one of the gueſts, Thebes, Memphis, Babylon, Nineveh, Troy and Seleucum were great cities, and no longer exiſt. That is true, returned the ſecretary of prince Galitzin, but Moſcow, Conſtantinople, London, Paris, Amſterdam, and Lyons which is far preferable to Troy, all the cities of France, of Germany, of Spain, and of the North were deſerts.

The Swiſs captain, a very ſenſible man, owned to us, that when his anceſtors were deſirous to quit their mountains and precipices to get poſſeſſion, as they lawfully had a right to do, of a more agreeable country, Ceſar, who ſaw with his own eyes the liſt of theſe emigrants, found that they amounted to three hundred and ſixty eight thouſand, reckoning old men, women and children. At preſent the canton of Berne alone contains as many inhabitants; which is not quite half of Switzerland; and I can aſſure you that the thirteen cantons contain above ſeven hundred and twenty thouſand ſouls, reckoning the natives who are ſoldiers or traffic in other countries. After this, learned gentlemen, make calculations and form ſyſtems; both will prove equally void of truth.

The queſtion was afterwards debated, whether the citizens of Rome at the time of the Cæſars were richer than the citizens of Paris at the time of Mr. Silhouette?

Ah! this concerns me, ſaid Mr. Andrew. I was a long while a man only worth forty crowns; I believe myſelf that the Roman citizens had more. Thoſe illuſtrious highwaymen pillaged the fineſt countries in Aſia, Africa and Europe. They lived very ſplendidly upon the fruits of their rapine; but ſtill there were beggars at Rome. And I am perſuaded, that, among theſe conquerors of the world ſome perſons were reduced to an income of forty crowns as I have been.

Do you know, ſaid a member of the academy of inſcriptions and belles lettres, that Lucullus expended

for each ſupper that he gave in the ſaloon of Apollo, thirty nine thouſand three hundred and ſeventy two livres thirteen ſous of our currency, but that the famous epicurean Atticus expended only two hundred and thirty livres a month for his table?

If this is true, I ſay, he was worthy to preſide over the niggardly fraternity lately eſtabliſhed in Italy. I have read this incredible anecdote in Florus as well as you; but to all appearance Florus never ſupped with Atticus, or his text has been corrupted like ſo many others, by the copyers of his works. Florus ſhall never make me believe that the friend of Cæſar, of Pompey, of Cicero and Anthony, who frequently partook of his table, hardly expended ten louis d'ors a month, *and this is exactly the way in which hiſtory is wrote.*

Madam Andrew taking up the converſation, told the learned gentleman, that ſhe ſhould be very much obliged to him if he would defray the expences of her table for ten times as much.

I am perſuaded this evening ſpent at Mr. Andrews's was worth a month at Atticus's. And the ladies very much doubted whether the ſuppers at Rome were more agreeable than thoſe of Paris. The converſation was very lively, though rather learned. Neither new faſhions, the abſurdities of others, nor the ſcandalous hiſtory of the day were the ſubjects of converſation.

The ſubject of luxury was treated of fundamentally. The queſtion was aſked, whether luxury was the cauſe of the deſtruction of the Roman empire? And it was proved that both the eaſtern and weſtern empires were deſtroyed by controverſy and monks alone. In fact, when Alaric took Rome, the nation was buſied in theological diſputes; and when Mahomet the ſecond took Conſtantinople, the monks defended the eternity of the light tabor which they ſaw in their navel, more ſtrongly than they defended the city againſt the Turks.

One

One of our literati made a reflection that ſtruck me vaſtly. It was that both theſe empires are anihilated, and the works of Virgil, Horace and Ovid ſtill ſubſiſt.

The company made a quick tranſition from the age of Auguſtus to the age of Louis the fourteenth. A lady aſked why with great talents we ſcarcely ever now compoſe works of genius?

Mr. Andrew replied, becauſe works of genius were compoſed in the laſt age. This idea was ingenious and deep, yet true. They afterwards roughly handled a Scotchman who has thought proper to give rules for taſte, and has criticiſed the moſt admirable paſſages of Racine without underſtanding French.* An Italian named Denina, was afterwards treated ſtill more ſeverely, who has ſlandered *the ſpirit of laws*, without underſtanding it, and has in particular cenſured what is moſt approved of in that work.

This brought to mind the contempt that Boileau affected to entertain of Taſſo. One of the company advanced that Taſſo with all his faults was as far above Homer as Monteſquieu with his ſtill greater faults was ſuperior to the traſh of Grotius. But theſe bad criticiſms dictated by national hatred and preju-

* This Mr. Home, a great Scotch judge, teaches the manner how to make heroes ſpeak with ſpirit in tragedy, and quotes this remarkable paſſage from the divine Shakeſpeare's Henry IV. as an example. The divine Shakeſpeare introduces my lord chief juſtice Falſtaff, who has juſt taken John Coleville priſoner, preſenting him to John of Lancaſter, with the following ſpeech.——"Here he is, and here I yield him; and I beſeech your grace let it be booked with the reſt of this day's deeds; or by the lord I will have it in a particular ballad elſe, with mine own picture on the top of it, *Coleville* kiſſing my foot: to the which courſe if I be enforced, if you do not all ſhew like gilt two-pences to me, and I in the clear ſky of fame o'erſhine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which ſhew like pin's heads to her; believe not a word of the noble. Therefore let me have right and let deſert mount."

This abſurd and abominable traſh very frequent in the divine Shakeſpeare Mr. Home propoſes as a model of good taſte and ſpirit in tragedy. But in return Mr. Home thinks the Iphigenia and Phædra of Racine extremely ridiculous.

dice were entirely over-ruled. Signor Denina was treated as he deſerved, and as pedants always are by men of genius.

It was particularly remarked with great ſagacity, that moſt of the literary productions of the preſent age, as well as converſation in general, turn on an examination of the maſter-pieces of the laſt century. Our merit conſiſts in diſcuſſing their merit. We are like diſinherited children who reckon up the fortunes of their fathers. The company acknowledged philoſophy to have made great progreſs, but that our language and ſtile were a little corrupted.

It is the fate of all converſations to paſs from one ſubject to another. All theſe objects of curioſity, ſcience and taſte, quickly diſappeared before the grand ſpectacle that the empreſs of Ruſſia and the king of Poland diſplayed to the world. They had juſt relieved oppreſt human nature, and eſtabliſhed liberty of conſcience in a part of the world, infinitely more extenſive than the Roman empire ever was in its greateſt luſtre. This ſervice rendered mankind, this example ſet ſo many courts which think themſelves politic, was celebrated as it deſerved. The company drank the health of the philoſophic empreſs, king and primate, and wiſhed them many imitators. The doctor of the Sorbonne alſo admired them; for amongſt that ſociety are ſome ſenſible men, as formerly, ſome perſons of genius were found amongſt the Bæotians.

The Ruſſian ſecretary filled us with aſtoniſhment at the recital of the noble eſtabliſhments that were made in Ruſſia. The queſtion was aſked, why we prefer reading the hiſtory of Charles the twelfth of Sweden, who paſt his life in the deſtruction of mankind, before that of Peter the great, who ſpent his in civilizing mankind and promoting population? We concluded that weakneſs and frivoloufneſs were the cauſe of this preference: that Charles the twelfth was the Don Quixote, and Peter the Solon of the north: that ſuperficial minds prefer extravagant heroiſm before the great views of a legiſlator; that the accounts

of

of the foundation of a city pleaſe them leſs than the raſhneſs of a man who with his ſervants only braves ten thouſand turks; and that in ſhort moſt readers chuſe rather to be amuſed than inſtructed. And this is the reaſon why an hundred women read the Arabian nights entertainments to one that reads two chapters of Locke.

No ſubject was forgot in this evening's converſation which I ſhall remember a great while? At laſt the actors and and the actreſſes were mentioned, the eternal ſubject of table talk at Verſailles and Paris. A good actor was allowed to be as rare as a good poet. The ſupper ended with a very pretty ſong that one of the company wrote for the ladies. For my part I own that the banquet of Plato would not have given me more pleaſure than this of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew.

Our petit-maitres and fine ladies doubtleſs would have thought it tireſome; they pretend to be good company themſelves; but neither Mr. Andrew nor myſelf will ever ſup with ſuch good company.

EPISTLES.

EPISTLE.

To Madam DE ***,

Upon the Manner of Living at Paris and Versailles.

ROSSALIA, to the world unknown,
Let us live for ourſelves alone.
Friendſhip and blood's endearing tye,
Shall all ſociety ſupply;
So fooliſh, dangerous, vain's mankind,
We in the world no joy can find,
In that whirlpool they call the world
Man's thro' ſo many errors hurl'd,
That it can coxcombs pleaſe alone,
By whom it ne'er was rightly known.
Glycery, when her dinner's o'er,
Goes out juſt as the day before;
Into her gorgeous chariot led,
She indolent reclines her head,
Embarraſs'd by the 'cumbrous pride
Of a vaſt hoop that fills each ſide;
Viſits her friend in pomp and ſtate,
Aſcends, and then repents too late,

Embracing

Embracing yawns, and plain is ſeen,
In her conſtrain'd behaviour, ſpleen;
She ſeems to beg for nonſenſe gay,
To make her languor paſs away.
They interchange ſome faint careſſes,
They talk of weather, plays and dreſſes,
Of ſermons, and of ribbons price,
And are exhauſted in a trice.
Now, thro' neceſſity grown dumb,
A tune they both begin to hum;
But Mr. Abbe enter'd ſoon,
Prieſt, gallant, ſharper, and buffoon,
Endow'd with various talents rare,
Who for ſome months was maſter there,
A formal coxcomb enter'd too,
Pleas'd in the glaſs himſelf to view,
Both pedants pleaſe, their jargon ſuits;
A captain enters; both are mutes;
The captain to recite proceeds
The great exploits and hardy deeds,
Which his brave men would have perform'd,
How they Placentia would have ſtorm'd,
And then atchiev'd ſome wond'rous feat,
Had they not choſe to make retreat.
To Nice, to Var, to Digne he leads,
Not a ſoul liſtens, he proceeds.
Then *Iſis* enters with ſad air,
Her time is wholly ſpent in prayer,
Yet *Iſis'* leer is very ſly,
A little Janſeniſt ſtands by,
St. Auſtin's works and ſaintly pride,
Both equally his heart divide.
Other birds too of different feather
And different taſtes tune up together,
Whence various notes ſo much confound
That ſlander's voice is almoſt drown'd.
Their jarring clack's like winds that rend
The air, and with fierce winds contend.
A chaſm of ſilence moſt profound
Succeeds to all this empty ſound:

All

All rational converſe they ſhun,
And into idle nonſenſe run.
Oh *David**, to their ſuccour haſte,
Nor ſuffer them their time to waſte.
Oh *David*, thy moſt powerful ace
Engages all the human race;
Soon as upon the table green
Thy various magic cards are ſeen,
The noble, prelate, lawyer, cit,
Are rouſed and ſharpened into wit,
Above all, women take delight
In black and red ſpots on the white,
All are amuſed by hopes of treaſure,
Avarice aſſumes the ſhape of pleaſure.
From theſe exploits the wife and fair
To ſupper by conſent repair;
Th' inſipid joy of ev'ry gueſt
In dulleſt ſallies is expreſt,
The machine, man, by wholeſome food
And richeſt ſauces is renew'd.
The ſoul and blood new force acquire,
The ſtomach and the brain conſpire.
Then their clacks run at a ſtrange rate,
The ſon of law begins to prate,
All parties he alike aſſails,
He damns the war, at peace he rails.
A country noble quaffs champaigne,
But muſt of miſery complain,
Of miſery by his country felt,
At which even hearts of ſtone might melt,
And tho' in luxury immers'd
By taxes, ſays, the land's oppreſt.
Then the loquacious abbe tries
For hiſtories true to paſs off lies;
His tale cut ſhort muſt ſoon give way
To arrant chit-chat of the day;

This,

* Cards were at that time ſold at the ſign of King David.

This, in its turn, is put to flight,
By converſation not more bright.
The jeſt inſipid, double meaning,
T' obſcenity and nonſenſe leaning,
The fooliſh laugh, the ſtupid pun,
Stale pleaſantries which paſs for fun,
Give this ſociety polite,
The higheſt rapture and delight.
Is't thus you waſte, oh men unwiſe,
That fleeting time which quickly flies?
Which ſtill to fools will tedious ſeem,
Which men who think too tranſient deem.
What ſhall I do? Whereto ſhall I
Far from myſelf for refuge fly?
Man company requires, no doubt,
He's reſtleſs with it, worſe without;
Indolent ſloth's the greateſt foe,
That mortals ever knew below;
Tir'd of tranquillity at home
To court diſguſted creatures roam.
At Paris babble loud prevails,
But artful ſilence at Verſailles,
For real joy can ne'er reſide
With men whoſe principle is pride.
Happy that man muſt be confeſs'd,
Who's with his maſter's preſence bleſt.
O'er the empyreum Jove preſides,
But from mankind his glory hides:
Heroes and demi-gods alone
Dare to approach the heavenly throne,
Muſt we amidſt the crowds that preſs
Inferior deities addreſs?
Gods who can good or ill beſtow,
But ne'er love thoſe by fate plac'd low,
Who on the top of fortune's wheel,
By joys intoxicated reel,
Who, amidſt all their pomp and ſhew,
No tenderneſs or feeling know?

Riſe

Riſe early, at their levee wait,
And dance attendance at their gate,
Three years neglected or abus'd,
At laſt you're civilly refus'd.
No; haughty courts, the ſage replies,
Suit not great ſouls that courts deſpiſe.
From treacherous courtiers haſte away,
And pleaſures which like them betray.
Make public good your only care,
And you ſhall public honours ſhare.
The public! what, that monſter dire,
Whoſe hundred tongues can never tire,
That fawns and bites, that courts neglects,
That breaks the ſtatues it erects?
Still ready thoſe who ſerve to ſpurn,
It once profan'd great *Colbert's* urn,
That oft has vile reflections caſt
Virtue and innocence to blaſt.
To envy merit ſtill inclin'd,
Faults it could in Armida find,
And has with greater pleaſure ſeen
Vile plays than thoſe of fam'd Racine.
It Athaliah long deſpis'd,
And wretched, ill-wrote dramas priz'd.
Applauſe it fooliſhly beſtows,
And undeſerv'd indulgence ſhews.
But all its errors time repairs
At length applauſe true merit ſhares;
'Tis true, but oft the owner dies,
Ere to his worth men ope their eyes.
Poſterity may to my name
Be juſt; I'd fain enjoy my fame.
When once a man is in the ground,
He hears not fame's loud trumpet ſound.
A nation, to his merit juſt,
Reveres Pope's like a monarch's buſt,
Dead he's admir'd, but from his age
He bore fierce perſecution's rage.
Let's lie conceal'd, and paſs away
Calmly the evening of our day,

From

From malice and from envy's rage
Let us preſerve declining age.
Friendſhip, chief bliſs of human race,
My dwelling with thy preſence grace;
May I for friendſhip live alone,
Friendſhip to wicked men unknown.
Diſtant from bigotry, whence flow
Terrors in death, life's piercing woe.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE.

To the Prince of VENDOME *.

COURTIN, one of his faithful friends,
Health to the brave prince Vendôme ſends.
The meaneſt of the ſons of rhyme
His homage pays at the ſame time;
From Sully whither he was ſent
By ſome ſprite on his good intent.

You ſee, Sir, that the deſire of ſerving you has united two men very different from each other.

One fat, and fair, and in good caſe,
Looks pamper'd and replete with grace,
And ſeems, ſo ſanctify'd his air,
Predeſtin'd to an eaſy chair.
On his unwrinkl'd face ſtill glows
The healthful colour of the roſe,
Which makes the Abbe ſtill appear
Youthful as in his twentieth year.

The

* This prince was brother to the Duke of Vendôme; he was great prior of France. The Abbe *Courtin*, who was one of his friends, was ſon to a Privy Counſellor, and a man of learning. His character was ſuch as it is here repreſented. This Epiſtle was wrote in 1716.

The bard, by meagre viſage known,
Is nothing elſe but ſkin and bone,
To occupy much ſpace not made,
Nor quite ill-natur'd as portray'd.

Our firſt intention was to ſend to your Highneſs a regular compoſition, half verſe, half proſe, as was cuſtomary with the *Chapelles*, the *Des Barreaux*, and the *Hamiltons*, who were the Abbe's contemporaries and our maſters. I ſhould have added, *Voitures*, if I was not afraid of offending the Abbe, who pretends, I don't know for what reaſon, that he is not old enough to have ſeen him.

As there are many bold things to be ſaid concerning the times, the wiſeſt of us two, I don't mean myſelf, did not chuſe to ſpeak of them without enjoining profound ſecrecy.

The God myſterious he addreſs'd
Whoſe power by Normans is confeſs'd;
That cautious God, with artful leer,
Who whiſpers, fearing men might hear.
He much too often knaves befriends,
But ſtill to wiſe men ſuccour lends.
He does at court and church preſide,
And once was even Cupid's guide.

This god happened unluckily not to be at Sully; he was then, as we were told, engaged by —— and Madam de ——, or elſe we ſhould have finiſhed our work under his inſpection.

We then had labour'd to diſplay
Your ſprightly wit, your leiſure gay;
Had ſhewn you amiable in chace
Of pleaſure, dauntleſs in diſgrace.
We had that period bleſs'd related,
Which to love's joys was dedicated;
Love's raptures in harmonious verſe
We ſhould have laboured to rehearſe;

All

All Paphos' rights we had explor'd,
Paphos, where Venus was ador'd;
Amours in the Florentine taſte
Had our deſcription likewiſe grac'd;
But in ſo artful a diſguiſe
As might deceive e'en bigot's eyes.
We had not fail'd to introduce
Bacchus fluſh'd with the grape's rich juice,
The world had ſeen with what delight
You in his orgies paſs'd the night.
Imagination by his ſide
Should have her utmoſt care apply'd,
T' embeliſh with her gayeſt flowers
The pleaſure of your bliſsful hours.
Ye midnight revels, feaſts where joy
Yields pleaſure which can never cloy;
From you gay ſonnets firſt took riſe,
Which the young loves ſo highly prize;
How much thoſe brilliant trifles pleaſe!
They raviſh with harmonious eaſe,
By ſuch fam'd Horace was the ſoul
Of feaſts when flowed the ſparkling bowl,
When with the witty and the great,
He next Auguſtus took his ſeat.

We have here given you a weak ſketch of the picture we intend to draw.

But who'd ſucceed ſhould be inſpir'd;
We to ſuch glory ne'er aſpir'd,
That honour we ſhall ne'er diſpute
With the divine the enchanting lute
Of him, who other bards excels,
Chaulieu, who at your * temple dwells.
Know then, that indolence and eaſe
Such minds as ours alone can pleaſe.

Of

* The Abbe *Chaulieu* lived at the temple which belongs to the Grand Priors of France. It was in former times inhabited by the Knights Templars.

Of Gods themſelves this was the lot
In times which ne'er will be forgot;
Yours is this bleſt condition now,
And ſure the truth you muſt avow,
That after many days and nights
Sacred to courts and ſoft delights,
When you ſuch great things have atchiev'd,
'Tis happineſs to be reliev'd;
That after toil 'tis bliſs to reſt,
That he who nothing does is bleſt.

* To the Abbe Chaulieu.

Sully, July 3, 1717.

TO thee who doſt in lyric lays
Rival the fam'd *Anacreron's* praiſe,
Who doſt voluptuous pleaſure preach,
And by your life free living teach;
Thou bleſt with ſuch a tuneful mind,
That when to bed by gout confin'd,
Thy lute there yields as pleaſing ſounds
As at a feaſt where mirth abounds.

I write to you from *Sully*, where *Chapelle* liv'd, that is, got drunk for two years together. I wiſh he had left ſomething of his poetical talent in this caſtle; it would be very convenient for thoſe who undertake to write to you. But as we are told that he bequeathed it entirely to you, I was obliged to have recourſe to magic, of which you have frequently made mention.

To Then ſearching all the caſtle round,
Soon as the darkeſt tower I found,

* This epiſtle, conſiſting partly of verſe, and partly of proſe, is one of our author's firſt works. *Chapelle*, who is here ſpoken of, was a man of an eaſy genius, and had a turn to libertiniſm; he had been much given to drinking, which was the vice of his age; both his conſtitution and his genius were greatly impared by this practice.

I call'd upon gay *Chapelle's* ſprite
From realms where reigns eternal night.
To the infernal Gods I made
No offering when I call'd the ſhade,
Like knaves who erſt in ſervile days,
Loudly ſung forth their godhead's praiſe;
Or Endor's witch whoſe curſed art
With terror ſtruck Saul's daſtard heart,
Who thought the devil before his eyes
Had made the prophet's ſpectre riſe.
But we can raiſe a bard from hell,
Without a magic rite or ſpell:
A ſong alone muſt ſure ſuffice,
To make a poet's ghoſt ariſe;
I thus addreſs'd him, Much lov'd friend,
Chapelle, from Pluto's realms aſcend.
A poet wants your kindly aid,
A poet now invokes your ſhade:
Yet we are told, propitious Gods
Have rais'd you to the bleſs'd abodes,
And plac'd you 'twixt the powers divine,
That over verſe preſide and wine.
Therefore, kind Chapelle, much lov'd friend,
From realms above on earth deſcend.
This prayer familiarly addreſs'd,
Was heard with favour by the bleſt,
Tho' it to merit had no claim,
But being offer'd in your name.
Before me *Chapelle* ſtood confeſs'd,
With tranſport glow'd my raviſh'd breaſt:
In one hand he held forth the lyre,
Which charm'd ſo oft the Heavenly choir,
* *Gaſſendi's* works he with him brought,
With various, well fram'd ſyſtems fraught;

He

* Chapelle was educated by Gaſſendi, and became a great partiſan of the philoſophical ſyſtem of his maſter. Whenever he was intoxicated with liquor, he explained Gaſſendi's ſyſtem to all preſent; and when they were gone, he continued holding forth to the ſteward.

He on *Bachaunon* leaning walk'd,
And with him of his journey talk'd;
A journey which, whilſt he recited,
All thoſe that heard him were delighted.

I aſked him by what art he, during his reſidence in our world,

Touching his lyre could always pleaſe
With flowing numbers, and with eaſe,
Which nature only could impart,
Which ne'er were faulty found by art?
He ſaid by love and wine alone,
To me the power of verſe was known,
To witty Chaulieu, for a time,
I taught the happy art to rhime;
To you he ſhould in turn impart
The precepts of the tuneful art.

ANSWER to the foregoing.

SIR,

I Should never have thought, that ſuch a man as you could have any faith in ſpirits, and ſtill leſs that you could believe what they ſay when they return, God knows from whence. The Epicurean philoſophers, to whoſe ſect you ſay I belong, have, thank Heaven, enabled me to doubt of the reality of Chapelle's apparition, and equally to diſtruſt the inſinuations of his ſhade, of your politeneſs, and of my own ſelf-love, which you have with great addreſs endeavoured to intereſt upon this occaſion. Amongſt many other good reaſons which ſhould induce you to diſtruſt this apparition, you have in yourſelf an eſſential one, which ſhould determine you to give it no ſort of credit as it did me.

Do not believe a lying ſhade,
Who bids you learn the poet's trade
From me, ſo much below you;
Such progreſs you have in it made,
That only Phœbus' heavenly aid
Can now new light beſtow you.

This is all I can ſay in anſwer to the prettieſt letter that ever was writ, a letter whoſe flattery I ſhould not liſteto, and whoſe brilliancy of imagination deters me from

from attempting to anſwer it in form, as the anſwer would, in all likelihood, be unworthy of a ſcholar of *Chapelle*, to whom you might very poſſibly ſhew it, as you have ſo great an intimacy with him forty years after his death.

But tho' I diſtruſt my head, I am always ſure of my heart; and in proof of the eſteem and affection I have for you, of which you aſk me a token that cannot be called in queſtion, I ſhall with the ſincerity which I have always profeſs'd, tell you my real opinion of the affair which you have communicated to me.

Paris, July 26, 1717.

To the Preſident HENAUT, Author of an excellent Work upon the Hiſtory of France.

Cirey, Sept. 2, 1744.

GODDESS, who doſt make bleſt the earth,
Health, who to temperance owe thy birth,
Who pleaſures to the wiſe diſpenſe,
Whoſe joys are govern'd by good ſenſe,
Who doſt with gilded rays adorn
Our youth, of life the brilliant morn;
And oft doſt cheer life's gloomy cloſe
With calm content and ſoft repoſe.
Oh, health-diſpenſing goddeſs, now
Liſten propitious to my vow;
By thy kind ſtar conduct to reſt
A mortal worthy to be bleſt.
All other Gods unite to ſhed
Their bleſſings upon Henaut's head.
Will you, who hold the place of all,
Alone prove deaf to Henaut's call?
To ſweet ſociety once more,
And to his noble ſeats reſtore
Henaut, whoſe happy vein of wit
Can every taſte and genius hit.
To him your needful ſuccour lend,
For him time's rapid courſe ſuſpend:

So

So well he knows time to employ,
So well divides 'twixt care and joy.
Women, inchanted by his eaſe,
Have thought he only knew to pleaſe;
Men, who the depth of ſcience ſound,
Have ever thought him moſt profound;
The god of jollity and mirth
Thinks him the merrieſt ſoul on earth.
Immortal as his works, may he
Live late poſterity to ſee,
Live long as all the kings, his pen
So well brings to the view of men,
Whoſe characters ſo well he draws,
Their deeds relates, explains their laws.
Since he ſo many ways has ſhone,
Reſtore his ſtomach to its tone.
Of ev'ry talent he's poſſeſs'd,
With ev'ry virtue glows his breaſt;
The art to pleaſe, is all his own,
The art t'enjoy to him is known;
All this, however, is a jeſt,
If he's unable to digeſt.
I wonder not that Des Fontaines,
Who tires all mortals with his ſtrains,
Should in his garret 'midſt his lumber
Of duſty books have eaſy ſlumber,
That he ſhould ſtill be in good caſe,
Tho' void of virtue and of grace.
Egle or Silvia ne'er invite
Pedants, who without genius write,
Whoſe heap'd citations readers tire,
Whoſe writings dulneſs' fumes inſpire;
His company all mortals cloys,
He is reduc'd to herd with boys.
Alas! to genius's alone
Theſe indigeſtions curs'd are known.

After this hymn to the goddeſs of health, which I have made with the utmoſt ſincerity of friendſhip, permit me, Sir, to add to it mentally a ſhort *Gloria Patri*. I have as much occaſion for it as you, but I am more

ſolicitous about your welfare than my own. May the goddeſs of health firſt ſhower down her favours upon you; drink the waters of Plombieres cheerfully, and return with all ſpeed to Cirey before the Auſtrian huſſars enter Lorraine. Such folks give no waters to drink but thoſe of the river Styx. Do not forget that amongſt the multitude of your well-wiſhers there are two here who deſire that you would ſtop awhile in your journey for their ſakes.

To

To Monſ. DE FONTENELLE.

SIR, *Villars, Sept.* 1, 1720.

THE ladies at Villars are quite ſpoiled by reading your Treatiſe of the Plurality of Worlds. We could have wiſhed it had rather been by your Paſtorals, for we would much rather have ſeen them ſhepherdeſſes than philoſophers. They ſpend that time in contemplating the ſtars, which they might employ to much greater advantage; and as our taſte is regulated by theirs, love for them has made us all turn natural philoſophers.

Each night on beds by nature made,
Whoſe verdure trees o'er-arching ſhade,
Which ſeem by nature's ſelf deſign'd
For meetings of another kind;
We out of order put the ſkies,
Venus ſeems Mercury to our eyes;
For we no teleſcopes have here
To bring the wand'ring planets near,
But to behold them we apply
Our opera-glaſſes to the eye.

As we paſs the whole night in taking a view of the ſtars we very much neglect the ſun, to which we rarely pay a viſit till he has run one half of his courſe. We were informed a while ago, that he looked bloody the

whole morning: that afterwards, without the air's being any ways obſcured, he, by inſenſible degrees, was deprived both of his magnitude and his light: this information we did not receive till five o'clock in the evening. We thereupon looked out at the window, and we took the ſun for the moon on account of his paleneſs. We make no doubt but you have ſeen the ſame phænomenon at Paris.

Upon this occaſion, Sir, we addreſs you as our maſter. You know how to make thoſe things pleaſing which are ſcarce made intelligible by other philoſophers, and ſuch a man as you was neceſſary in France, and indeed, in all Europe, to inform the literati, and inſpire the ignorant with a taſte for the ſciences.

Say, Fontenelle, who took thy flight
With rapid wings above all height,
Who with *Dedalean* art could pierce
Each corner of the univerſe;
And many ſpheres immortal view,
Seen by St. Paul as well as you,
Where beauties never ſeen before
He ſaw, but of them ſays no more.
Of the ſun which you know ſo well,
Can you not mortals ſomething tell,
Why did he red as blood appear
In ent'ring upon his career?
Why did he tremble and turn pale?
Why leſſen? why did his light fail?
Upon a ſight ſo full of dread
What by * *Boulainvilliers* is ſaid?
To many nations will he cry
That their deſtruction's drawing nigh;
Shall we behold incurſions new,
Edicts, or war's dire terrors view!

Shall

* The Count de Boulainvilliers, a man of great erudition, but who was weak enough to believe in aſtrology. Cardinal de Fleury ſaid of him, that he knew neither the future, the paſt, or the preſent. He has, however, made ſome fine reſearches upon the Hiſtory of France.

Shall impoſts over France increaſe,
Or branches of revenue ceaſe?
When once upon the verdant plain
You tun'd your reed, a ſimple ſwain,
Had you beheld the God of day,
A change ſo great to view diſplay,
You'd thought ſome change muſt then have riſe
In your nymph's heart as in the ſkies.
But ſince your Phœbus left the plains,
And all the rural joys of ſwains
For thoſe important truths made known
By *Euclid* and by *Varignon*;
Since you at length have laid aſide
The ribbans, Celadon's gay pride,
To take the Aſtrolabe in hand,
You'll ſpeak what few can underſtand:
You'll puzzle us with calculation,
Talk of refraction and equation.
But if you graciouſly ſhould deign
Theſe difficulties to explain,
Whenever you the truth make known,
Uſe the poetic ſtyle alone;
For us bright fancy more engages
Than five ſcore deeply learned pages.

Monſ.

* Monſ. de FONTENELLE's ANSWER to Monſ. de VOLTAIRE.

YOU folks, who in the country dwell,
This is a ſtrange thing that you tell,
That when the ſun firſt ſhew'd his head,
His face was cover'd o'er with red.
Then vapours which from earth ariſe
Caſt o'er his glory that diſguiſe.
The ſun remain'd a priſoner there,
Wrapt up in thick, malignant air:
And yet I dare be bold to ſay
He did not fear to faint away.
This is all that I chuſe to tell,
And ſo I bid you all farewel.
In youth's delightful days, life's prime,
Such ſtudies are quite out of time;
Nothing youth ſhould to know require,
But pleaſures taſte at heart's deſire.
I'll own the ſcience that we boaſt
But ſpecious trifling is at moſt;
A trifling ſuited to our age,
Which helps us on in life's laſt ſtage;

Our

* This anſwer of Fontenelle's is very indifferent; he compoſed another, addreſſed to Madam de Villars which we have not been able to come at.

Our journey let's in peace purſue
And ſeek the pleaſures made for you.
Upon the verdant turf lie down,
And in love's joys life's ſorrows drown;
For love, enchanting love alone,
Its cordial drop all mortals own.
Aliſon, *Martin* ſtill are ſung,
Becauſe they both took care when young
To make the beſt uſe of their time,
And not to loſe life's youthful prime.
Howe'er I'll own I do not doubt,
But the ſun may one day go out,
And ſay, Kind gentlemen, good night,
Seek ſome one elſe to give you light:
No more I ſhall in glory riſe,
No more illuminate the ſkies;
I wiſh you then good night once more,
My ſhining days are paſt and o'er;
And if no goddeſs ſhould be there,
The pow'rs divine he will not ſpare.
But oh what evils ſhall befal
From want of light this wretched ball?
Candles and torches feeble light,
Won't diſſipate ſo thick a night.
In chaos earth ſhall be involv'd,
Society ſhall be diſſolv'd.
Human connection all ſhall end,
No man ſhall leave take of his friend.
All men ſhall quickly diſappear,
And none behind them leave an heir.
But what's ſtill worſe than all the reſt,
Each ſhall deſire to be confeſt;
To prieſt for pardon ſhall repair,
And ſeem abandon'd to deſpair.

To the Marquis of ISSARTS, Ambaſſador of France at the Court of Dreſden.

SIR, *Verſailles, April* 7, 1747.

THE kind letter with which you favoured me gives me at once pleaſure and regret; at the ſame time that it delights me, it makes me ſenſible of the loſs I have ſuſtained. I might have been preſent at the very moment when your Excellency ſigned the treaty by which France was made happy. I might have ſeen the court of Dreſden, but I never ſaw it. I was not born to be happy; but your happineſs, Sir, you will own even to equal your merit. What you left at Verſailles, is reſtored to you at Dreſden; you have there met with a King beloved by his ſubjects.

One day you'll make us a report
Which King has the moſt brilliant court.
Which, Lewis or Auguſtus' name,
To glory has the better claim?
A point like this might well confound
Sagacity the moſt profound;
You'll find e'en ten years labour vain
This difficulty to explain.

Nothing

Nothing can better prove how hard a matter it is to diſcover truth in this world; and then, Sir, thoſe who know it beſt are the laſt to divulge it. For example, can thoſe, who have had the honour of being admitted to the preſence of the three Princeſſes, with whom the Queen of Poland has bleſſed France, Naples, and Munich, ever determine which of the three nations is happieſt?

Should we even of the queen inquire
Which daughter we ſhould moſt admire;
Which of the three does moſt excel,
She'd ſure be much perplex'd to tell:
But if you ſhould of me inquire
Which gratitude ſhould moſt inſpire,
Which the moſt hope ſhould entertain,
In doubt I ſhould not long remain.

When I ſee the Dauphin and Dauphineſs, I think of Pſyche, and recollect that Pſyche had two ſiſters:

Both fill'd the gazers with delight,
The courts of both alike were bright;
Both were with tender ſpouſes wedded,
But Pſyche was with Cupid bedded.

Put perhaps, Sir, an end might be put to this diſpute, and *Paris* would, upon ſuch an occaſion, cut his apple into three pieces.

The prize of beauty ſhould adorn
Her to whom firſt a daughter's born,
In whom we ſhall with tranſport trace
The beauty of her royal race.

You

You ſee, Sir, that tho' I am not a politician, I can contrive means to accommodate matters, and I don't doubt but you will approve of my ſentiments.

I have the honour of being,

With the utmoſt reſpect,

Your Excellency's moſt humble ſervant, &c.

To

To Count ALGAROTTI at the Court of Saxony.

Paris, February 21, 1747.

THESE ſtrains, O Algarotti, hear,
To Pindus and Cytheron dear,
Who doſt from Heaven the gifts inherit,
To love, to pleaſe, to write with ſpirit;
Who with each ſhining talent grac'd
Can ſuit thyſelf to ev'ry taſte;
Whilſt you in lofty palace ſit
A poet's weak addreſs permit;
No art or care theſe lines diſplay,
Wrote 'midſt the giddy and the gay.
The bliſs, O Saxony, we owe
To thee ſhould make our hearts o'erflow
With gratitude, the poet's lays
Should ſtill be laviſh in thy praiſe;
From thee the valiant hero came,
Who France defends, the royal dame
Who makes it famous o'er the earth,
In thy bleſs'd realm receiv'd her birth.
Know this accompliſh'd princeſs ſtill
Each day continues to fulfil,
What oft your muſe of her foretold,
What you could prophet-like unfold.

From

From this deſcription doubtleſs you
Will think I've ſeen and heard her too:
It is not ſo; I'll freely own
My muſe obſcure and little known,
Such charms excited to rehearſe,
But tells the ſimple truth in verſe;
Re-echoes what all mortals ſay,
Who homage to ſuch beauty pay.
A dauphineſs by crowds ſurrounded,
With ceremony is confounded.
Prudently I at firſt gave place
To dames whoſe hoops fills ſo much ſpace;
Who occupy with gaudy pride
Of the apartment every ſide.
Was *Virgil* ſtruck with Livia's ſtate
Still at her toilet firſt to wait?
He let Cornelia paſs neglected,
Nor Peers nor Chancellor reſpected;
Nobles he paſs'd regardleſs by,
Pomp never once could catch his eye.
He with Tibullus and the muſe
To laugh at care would rather chuſe.
But in my turn I ſhall obtain
My wiſh, and not apply in vain.
I to the Graces ev'ry day
With fervent heart devoutly pray.
Daughters of love, I cry, oh deign
Propitiouſly to aid my ſtrain;
And when your ſiſter you attend,
My muſe preſent her as a friend.
But of the ſacred nuptial bands,
The tye that join'd the royal hands
Of the moſt noble pair on earth,
Renown'd for virtue as for birth;
Venus's maids of honour may
Indeed be able to diſplay
Thoſe glories; but a wretch prophane
Like me ſhould not attempt the ſtrain.
If we may credit the report
Unanimous of the whole court,

From them a race ſhall ſoon take riſe,
Whoſe glories ſhall the world ſurprize.
To the great miniſter of ſtate,
Who regulates the kingdom's fate
A bard's reſpects and homage pay,
I would not tire him with my lay.
Thoſe offerings exquiſite and rare
Deem'd by the great and by the fair,
Who live on flattery and lies,
Such elevated ſouls deſpiſe.
Adieu! Inſpire thro' Saxon plains
A taſte for ſoft Italian ſtrains,
And for the truths by Newton taught,
Newton! almoſt a God in thought!
In more ſublime, more heavenly lays,
Sing fair Æmilia's deathleſs praiſe.

ANSWER

ANSWER to Cardinal QUIRINI.

Berlin, December 12, 1751.

THE temple would you have me ſing,
To which you various offerings bring?
But yet tho' I your worth admire,
I cannot do what you require.
How can I, on the banks of Spree,
Where Roman laws no more bear ſway,
My voice before all mankind raiſe,
And utter forth a prelate's praiſe?
From Sion, diſtant and forlorn,
Like a good catholic, I mourn.
My prince by hereſy's infected,
Religion's not by him reſpected.
It fills my ſoul with poignant woe,
To think that in the ſhades below
He ſhall, with antients, have his place,
Antients who were quite void of grace;
We know thoſe heroes, thrice renown'd,
Are puniſh'd in th' abyſs profound;
With them he muſt be damn'd, becauſe
He in this world liv'd by their laws.
But ſtill I'm much more griev'd to find
A ſhocking vice infects his mind;

A vice,

A vice, by men call'd Toleration,
Which bears the opinions of each nation:
I'm ſhock'd to think the Turkiſh crew,
The Quaker and the Lutheran too,
The Proteſtant and Papiſt find
Alike, with him, reception kind,
If they can by their actions claim
Of honeſt men the glorious name.
But, crime more ſhocking to reveal,
He laughs at ſanguinary zeal;
That hate which bigots fills with rage,
Which gentle pity can't aſſuage,
But which the free thinker, profeſs'd,
Prophanely turns into a jeſt:
What can your eminence then hope
From me, who don't revere the Pope?
From me, who am the chamberlain
Of a prince obdurate in ſin?
You, whoſe predeſtinated front
Bears double marks of honour on't,
Whoſe ſcarlet hat, with laurels bound,
Shews you for poetry renown'd;
Who Horace and St. Auſtin's lore,
With equal genius could explore,
Who equally doſt know to riſe
To Pindus top and paradiſe,
Convert that genius; you can pleaſe,
And teach mankind with equal eaſe;
Of Jeſus Chriſt, the grace divine,
Does often thro' your writings ſhine,
And in them often we admire
Both Homer's grace and Homer's fire.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE to ****.

DUDEFANS, Fourmont, who both unite
Solidity to grace's light,
In whom wit's charms, with ſenſe combin'd,
And eloquence's pow'r we find;
Ye pleaſures, which all good contain,
Which I ſtill labour'd to obtain;
Philoſophers, whoſe learned lore
I vainly labour'd to explore;
From all th' efforts I made to know,
What are the advantages that flow?
Thoſe ſquares of diſtances, thoſe ſprings,
Atoms, inexplicable things,
That vaſt abyſs of infinite,
Can it into my ſoul pour light?
Lectures on bodies are but vain,
They can't eaſe mine when rack'd with pain,
Does greater bliſs my ſoul o'erflow?
Better do I my duty know,
When I have all the viſions read
In *Renes* roving fancy bred?
Or when with Malebranche I've found
That I cannot the Godhead ſound?
Or when by ſcaling I ariſe
Up to truth's caſtle in the ſkies,
With the illuſtrious *Leibnitz'* aid,
And ſee Monades alone diſplay'd.

Fly

Fly quickly hence, deluding dreams!
Ye cold chimeras, idle ſchemes!
And ſince to error we're conſign'd,
Let us ſome pleaſing errors find.
The vulgar mind to method bent,
On calculations ſtill intent,
If pleas'd with ſuch a crabbed trade,
For nothing nobler ere was made.
From the deep caverns under ground,
Where dwells philoſophy profound,
Behold *Æmilia*, on the plain,
Advance with cupids in her train!
Had ſhe not been by theſe befriended,
Who to Bruſſels her ſteps attended,
She would have loſt life's brilliant ſtage,
In poring o'er a German ſage.

To Mr. de Cideville.

PARDON's at Eaſter ever due
To chriſtians who their penance do:
Mine's done; a ſilence that's ſo laſting,
Is penance worſe by far than faſting.
A pardon full you therefore owe me,
So plenary indulgence ſhew me.
Of a true ſage I long in queſt
Travell'd, but now I am at reſt;
No more about the world I roam,
I'm ten times happier at home.
All that I ſought at length I find,
I'm bleſt and hid from human kind.
The throne and all its ſlaviſh pride,
Grandeur by men with envy ey'd,
Can't with my hermitage compare,
Where never enters anxious care,
Kings I have ſeen, who, in retreat,
Thought themſelves like Aurelians great;
But virtue was no more their care,
When trumpets clangors pierc'd the air;
Good reſolutions then are o'er,
They ſtill are kings, but men no more:
They ſcour the world with eager haſte,
To ſieze on realms, or to lay waſte;
They all are to ambition ſlaves,
But my free ſoul ambition braves.
Princes, the grandeur of a throne
Renounc'd, I wiſh for friends alone.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE

TO HER

Moſt Serene Highneſs the Dutcheſs of MAYNE, occaſioned by the Victory gained by his Majeſty at Lawfelt.

OFFSPRING and mother of a line,
Which ever did with heroes ſhine,
My feeble voice you would inſpire,
Again you'd have me tune the lyre.
You'd have me publiſh to mankind
His deeds, the virtues of his mind,
Tell how great *Cumberland* admir'd
The monarch, fear'd him, and retir'd:
No more the poet's art divine
Subſiſts, in war alone men ſhine:
Our king no bard can juſtly praiſe,
His glory riſes, ours decays.
Fontenoy's ſoft, harmonious name,
Indeed might aid the poet's flame:
The name Woerden ſhock'd Boileau,
What had he ſaid if forc'd to go
Not far from Helderen 'twixt defiles,
At Nethes by Bathiani's wiles,
With d'Eſtrées from Roſmal advance?
My glory rouſes from my trance;

The king's name we delighted hear,
But Lawfelt wounds the liſtening ear.
What then avails the praiſe beſtow'd,
In ſong, epiſtle, lofty ode,
Tho' Crebillon * reviſe the lines,
Which Marville †, not Apollo, ſigns.
I know th' indulgence of the king,
He'll take the incenſe which I bring;
Kindneſs ally'd to warlike ſpirit
From his great ſires he does inherit;
But readers are not ſo contented,
For had I raſhly repreſented
Your valiant carbineers, who gave
A bright example to the brave;
Should I the hero's worth proclaim
Who rivals the great Condé's fame,
Should even Apollo's ſelf inſpire
My verſe as Mars the hero's fire;
Still cenſurers with helliſh ſpite
Had rail'd at all that I could write,
Much ſatire, very little praiſe,
The author's labour ſtill repays;
But ſpite of all I'll ſtrive to ſing:
A bard ſhould ſuffer for his king;
Envy has blacker venom ſhed
On chiefs by whom our troops were led,
Than upon me who touch the lyre,
And praiſe the hero I admire.
Your voices, academies, raiſe,
Sleep not while kings require your praiſe.
Deſcribe the victor in the field,
Whoſe right hand does the thunder wield,
Whoſe left the peaceful olive bears,
That baniſhes pale mortals fears:
No adulation is deſir'd,
Juſtice of you's alone requir'd;

Preſent

* Mr. Crebillon, of the French academy, was, by his place, obliged to examine the manuſcripts laid before the government.

† Mr. Feydeau de Marville was at that time lieutenant of the police.

eſent with ages paſt compare,
hat Cæſar wrote revolve with care,
eing in war how Cæſar ſhone,
reat Maurice ‡ will to you be known.
thoſe whoſe arms defend the ſtate,
France your breaſts can animate,
hold the chief who, wiſe and brave,
rma, France, Genoa could ſave;
monument to *Boufflers* raiſe,
laviſh in fam'd Belleiſle's praiſe;
ufflers' right arm had prop'd the throne,
victim fell to death alone;
cap'd from horrid war's alarms,
dy'd in towns freed by his arms.
t what voice, tender as it's ſtrong,
all utter forth a plaintive ſong,
valiant heroes doom'd t' expire,
fore their much lov'd king and ſire.
t you, Bavaria, hapleſs chief,
oulay, the object of our grief;
ho ſhall your warlike virtue ſing,
your lov'd tombs who flow'rs ſhall bring?
w'rs who the rolling planets guide,
ho o'er our tranſient lives preſide,
utrec midſt dangers dire defend,
r Segur your wings' ſhade extend.
cou has felt the ſword's dire rage,
ve pity on his tender age:
at precious blood your care requires,
hich he to ſhed in fight aſpires:
tch numerous warriors from the grave,
ac and valiant *Daubeterre* ſave,
cruel aid they ſuffer more
an by Bellona's rage before.
t, ſome will ſay, why thus rehearſe
g liſts of heroes in dull verſe?
ow that your country's love in vain,
pires your true, your gen'rous ſtrain;

‡ Marſhal Saxe.

Seldom by praiſe you gain a friend,
Thoſe you neglect you much offend.
I'm haunted thus by dread of harm,
My life's ne'er free from ſome alarm,
Not more to Europe ever gave
Contentions both on land and wave.
Great princeſs then excite no more
My timid muſe ſublime to ſoar,
Let me to hiſtory devote
My mind, and only write by rote;
There we may follow without art,
From the Scheld, Lewis to the Tart:
My work ſhall all his deeds proclaim,
All reflect honour on his name;
Boileau I would not imitate,
Boileau, that penſioner of ſtate,
Who, tho' well paid his king to praiſe,
Was very ſparing of his lays.

*EPISTLE

To the Cardinal Du Bois.

Cambray, July, 1722.

RUPELMONDE for her charms renown'd,
With whom I rove the world around,
Whom the young loves in crowds attend,
To whose commands all mortals bend,
Desires I'd write to you; my muse
Can nothing to the fair refuse.
By hopes to please her I'm excited,
And with the given task delighted.

We are just arriv'd at your eminence's metropolis, which, I think, all the ambassadors and all the cooks in Europe have chosen as their place of rendezvous. The German ambassadors seem to have nothing to do at Cambray but drink the emperor's health. As for the ambassadors of Spain, one hears two masses a day, and the other superintends the company of comedians. The English minister sends several couriers to Champagne,

* This epistle was wrote in 1722. It has been printed several times, but never before from the original. Madam de Rupelmond was daughter to the marshal *D'Alegre*, wife of a Flemish nobleman, and mother of the marquis of *Rupelmonde*, who was killed in Bavaria.

and very few to London. No body expects to ſ
your eminence: it is not apprehended that you w
quit your royal palace in order to viſit your pulpit.
would be a great mortification to us, as well as to yo
if you were oblig'd to quit the miniſtry in order to tu
apoſtle.

May gentlemen of deep deſign,
Who at the congreſs drink good wine,
Find means upon foundation ſure,
The peace of Europe to ſecure,
May you your city love, but ne'er
Think it worth while to viſit there.
I know you homilies can make,
In hand the biſhop's croſier take,
Can maſs upon occaſion ſay,
And in a voice ſonorous pray.
Rather teach princes how to ſhine,
Prudence with lively wit combine;
Let Europe's general voice proclaim
Your mighty deeds, reſound your fame;
Bleſt by all virtuous Frenchmen live,
Do not at Cambray bleſſings give.

Sometimes, my lord, remember a man who regrets nothing ſo much as not having it in his power to converſe with your eminence as often as he could wiſh, and who conſiders the honour of your company as the greateſt favour you can confer on him.

Cardinal

Cardinal DE FLEURY to Mr. DE VOLTAIRE.

SIR, *Iſſi, Nov.* 14, 1740.

I Have juſt receiv'd your ſecond letter, and anſwer it without loſing a moment, for fear the marquis of Beauveau ſhould have quitted Berlin. I can't but approve of your journey thither; and you are attach'd to the king of Pruſſia by ties ſo juſt and ſo ſtrong, that you can't refuſe him this mark of your reſpect and gratitude. The queen of Saba's motive alone would have been ſufficient to induce you to agree to it.

I did not know that the valuable preſent of *Antimachiavel* which was made me by the marchioneſs of Chaſtelet, came from you; it is the more dear to me upon that account, and I return you my hearty thanks. As I have little leiſure to beſtow upon my amuſements, I have not hitherto been able to read above forty pages of it, and I ſhall endeavour to read it thro' in this place, which I improperly call my retreat, as there is too much perplexity and trouble in it to allow me much repoſe.

Whoever be the author of this work, if he is not a prince, he deſerves to be one; and the ſmall part of it which I have read is ſo wiſe, ſo reaſonable, and

contains ſuch admirable principles, that he who compos'd it would deſerve to govern all other men, if he had the courage to carry them into execution: if he was born a prince, he enters into a ſolemn engagement with the public: the emperor Antoninus would never have acquir'd that immortal glory which he will preſerve for ever, if he had not by the juſtice of his government enforced the admirable ſyſtem of morality, of which he had given ſuch inſtructive leſſons to all ſovereigns.

You ſay ſo many obliging things of me, that I'm afraid I ſhould not give credit to them all; but they give me, however, high ſatisfaction, as they are at leaſt tokens of your friendſhip. I ſhould be greatly pleaſed if the king of Pruſſia could find in my conduct any conformity to his principles; for I aſſure you, I look upon them as the model of the moſt perfect and moſt glorious government.

I, unknown to myſelf, deviate into political reflections, and ſhall conclude, by aſſuring you, that I will do my utmoſt to deſerve the good opinion which his Pruſſian majeſty has of me. The quality of prince, is in him ſuperfluous; if he was only a private individual, every body would think it an honour to be connected with him. I envy you that happineſs, ſir, and felicitate you upon it the more, as you are indebted for it only to your talents and your virtues.

Mr.

Mr. De Voltaire's Anſwer to Cardinal De Fleury.

My Lord,

I Receiv'd your letter of the fourteenth, which was convey'd to me by the marquis of Beauveau. I have obey'd the orders which your eminence did not think proper to give me in expreſs terms. I have ſhewn your letter to the king of Pruſſia; he is the more ſenſible of your praiſes, as he deſerves them, and he appears to me diſpos'd to deſerve thoſe of all the nations in Europe. It were to be wiſh'd, for their happineſs, or at leaſt for that of a great part of them, that the king of France and the king of Pruſſia were friends. This concerns you; my buſineſs is to offer up my beſt wiſhes, and be always devoted to you with the moſt profound reſpect.

Berlin, 26th of November, 1740.

Cardinal ALBERONI to Mr. DE VOLTAIRE.

SIR, *Rome, Feb.* 10, 1735.

IT was long before your life of the late king of Sweden came to my knowledge, which oblig'd me to defer returning you my thanks for that part of it which concern'd me. Your prepoſſeſſion in my favour, has carried you a great way, ſince you have in your ſublime ſtyle ſaid more of me in two words, than *Pliny* has ſaid of *Trajan* in his whole panegyric. Happy the princes who can find means to intereſt you in their exploits; your pen inſures their immortality. With regard to myſelf, I aſſure you of the warmeſt ſentiments of gratitude, and that no one living loves, eſteems, and honours you more than Cardinal Alberoni.

Mr.

Mr. De Voltaire's ANSWER.

My LORD,

THE letter with which your eminence has honour'd me, is as acceptable a record of my works, as the eſteem of Europe can be of your actions. I was not entitled to your thanks, my lord; I was only the organ of the public when I ſpoke of you. Liberty and truth, which have always guided my pen, ſecur'd me your ſuffrage. Thoſe two characters are ſure to pleaſe ſuch a genius as yours. Whoever does not love them, may become a powerful, but can never be a great man; I ſhould be glad to have an opportunity of admiring, at a nearer view, him to whom I have done juſtice at a diſtance. I don't flatter myſelf that I ſhall ever be ſo happy as to ſee your eminence. But if Rome underſtands her intereſts enough even to deſire to re-eſtabliſh arts and commerce, and reſtore ſplendor to a country which was once miſtreſs of the world, I hope I ſhall then write to you by a different title from that of your eminence, of whom I have the honour to ſubſcribe myſelf with the moſt profound reſpect, &c.

First LETTER of the Prince Royal of Prussia to Mr. De Voltaire.

SIR, *August* 8, 1736.

THO' I have not the honour of being perſonally acquainted with you, I have long known you in your works. There are treaſures of genius, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, pieces labour'd with ſo much taſte, that we diſcover new beauties in them at every reading. I think I have in them diſcover'd the character of their ingenious author, who does an honour to our age and to human nature. The great men amongſt the moderns will one day be oblig'd to you, and to you alone, for turning the balance in their favour, in caſe the controverſy concerning the preference due to the antients or moderns ſhould be reviv'd.

To the quality of excellent poet, you add many different ſorts of knowledge, which, tho' they have ſome affinity with poetry, were never ſuperadded to it but by your pen. No poet before you could give cadence to metaphyſical thoughts; this honour was reſerv'd to you. 'Tis the taſte for philoſophy which you diſcover in your works, which has made me ſend you my tranſlation of the Accuſation and Defence of *Wolfius*, the moſt celebrated philoſopher of our age, who, for having diffus'd light over the darkeſt parts of metaphyſics, and treated the moſt abſtruſe points in a manner equally ſublime, elegant, and exact has been cruelly accus'd of irreligion and atheiſm. Such is the fate of great men; they are conſtantly expos'd by

by their ſuperior genius to the invenom'd darts of calumny and envy.

I have caus'd the ſame author's treatiſe upon God, the Soul, and the World, to be tranſlated. I ſhall ſend it to you, ſir, as ſoon as ever it is finiſh'd; and I am ſure that you will be ſtruck with the force of evidence in all its propoſitions; they follow geometrically and are connected together like the links of a chain.

The tenderneſs which you diſcover for all thoſe who devote themſelves to the arts and ſciences, makes me hope that you will not exclude me from the number of thoſe whom you think worthy of your inſtructions. I conſider your literary correſpondence as a ſource of inſtruction that muſt be profitable to every thinking being. I might even venture to affirm, that in the whole world there are none that would not be benefited by becoming your ſcholars. Without laviſhing an incenſe unworthy to be offer'd you, I can ſay with the utmoſt ſincerity, that I diſcover innumerable beauties in your works. Your Henriade charms me, it triumphs over the injudicious criticiſm wrote againſt it. The tragedy of Cæſar preſents us with characters admirably ſupported. The ſentiments in it are all noble and grand, and it is eaſy to perceive that Brutus is either a Roman, or an Engliſhman; Alzira adds to the graces of novelty, the happy contraſt between the manners of the ſavage Americans and the Europeans. You ſhew in the character of Guſman, that chriſtianity miſunderſtood, and directed by falſe zeal, makes men more barbarous and cruel than paganiſm itſelf.

Corneille, the great *Corneille*, the wonder of his age, if he was reviv'd in our days, would ſee with aſtoniſhment, and perhaps with envy, that the tragic muſe has laviſhed upon you thoſe graces of which ſhe was ſo ſparing to him. What may not be expected from the author of ſo many maſterly compoſitions? What

new

new wonders may not come from the pen of him who delineated, in ſo lively and admirable a manner, the Temple of Taſte?

This is what has made me ſo ardently deſire to be poſſeſſed of all your works. I beg, ſir, you would be ſo good as to ſend me them, and communicate them all without reſerve. If, amongſt your manuſcripts, there ſhould be any which a neceſſary circumſpection ſhould induce you to conceal from the public, I promiſe to make it a profound ſecret, and content myſelf with admiring it in private. I am not ignorant that the faith of princes is not thought very reſpectable in theſe days; but I hope you will not let yourſelf be prepoſſeſſed by vulgar prejudices, and that you will make an exception in my favour.

I ſhall think myſelf more rich in poſſeſſing your works, than I could ever be made by all the tranſitory goods of fortune, of which we are deprived by the ſame chance which beſtows them on us. The firſt, I mean your works, we may make our own by the aſſiſtance of memory, and they laſt as long as our memory laſts. As I know the weakneſs of mine, I heſitate a long time upon the choice of things worthy to be depoſited in it.

If poetry was ſtill upon the ſame footing as formerly, that is to ſay, if poets were capable only of compoſing inſipid idylliums, eclogues eternally wrote upon the ſame plan, trifling ſtanzas, or elegiac ſtrains, I ſhould renounce the art for ever: but you ennoble it, you point out new paths, paths unknown to *** and to ***. Your poetry has qualities which make it reſpectable, and worthy to be the ſtudy and admiration of all men of taſte: they comprize a complete courſe of morality, by which men are taught both to act and to think; virtue is therein painted in its moſt beautiful colours: the idea of true glory is aſcertained, and inſpires us with the love of virtue in a manner ſo delicate,

that

that whoever has read your works is fir'd with an ambition to tread in your footſteps. How many times have I ſaid to myſelf, Wretch, lay down a burthen which thou art unable to bear; no man can imitate Voltaire without having abilities equal to his. In thoſe moments I perceived that the advantages of birth are of no conſequence, they are diſtinctions foreign to ourſelves, and only adorn the outſide: How much preferable to them are the talents of the mind! How much are we indebted to thoſe whom nature has endowed with extraordinary qualifications! She takes pleaſure in giving to ſome men all the capacity neceſſary to make a progreſs in the ſciences, and it is the duty of princes to reward their labours. Why does not glory make choice of me to crown your ſucceſs? I ſhould fear nothing but that the country here ſhould not produce as many laurels as your works deſerve. If fate does not favour me ſo far as to make me conſtantly happy in your company, I at leaſt hope one day to ſee him whom I admire at a diſtance, and to aſſure you in perſon, that I am, with all the eſteem due to thoſe who, following the light of truth, conſecrate their works to the good of the public,

SIR,

Your affectionate friend,

FREDERICK,

Prince Royal of Pruſſia.

Mr.

Mr. De Voltaire's ANSWER to the Prince Royal of Pruſſia.

SIR, *Paris, Auguſt*, 26, 1736.

I Muſt be inſenſible if I was not highly pleaſed with the letter that your royal highneſs honoured me with; my ſelf-love received high ſatisfaction from it; but the love of human kind, which always animated my heart, and which I will preſume to ſay is my diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic, gave me a much purer delight when I ſaw that there is in the world a prince who thinks like a man, a philoſophical prince born to make the human ſpecies happy.

Give me leave to tell you, that there is not a man living, who is not in duty bound to thank you for the care you take to improve by ſound philoſophy a ſoul by nature framed for government Depend upon it, there never were any kings who really deſerved the name of good, but thoſe who, like you, began by endeavouring to acquire knowledge, to ſtudy human nature, to love truth and to deteſt perſecution and ſuperſtition. Any prince who thinks in this manner, may revive the golden age in his dominions. Why do ſo few kings ſeek ſuch happineſs? Your royal highneſs muſt be ſenſible, that it is becauſe moſt of them think more of royalty than of humanity: you obſerve the very

reverſe

reverſe of this conduct. Depend upon it, if the hurry of buſineſs and the malice of men do not ſpoil ſo fine a character, you will be one day adored by you people, and beloved by the whole world: all thoſe who deſerve the name of philoſophers will repair to your dominions; and as celebrated artiſts crowd to countries where their reſpective arts are encouraged, your throne will be ſurrounded by men who think.

The renowned queen Chriſtina quitted her dominions, in order to go in queſt of the arts: Reign, my lord, and let the arts come in queſt of you.

May you never be diſguſted with the ſciences on account of the diſſentions of learned men: You ſee, my lord, by what you have yourſelf informed me of, that the learned are only men like courtiers themſelves, they are ſometimes as rapacious, as much addicted to intrigue; and all the difference between the plagues of the court and the plagues of the ſchool, is, that the laſt are moſt ridiculous. It is afflictive to humanity, that thoſe who call themſelves the publiſhers of the divine commandments, the interpreters of the deity, in a word, the divines ſhould be more dangerous than all the reſt: that ſome of them ſhould be as troubleſome to ſociety, as confuſed in their ideas, and their ſouls are ſwelled with gall and pride, in proportion as they are void of ideas: ſuch men would diſturb the peace of the whole earth for the ſake of a ſophiſm, and engage kings to aſſert, by ſword and fire, the honour of an argument, in *ferio* or *barbara*. Every thinking being, who differs from them in opinion, is branded as an atheiſt; and every king who does not favour their party is conſigned to damnation. You are well aware, my lord, that it is the beſt way to leave theſe pretended preceptors and real enemies of ſociety to themſelves. Their words, when overlooked and neglected, mix with the air like wind; but, if authority adds its weight to them, that wind acquires

acquires a ſtrength which is ſometimes able to ſhake the throne.

I ſee, my lord, with the joy of a heart inſpired by zeal for the welfare of mankind, the great difference you make between thoſe who peaceably inveſtigate the truth, and thoſe who war for words they don't underſtand. I perceive that the *Newton's*, the *Leibnitz's*, the *Bayle's*, and the *Locke's*, thoſe ſouls ſo ſublime and ſo humane, give yours its ſpiritual nouriſhment, and that you reject the pretended aliments of the others, which you would find poiſoned, and void of ſubſtance.

I can't make ſufficient acknowledgments to your highneſs for having ſent me the little book concerning Mr. Wolf; his metaphyſical ideas reflect an honour upon the human underſtanding; they reſemble flaſhes of lightning in the darkeſt night; nothing farther can, in my opinion, be expected from metaphyſics. It does not ſeem probable, that the firſt principles of things will ever be thoroughly underſtood. The rats, who occupy a few holes in a great pile of building, neither know whether the building is eternal, who is the architect, nor why that edifice was built: they exert themſelves to the utmoſt to preſerve their lives, to people their holes, and to fly the deſtructive animals who purſue them. We are the rats, and the divine architect who built this edifice of the univerſe, has not, as I know, hitherto diſcloſed his ſecret to any of us. If any man may flatter himſelf with having gueſſed right, 'tis Mr. Wolf. Though we may ſometimes combat his opinions, we muſt always eſteem him: his philoſophy is by no means pernicious. What can be more beautiful and more true than his axiom, that men ought to be juſt, even if they had the misfortune of being atheiſts?

You were ſo good, my lord, as to promiſe to ſend me the Treatiſe upon God, the Soul, and the World. What a preſent this! how extraordinary a commerce!

The

The heir to a monarchy in his palace condeſcends to ſend inſtructions to a recluſe! my lord, deign to make me this preſent; my great love for the truth renders me worthy of it; moſt princes fear to hear the truth, you undertake to teach it. With regard to the verſes which you mention, you think as judiciouſly upon that as upon every other article; ſuch verſes as do not teach men new and intereſting truths do not deſerve to be read; you are ſenſible, that nothing can be more contemptible than to paſs away one's life in reducing to rhime ſuch trite, common-place topics as do not deſerve the name of thoughts. If any thing can be lower than this, it is to be a ſatyriſt alone, and to write only in order to depreciate others. Such poets are in Parnaſſus what thoſe doctors are in the ſchools who know nothing but words, and cabal againſt thoſe who are acquainted with things.

If your royal highneſs has not been diſpleaſed with the Henriade, I ſhould thank that love of truth, that horror of faction, perſecution, ſuperſtition, tyrants and rebels, which breathe thro' my poem. 'Tis the work of a virtuous man, and ſhould of conſequence meet with a favourable reception from a philoſophical prince.

You command me to ſend you my other works, I ſhall obey you, my Lord: I ſhall ſubmit them to your judgment; you will to me ſupply the place of the public. I will ſubmit to you whatever I have advanc'd in philoſophy; your information ſhall be my recompence; 'tis a recompence which few ſovereigns have to give. I may depend upon your ſecreſy; your virtue muſt equal your knowledge.

I ſhould look upon it as a ſingular happineſs to have it in my power to come and pay my court to your royal highneſs. Travellers go to Rome to ſee churches, pictures and bas relievo's. Such a prince as you is much more deſerving of a traveller's attention, a prince of ſuch merit is a much more uncommon ſight. But friendſhip,

friendſhip, which detains me in my preſent retreat, will not permit me to quit it. You appear to me to be more a man than a prince, and you will, without doubt, permit me, my Lord, to prefer my friends even to kings.

In whatever corner of the world I end my life, be aſſured, my Lord, I will always offer up my beſt wiſhes for you, that is, for the happineſs of a whole nation. My ſoul will be always in the number of your ſubjects: your glory will be always dear to me. It ſhall be my conſtant prayer that you may always be like yourſelf, and that other kings may be like you.

I am, with the profoundeſt reſpect,

Your royal highneſs's humble ſervant, &c.

VOLTAIRE.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE to the Prince Royal of PRUSSIA.

Cirey, 21ſt of December, 1741.

SUN, who in winter ſad dart feeble fire,
Sun, who art of this world believ'd the fire,
Inventor deem'd of the poetic trade,
Tho' ſuch ſad verſes ev'ry day are made:
Say, Sun, what rigorous deſtiny ordains,
That whilſt ſo little of the year remains
You ſhould ſo diſtant from fam'd Berlin roll,
Which lies towards the frozen northern pole?
There dwells the chief whoſe breaſt celeſtial fire,
In his climes wanting, ever does inſpire;
The hero who a hoſt undaunted led,
And conquer'd Neiſs when from our climes you fled.
Your courſe why do you to th' antartic ſteer?
Do negroes lovely to your eyes appear?
From that ſad climate quickly back retire,
And like my hero yield celeſtial fire.

In terms like theſe, royal Sir, did I this morning addreſs your brother the ſun, who is likewiſe the ſoul of a part of this world. I ſhould have ſaid a great deal more concerning your majeſty, if I had that talent for writing verſe with eaſe, which I have loſt, and which you poſſeſs. I have received ſome here which you compoſed

poſed at Neiſs, with as much eaſe as you took the town. This little anecdote, together with the verſes, which you were ſo kind as to ſend me immediately after the victory of Molwitz, will one day furniſh extraordinary materials for hiſtory.

Lewis the XIVth took the Franche-Comte in winter, but he fought no battle and compoſed no verſes at the camp before Dole or Beſançon. Thoſe compoſed by your majeſty at Neiſs, reſemble thoſe which Solomon compoſed in all his glory, when, after having known all things by experience, he acknowledged that *all is vanity*. It is true, the good man ſpoke thus in the midſt of three hundred wives, and ſeven hundred concubines, and without having ever fought a battle, or beſieged a town. But, royal Sir, no offence to Solomon or you, or to you and Solomon; there is certainly ſome reality in this world.

Sileſia's regions to lay waſte,
Then crown'd with laurels home to haſte,
To hear all bards your worth proclaim,
And conſecrate the hero's fame;
The fair and brave each night to call
To opera, comedy, or ball;
Yourſelf to ſee both lov'd and fear'd,
Admir'd by all men, and rever'd,
Seated on glory's lap to know
The pleaſures that from friendſhip flow;
A joy to thoſe but rarely known
Who ſhine in fields or on the throne;
With taſte to read the learned lays
Compos'd by bards of ancient days;
Sometimes to labour happy rhymes,
Which ſhall be read in lateſt times:
Such a life muſt your bliſs ſecure,
And pleaſure muſt be real ſure.

Your majeſty has atchieved many great things in a ſhort time. I am poſitive there is not that perſon living who is employed in a greater variety of affairs of all kinds; but with this active genius that comprehends ſo many

many things in its ſphere, you will always preſerve that ſuperiority of genius which raiſes you above all your employments.

All I apprehend is, that you may at laſt conceive too great a contempt for mankind. Millions of animals with two feet and no feathers are removed to a vaſt diſtance from you, as well by the meanneſs of their underſtanding as of their condition. This thought has been beautifully expreſſed by Milton:

Amongſt unequals no ſociety.

There is another misfortune to be dreaded, and that is, that as your majeſty ſo admirably delineates the noble courage of politicians, the intereſted attachments of courtiers, &c. you may at laſt diſtruſt all demonſtrations of affection whatever, and look upon it as a ſelf-evident propoſition, that no king is loved for his own ſake. Let me in my turn, Sir, offer an argument of my own. Is it not true, that no man can avoid loving, for his own ſake, a perſon of a ſuperior genius who has a variety of talents, and to thoſe talents joins the art of pleaſing? Now if by ill luck this ſuperior genius ſhould happen to be a king, ſhould his condition for that reaſon be the worſe, and would he be the leſs beloved becauſe of his wearing a crown? For my part, I don't find that the laſt circumſtance inſpires me with any coldneſs.

I am, Sir, &c.

The

The Prince Royal of Prussia to M. De Voltaire.

Dear Voltaire, *Selowitz, March* 23, 1742.

I Am afraid to write to you, for I have no other news to tell you but ſuch as you are quite indifferent about, or ſuch as you abhor. If I was to tell you, for example, that the inhabitants of two different countries of Germany left their habitations in order to cut the throats of another people, whoſe very name they were ignorant of, and which they went in queſt of to a very remote country, and that for no other reaſon but becauſe their maſter had made an agreement with another Prince, and becauſe they intended to join in order to cut the throat of a third, you will tell me, that ſuch people were fools and mad to ſecond in that manner the caprice and barbarity of their maſter.

Were I to tell you that we are preparing, with great care and expence, to demoliſh certain walls raiſed at an immenſe expence; that we reap where we have not ſown, and are maſters where no body is ſtrong enough to reſiſt us; you cry out, O barbarians, robbers, inhuman wretches! the unjuſt ſhall not inherit the kingdom of heaven, according to St. Matthew, chap. xii. ver. 24.

Since

Since I foreſee what you would ſay to me upon theſe ſubjects, I ſhall talk to you no more about them; I ſhall content myſelf with informing you, that a man whom you have heard ſpoken of under the name of the King of Pruſſia, hearing that the dominions of his ally the Emperor were ruined by the queen of Hungary, flew to his aſſiſtance; that he joined his troops to thoſe of the King of Poland, in order to make a diverſion in Lower Auſtria; and that he has been ſo ſucceſsful that he expects in a ſhort time to engage the principal forces of the queen of Hungary in order to ſerve his ally. This is generoſity, you will ſay; this is heroiſm. Yet, dear Voltaire, this is exactly the ſame with the firſt picture; it may be compared with the ſame woman's appearing in her night-cap when ſhe diveſts herſelf of her charms, and afterwards ſhewing herſelf with her paint, her falſe teeth, and her trinkets. In how many different points of view may the ſame object be ſeen? How much do men's judgments vary! Men condemn in the evening what they approve in the morning; the ſame ſun which pleas'd them at it's riſing, diſpleaſes them when it ſets; hence it is that reputations are eſtabliſh'd, that they ſink, and that they then are re-eſtabliſh'd again; and yet we are weak enough to be ſolicitous about reputation during the whole courſe of our lives. How is it poſſible that men can be impos'd upon by this falſe coin ever ſince it was firſt current? &c.

The King of PRUSSIA to Mr. de VOLTAIRE.

IF all hiſtories were wrote like that which you ſent me, we would be better acquainted with the manners of all ages, and leſs impoſed upon by hiſtorians. The longer I know you, the more I admire your abilities. No ſtyle can, in my opinion, be finer than that in which the Hiſtory of Lewis the Fourteenth is wrote. I read every paragraph three or four times over; to ſuch a degree do I admire it: every ſentence is ſtriking, it every where abounds with admirable reflexions: there is not a falſe thought in it, there is nothing in it any way puerile, and its impartiality is unexceptionable. When I have read the work thro', I ſhall ſend you a few remarks upon it, amongſt the reſt, upon the German names which you have a little diſfigur'd; this might render the work ſomewhat obſcure, as ſome of them are ſo diſguis'd, that we are puzzled to gueſs at them.

I wiſh every work capable of conveying inſtruction, was to come from your pen. We ſhould then be ſure of being improv'd by the books we read.

I ſometimes am vex'd at the puerilities, the trivial remarks, and the dry ſtyle of certain books. Theſe things readers are often oblig'd to digeſt. You ſpare your readers that trouble. Let a man have judgment or not, he

he is equally improv'd by your works: he has no occasion for any thing but memory. Pray, my dear friend, tell me how you pass your time at Cirey; 'tis a retreat which I envy you.

. . . . . .

The ANSWER.

YOU aſk me, and I'll tell in rhyme,
How we at Cirey paſs our time:
What need I to you this relate,
Our maſter, you, we imitate:
From you we've learn'd the wiſeſt rules,
Taught in fam'd Epicurus' ſchools.
We here all ſacrifice like you,
To every art and nature too.
And yet we but at diſtance follow
Your ſteps, tho' guided by Apollo.
Thus when the brilliant god of day
Caſts from heav'ns' height a ſhining ray,
Upon ſome chamber dark as night
Of thoſe bleſt rays the ſhining light,
The chamber's deep obſcure pervades
And diſſipates the gloomy ſhades,
Then the ſpectators caſt their eyes on
A miniature of the horizon.
Such a compariſon may ſhew
That ſome philoſophy I know,
That I've read Newton and Kirkherus,
Authors both learn'd, profound and ſerious.
Perhaps my muſe, this tone aſſuming,
May be by many thought perſuming;

Perhaps

Perhaps I ſpoil at the ſame time
As well philoſophy as rhyme;
But novelties have charms for me;
From laws poetic I'd be free;
Let others in their lyric lays
Say the ſame thing a thouſand ways,
The world with antient fables tire,
I new and ſtriking truths admire.
Ye deities ador'd by ſwains,
Naiads and nymphs that trip the plains,
Satyrs, to dancing ſtill inclin'd,
Ye boys call'd Cupids by mankind,
Who whilſt our meadows bloom in ſpring,
Inſpire men love's ſoft joys to ſing,
Aſſiſt a poet with your ſkill,
The charms 'twixt ſenſe and rhyme to fill.
Th' enchanting pleaſures well I know
Which from harmonious numbers flow;
The ear's a paſſage to the heart,
Sound can to thought new charms impart;
But genius's I muſt prefer
Tho' even nobly wild they err,
To pedants, whoſe exact diſcourſe
Is void of genius as of force.
Gardens where ſymmetry's diſplay'd,
Trees which in rows yield equal ſhade,
Who thus arrang'd you on the plain
May boaſt his art and ſkill in vain:
Gardens from you I muſt retire,
Too much of art I can't admire.
The ſpacious foreſt ſuits my mind,
Where nature wanders unconfin'd,
Its ſhades with awe ſpectators fill,
They baffle all the artiſt's ſkill.
But in my free and artleſs ſtrain,
Nature I imitate in vain;
Tho' wild, I can't like nature pleaſe,
I can't boaſt charming nature's eaſe.
This rhapſody great prince excuſe,
'Tis but the ſally of my muſe,

Reaſon had o'er me loſt her ſway,
When I compos'd this hurry'd lay,
Judgment was from my breaſt expell'd,
For fair Emilia I beheld.

M. de VOLTAIRE's

SPEECH,

ON HIS

RECEPTION into the FRENCH ACADEMY.

With NOTES.

Delivered on Monday the 9th of May, 1746.

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OF

THE EDITORS.

THOUGH an academical oration is commonly no more than a vain ceremony full of hackneyed compliments, and ſtuffed with the eulogy of a predeceſſor, who perhaps was a man of but very mean parts; yet this diſcourſe, which ſeveral gentlemen have begged us to reprint, ought to be exempted from the common law, which condemns to oblivion moſt of theſe formal and unmeaning pieces. The ſpeech, it is preſumed, will be found to have ſome merit, and the notes are uſeful.

GENTLEMEN,

YOUR founder transfuſed into your eſtabliſhment all the greatneſs and dignity of his own ſoul, by ordaining that you ſhould always be free and equal. And indeed he acted wiſely in raiſing above dependence thoſe who were above all ſelfiſh and intereſted views, and who, as generous as himſelf, did letters the honour which they ſo well deſerve, namely, that of ſtudying them for their own ſake *. It was to be feared, that the ardour of proſecuting theſe noble ſtudies might one day be relaxed. In order, therefore, to preſerve it in its full vigour, you made a law, by which you bound yourſelves to admit none as members of your academy but ſuch as reſided in Paris. From this law, however, you have wiſely deviated in receiving in your number thoſe extraordinary geniuſes who were called elſewhere by their honourable employments, but who by their ſenſible or ſublime performances were always preſent with you; for it would be to violate the ſpirit of a law not to tranſgreſs the letter of it in favour of great men. If the late preſident Bouhier, after having flattered himſelf with the pleaſing hopes of conſecrating the reſt

* The French academy is the oldeſt eſtabliſhment of that kind in France. It was at firſt compoſed of ſome men of letters, who met together for the ſake of mutual converſation. It is not divided into honorary and penſionary members. Its privileges are merely honorary, ſuch as that enjoyed by the commenſals of the palace, of not being obliged to plead out of Paris; that of addreſſing the king in a body with the ſuperior courts; and that of being accountable to none but the king.

of his days to your company, was obliged to paſs them at a conſiderable diſtance, both he and the academy were comforted for their mutual loſs, by reflecting that he cultivated your ſciences with his uſual induſtry in the city of Dijon, which hath produced ſo many great men *, and where genius ſeems to be one of the characteriſtics of the citizens.

He put us in mind of thoſe times when the moſt auſtere magiſtrates, accompliſhed like him in the knowledge of the laws, unbended their minds from the cares of ſtate, by indulging in the amuſements of literature. What pitiful wretches are thoſe who deſpiſe theſe agreeable ſtudies; who place a kind of ſolitary grandeur in ſhutting themſelves up within the narrow circle of their own employments! Do they not know that Cicero, after having filled the firſt place in the world, ſtill continued to plead the cauſes of his fellow citizens, wrote on the nature of the gods, converſed with men of letters, went to the theatre, condeſcended to cultivate the friendſhip of Æſopus and Roſcius, and left little minds to enjoy their ſolemn gravity, which is only the maſk of ignorance and weakneſs?

The preſident Bouhier was a man of great learning; but did not reſemble thoſe uſeleſs and unſociable ſcholars, who neglect the ſtudy of their own tongue to acquire an imperfect knowledge of ancient languages; who think they have a right to deſpiſe their own times becauſe they imagine they have ſome little acquaintance with former ages; who admire a paſſage in Æſchylus, but have never enjoyed the pleaſure of ſhedding a tear at our own plays. He tranſlated Petronius's poem on the civil war; not that he conſidered that declamation, which is full of falſe thoughts, as nearly equal to the chaſte and elegant ſublimity of Virgil: on the

* Meſſieurs de la Monnoye, Bouhier, Lantin, and above all the eloquent Boſſuet, biſhop of Meaux, who is commonly conſidered as the laſt father of the church.

the contrary, he knew that Petronius's ſatire *, though diſtinguiſhed here and there by charming ſtrokes of wit, is no more than the whimſical production of a young man of mean condition, whoſe manners and ſtile were alike irregular. Some men, who pretend to be the moſt perfect maſters of taſte and pleaſure, eſteem the whole of Petronius's works; but Mr. Bouhier, a man of greater judgment, does not even eſteem all that he tranſlated. It is one proof, among many others, how much reaſon hath been improved in the preſent age, that a tranſlator is no longer a blind admirer of his author; but can treat him with the ſame impartiality as he would treat a cotemporary. He exerciſed his talents on this poem, on the hymn to Venus, and on Anacreon, in order to ſhew that the poets ought to be tranſlated into verſe; an opinion which he defended with great warmth; nor will it be thought ſtrange that my ſentiments are the ſame with his.

Allow me, gentlemen, to enter a little more deeply into theſe literary diſcuſſions: my doubts before ſuch learned judges as you will be equal to deciſions. In this manner I may poſſibly contribute to the improvement of the arts; and I had much rather pronounce in your preſence an uſeful than an eloquent diſcourſe.

Why is it that Homer, Theocritus, Lucretius, Virgil, and Horace, have been happily tranſlated into Italian an Engliſh ‡? why is it that theſe nations have none

* St. Evremont admires Petronius, becauſe he takes him for a great courtier, and believed himſelf to be ſuch. This was the folly of the times. St. Evremont and ſeveral others aſſert that Nero is repreſented under the name of Trimalchion: but can an old fat and ridiculous farmer of the revenues, and his old wife, an impertinent citizen, be ſaid to reſemble a young emperor and his young ſpouſe Octavia, or the young Popæa? Can the debaucheries and petty thefts of a few roguiſh ſcholars be ſaid to reſemble the pleaſures of the maſter of the world? Petronius, the author of the ſatire, is evidently a young man of ſpirit, who made a figure among a ſet of obſcure debauchees, and not the conſul Petronius.

‡ Horace is tranſlated into Italian verſe by Palavicini; Virgil by Hannibal Caro; Ovid by Auguillara; and Theocritus by Ricolini. The Italians have five good tranſlations of Anacreon. With

none of the ancient poets in proſe, and that we have none of them in verſe? I will endeavour to aſſign the reaſon.

To ſurmount the difficulties that oppoſe us in the execution of any work, conſtitutes no inconſiderable part of its merit. No great atchievements without great labour; nor is there a nation in the world where it is more difficult to transfuſe the true ſpirit of ancient poetry than it is in ours. The firſt poets formed the genius of their language. The Greeks and the Romans at firſt employed poetry in painting all the ſenſible objects of nature. Homer deſcribes whatever ſtrikes the eye. The French, who have not yet begun to improve any of the more ſublime kinds of poetry, except the dramatic, neither could or ought to deſcribe any thing that does not affect the ſoul. We have inſenſibly debarred ourſelves from all thoſe objects which other nations have ventured to paint. There is nothing that Danté does not deſcribe after the example of the ancients. He accuſtomed the Italians to expreſs every thing; but how could we in the preſent age imitate the author of the Georgick, who particularly mentions all the inſtruments of agriculture? In effect we hardly know them; and our effeminate pride, bred and nouriſhed in the boſom of that peace and luxury which we enjoy in our cities, unhappily affixes a mean idea to theſe rural labours, and to the deſcription of thoſe uſeful arts which the lords and legiſlators of the univerſe cultivated with their own victorious hands. Had our good poets known how to expreſs little things with propriety, our tongue would have added that merit, which is far from being inconſiderable, to the advantage of having become the firſt language in the world for the charms of converſation, and the expreſſion of ſentiment

With regard to the Engliſh, Dryden hath tranſlated Virgil and Juvenal; Pope, Homer; Creech, Lucretius †, &c.

† Of Virgil there are three Engliſh tranſlations beſides that by Dryden, viz. Lauderdale's, Trap's, and Pitt's; and we expect ſoon to ſee a fourth complete tranſlation of the Æneid by Mr. Strahan. We have alſo Theocritus tranſlated by Creech, and Horace by Francis.

ſentiment. The language of the heart, and the ſtile of the theatre have entirely prevailed; they have embelliſhed the French tongue; but have confined its beauties within too narrow limits.

And when I ſay, gentlemen, that the great poets have determined the genius of languages*, I advance nothing that is not well known to you. The Greeks did not begin to write hiſtory till four hundred years after Homer's time, and it was from that great painter of nature that their tongue derived that ſuperiority which it afterwards obtained over all the languages of Europe and Aſia. Among the Romans, Terence was the

* It is impoſſible in a ceremonial diſcourſe to enter into the reaſons of this difficulty that attends our poetry. It proceeds from the idiom of the language; for though M. de la Motte, and ſeveral others after him, have aſſerted in full academy, that languages have no idioms, yet it appears demonſtrable that each language hath its own peculiar idiom.

This idiom is its fitneſs to expreſs certain ideas with propriety, and its unfitneſs to expreſs others with preciſion. Both theſe peculiarities ariſe, 1. From the terminations of words. 2. From auxiliary verbs and participles. 3. From the greater or leſs number of rhimes. 4. From the length or ſhortneſs of words. 5. From the greater or leſs variation of caſes. 6. From articles and pronouns. 7. From eliſions. 8. From inverſions. 9. From the quantity of ſyllables. And, in fine, from an infinite number of minute circumſtances, which can only be perceived by thoſe who have thoroughly ſtudied the principles of a language.

1. The terminations of words, ſuch as *perdre, vaincre, un coin, ſucre, raſte, crotte, perdu, ſourdre, fief, coffre*, theſe harſh ſyllables grate the ear, a property for which all the northern tongues are remarkable.

2. Auxiliary verbs and participles. *Victi hoſtibus*, "*les enemis ayant été vaincus.*" There are four words for two. "Læſo & invicto milite." This is the inſcription of the invalids at Berlin: were we to tranſlate it into French, it would be *pour les ſoldats qui ont été bleſſés & qui n'ont pas été vaincus:* how flat and languid! Hence it appears that Latin is more proper for inſcriptions than French.

3. The number of rhimes. Open a dictonary of Italian rhimes, and one of French rhimes, you will always find a greater number of rhimes in the Italian; and you will further remark, that in the French there are twenty low and ridiculous rhimes for two that can enter into the noble and majeſtic ſtile.

4. The

the firſt that expreſſed himſelf with elegance and purity; and it was Danté, and after him Petrarch, that gave the Italian tongue that charming ſweetneſs which it hath ever

4. The length and ſhortneſs of words. It is this that renders a language more or leſs proper for the expreſſion of certain maxims, and the meaſure of certain verſes.

We have never been able to tranſlate into French in one good verſe:

Quanto ſi moſtra men tanto è più bella.

Nor have the Italians ever been able to tranſlate into good verſes:

Tel brille au ſecond rang, qui s'eclipſe au premier.
C'eſt un poids bien peſant qu'un nom trop tôt fameux.

5. The greater or leſs variation of caſes. *Mon pére de mon pére, à mon pére*; meus pater, mei patris, meo patri; this is clear and diſtinct.

6. Articles and pronouns. "De ipſius negotio ei loquebatur." *Con elle parlava dell' affaire di lui*; *il lui parlait de ſon affaire*. No amphibology in the Latin. It is almoſt unavoidable in the French. We know not whether *ſon affaire* is that of the man who ſpeaks, or to him to whom the ſpeech is addreſſed: the pronoun *il* is cut off in the Latin, and it is it that makes the French and the Italian ſo flat and inſipid.

7. Elliſions.

Canto l'arme pietoſe, e il capitano.

We cannot ſay,

"Chantons la Piété et la virtu heureuſe."

8. Inverſions. *Céſar cultiva tous les arts utiles*; we cannot turn this phraſe in any other manner. In Latin it can be expreſſed in twenty different ways:

"Cæſar omnes utiles artes coluit."

What a ſurpriſing difference!

9. The quantity of ſyllables. This is the ſoul of harmony. The long and ſhort ſyllables in the Latin form a truly muſical cadence. The more of this property any language poſſeſſes, it is the more harmonious. Obſerve the Italian verſes, and you will find that the penult is always long:

Capâno, mâno, ſêno chriſto, acquiſto,

From

ever ſince preſerved. It is to Lopez de Vega * that the Spaniſh owes its pomp and majeſty; and it was Shakeſpeare †, rude and unpoliſh'd as he was, that infuſed into the Engliſh language that ſtrength and energy, which they have never ſince been able to increaſe, without overſtraining, and conſequently without weakening it. Whence proceeds this grand effort of poetry, by which it forms and finally fixes the genius of nations, and of their languages? The cauſe of it is evident: the firſt good verſes, or even ſuch as are but ſeemingly ſo, are deeply imprinted on the memory by the aid of harmonious numbers. Their bold and natural turns become familiar; and men, who are all born with a deſire and capacity of imitation, inſenſibly acquire the ſame manner of expreſſion, and even the ſame way of thinking with thoſe whoſe daring imaginations at firſt got the aſcendency over the minds of others. Will you not agree with me, gentlemen, when I ſay that the true merit and reputation of our tongue began with the author of the Cid, and of Cinna ‖?

Before him Montagne was the only writer that engaged the attention of the few foreigners who underſtood the French; but Montagne's ſtile is neither pure nor correct, nor accurate, nor noble. He is alike remarkable for eaſe and energy: he expreſſes great things with plainneſs and ſimplicity; and it is this ſimplicity with which we are charmed; we become fond of the author's character; we are pleaſed to find our own picture in what he ſays of himſelf; we love to converſe with him, and to change our diſcourſe and opinions with

From all theſe particulars we may ſafely conclude, that every tongue hath its own peculiar idiom, which men of ſuperior parts diſcover firſt, and ſoon demonſtrate the others, by unfolding the true genius of the language.

* The ſtyle of Lopez de Vega is not more pure and ſtately than that of Cervantes, who was his cotemporary, and indeed his ſenior in writing.

† There is no Engliſh writer more chaſte, energic, and copious than Spencer, who was prior to Shakeſpear.

‖ Pierre Corneille.

with him. I have heard many people admire the language of Montagne; but it is his imagination that we ought to admire: the former is bold and daring, but the latter is far from being ſo.

Marot, who formed his language by that of Montagne, is hardly known beyond the limits of his native country; and even among us he is chiefly valued for ſome ſimple tales, and ſome licentious epigrams, the merit of which conſiſts almoſt always in the ſubject; and it was owing to our injudicious regard for this trifling merit that our language remained ſo long unimproved. Poems, hiſtory, and books of mortality, were all written in the tragic ſtile. The judicious Deſpreaux ſays, *Imiter de Marot l'elegant badinage.* I am inclined to think that he would have ſaid *le naif badenage*, were it not that this word, which is more proper, would have rendered his verſe leſs harmonious. In effect we have no good performances but ſuch as force their way into foreign nations, and are there ſtudied and tranſlated; but into what foreign language has ever Marot been tranſlated?

Our tongue, for a long time after him, was no better than a familiar jargon, in which we were ſometimes happy enough to compoſe ſome pieces of humour; but when humour is our only merit, we can never expect to be admired by other nations.

Enfin Malherbe vint, & le premier en France
Fit ſentir dans les vers une geſte cadence,
D'un mot mis en ſa place enſeigna le pouvoir.

At laſt great Malherbe came, and firſt taught France the art
To rough unpoliſh'd verſe juſt cadence to impart.
Of words in order plac'd he ſhew'd the mighty power.

If Malherbe was the firſt that ſhewed what happy effects might be produced by the great art of well-placed words, and well-turned periods, he muſt be allowed to have been the firſt that was elegant. But are a few harmonious

harmonious ſtanzas ſufficient to engage ſtrangers to cultivate our language? They read that admirable poem the Jeruſalemme Liberata, Orlando Furioſo, Paſtor Fido, and the beautiful pieces of Petrarch: and can they rank with theſe maſterly performances a ſmall number of French verſes well wrote indeed; but feeble, and almoſt deſtitute of imagination?

Thus the French tongue would have for ever remained in its former ſtate of mediocrity, without one of thoſe extraordinary men, who are made to change and elevate the ſpirit of a whole nation. It was the greateſt of your firſt academicians, it was Corneille alone, that began to make our language be admired by foreigners, at the very time that cardinal Richelieu began to make the crown to be reſpected by the neighbouring nations. Both of them ſpread our glory throughout Europe. Corneille was ſucceeded, I will not ſay by men of greater genius, but by better writers. A man aroſe, who was, at once, more animated and more correct; leſs various indeed, but therefore leſs unequal; ſometimes as ſublime, and always as majeſtic, without running into bombaſt: an enemy to declamation, he ſpoke to the heart with more truth, and with more charms *.

One of their cotemporaries, incapable perhaps of thoſe ſublime conceptions which elevate the ſoul, and of thoſe delicate feelings which melt it into pity, but made to enlighten and direct thoſe whom nature had bleſſed with both theſe qualities, laborious, ſevere, accurate, pure, harmonious, and who, in fine, might be ſaid to be the poet of reaſon, began unhappily by writing ſatires; but ſoon after equalled, and perhaps ſurpaſſed, Horace in his Moral Epiſtles, and his Art of Poetry. He gave precepts and examples; and was at laſt convinced, that the art of inſtructing, when executed with a maſterly hand, ſucceeds better than the art of ſatirizing, becauſe ſatire dies with thoſe who have been the victims of its rage: whereas reaſon and virtue are eternal ‡. You had, in every branch of literature, that crowd

* Racine.
‡ Boileau.

crowd of great men which nature produced, as in the age of Leo X. and in that of Auguſtus. Then it was that foreigners began to read our authors with avidity; and, thanks in part to cardinal Richelieu, they adopted our language, as they are now eager to deck themſelves with the manufactures of our ingenious artiſts, for which we are indebted to the labours of the great Colbert.

A monarch admired by all men for his five victories, and ſtill more by the learned on account of his great knowledge, hath choſen our language for his own, and hath adopted it into his court and his dominions: he ſpeaks it with that energy and propriety which ſtudy alone can never beſtow, and which is the true mark of genius. Not only does he ſtudy it: he even ſometimes embelliſhes and improves it; for great ſouls will always ſeize thoſe happy turns and expreſſions which can never occur to weak minds *. Stockholm is bleſſed with a new Chriſtina, equal to the firſt in genius, ſuperior in every thing elſe; and ſhe pays the ſame honour to our language. The French is ſtudied at Rome, where ſt was formerly deſpiſed. It is now become as familiar to the ſovereign pontiff as the learned languages, in which he writes when he inſtructs the chriſtian world which he governs. Several Italian cardinals have wrote in French, in the Vatican, with as much elegance as if they had been born at Verſailles. Your works gentlemen, have forced their way to that capital of the moſt remote empire of Aſia and Europe, and the moſt extenſive in the univerſe; to that city, which, about forty years ago, was a deſert †, inhabited only by wild beaſts: there your dramatic pieces are now repreſented; and the ſame good taſte which introduced the Italian muſic into the city of Peter the Great, and of his worthy daughter. hath likewiſe introduced your eloquence.

This

* The late king of Sweden.

† The place where Peterſburg now ſtands was formerly a marſhy and barren deſert.

This honour, paid by ſo many nations to our excellent writers, is a proof that Europe owes to us its preſervation from degeneracy. I will not ſay that every thing is haſtening towards a ſhameful decay; the common complaint of thoſe ſatiriſts, who endeavour to juſtify their own weakneſs by that which they impute to the age. I own, indeed, that the glory of our arms is ſupported with more dignity than that of our learning; but the fire which formerly enlightened us is not yet extinct. Have not theſe latter years produced the only book of chronology, in which the manners of men, and the characters of courts and ages, are painted with a maſterly hand? a work, which, were it but drily inſtructive, like ſo many others, would nevertheleſs be the beſt of the kind; but in which the author * hath found out the happy ſecret of mixing pleaſure with inſtruction, a ſecret attainable only by thoſe men who are ſuperior to their works.

The cauſes of the riſe and fall of the Roman empire have been demonſtrated in a ſhorter book ſtill, written by a bold and daring genius †, who goes to the bottom of every ſubject, while he only ſeems to ſkim on the ſurface. Never had we more elegant and faithful tranſlators than at preſent: true philoſophers have at laſt begun to write hiſtory. A man, equally remarkable for the elegance of his ſtile and the ſolidity of his judgment ‡, is formed amidſt the tumults of war. There are ſeveral of theſe amiable geniuſes whom Tibullus and Ovid would have conſidered as their diſciples, and wiſhed to have for their friends. The theatre, I confeſs, is threatened with a ſudden fall; but, at leaſt, I ſee here that truly tragic genius ‖, whoſe example I have endeavoured

* The preſident Hénaut. In ſome tranſlations of this diſcourſe, the name of the abbé Langlet has been inſerted in the note, inſtead of that of M. Hénaut: a ſtrange kind of miſtake!

† The preſident Monteſquieu.

‡ The marquis de Vauvenargues, a young man of the greateſt hopes, who died in the twenty-ſeventh year of his age.

‖ M. Crébillon, author of Electra and Radamiſta. Theſe plays, which are filled with ſtrokes truly tragical, are frequently acted.

voured to follow, when I ventured to take a few ſteps in the ſame career. I view him with a mixture of ſorrow and ſatisfaction, as we behold, on the ruins of our native country, an hero who hath bravely fought in its defence. I obſerve ſeveral among you, who, in imitation of the great Moliere, have rendered comedy a ſchool of manners and decency; a ſchool which deſerves as much encouragement in France as a leſs chaſte theatre enjoyed at Athens. If that celebrated author, who firſt adorned philoſophy with all the graces of poetry belongs to a more remote age, he is ſtill the honour and the conſolation of yours.

Great talents muſt always be rare, eſpecially when the taſte and genius of a nation are formed. It is then with men of letters as it is with foreſts, where the trees, crowded together, and reared up, will not ſuffer any one to raiſe its head above the reſt. When commerce is in a few hands, ſome people make prodigious fortunes, while the greater number remain poor; but when commerce is more widely diffuſed, wealth becomes general, and great fortunes are rare. We have, gentlemen, a great deal of genius in France, and that is the very reaſon why we ſhall find for the future very few ſuperior geniuſes.

But, notwithſtanding this univerſal improvement of the nation, I will not deny that our language, elegant as it now is, and fixed as, one would imagine, it ought to be by ſo many excellent performances, may nevertheleſs be eaſily corrupted. We ought to apprize ſtrangers that it already loſes much of its purity in almoſt all the books compoſed in that famous republic, which hath been ſo long our ally ‡, and in which the French is the prevailing language, notwithſtanding the factions that oppoſe France. But if it is corrupted in that country by a mixture of idioms, it is in danger of being corrupted among our ſelves by a mixture of different ſtiles. Whatever vitiates the taſte of a nation, will, in the end, vitiate its language. Some writers endeavour to enliven the moſt ſerious and inſtructive works, by familiar and colloquial

‡ The United Provinces.

colloquial expreſſions. Some introduce the burleſque ſtile of Marot into the moſt noble ſubjects; which is much the ſame abſurdity as if they were to dreſs a prince in the garb of a harlequin. Some make uſe of new terms, which are entirely uſeleſs, and ſhould never be hazarded but when they are abſolutely neceſſary. There are ſeveral other faults, with which I am the more ſenſibly affected, becauſe I have fallen into ſome of them myſelf. But, to preſerve me from ſuch errors for the future, I ſhall find among you, gentlemen, thoſe aſſiſtances which my learned predeceſſor acquired by his ſtudies. Intimately acquainted with the works of Cicero, he had from thence derived this advantage, that he ſtudied to ſpeak the French language with as much purity as that conſul ſpoke the Latin. But it belongs to that gentleman, who hath made the works of that great orator his particular ſtudy, and was the friend of the preſident Bouhier, to revive among us the eloquence of the one, and to diſplay to you the merit of the other. To-day he has a double taſk to perform: he has a friend to lament and celebrate, and a friend to receive and encourage. He may tell you with more eloquence than I, but not with more ſenſibility, what charms friendſhip gives to the labours of men devoted to the ſtudy of letters; how it ſerves to conduct, correct, excite, and ſolace them; and how it inſpires the ſoul with that pleaſing and agreeable compoſure, without which we can never be maſter of our own ideas.

In this manner it was that the Academy was at firſt formed. It hath an origin ſtill more noble than that which it received from cardinal Richlieu; it took its firſt riſe in the boſom of friendſhip. Men united by this reſpectable tie, and by their common taſte for the fine arts, met together, without aſpiring to fame: they were leſs illuſtrious than their ſucceſſors, but not leſs happy. Decency, candour, concord, and ſound criticiſm, which is ſo oppoſite to ſatire, inſpired their meetings. The ſame virtues and good qualities will always animate yours: they will be the conſtant purſuit of men of letters; and will ſerve, perhaps, to reform thoſe who make themſelves unworthy of the name. The true lovers of the

the arts are always friends. Who hath a better right to ſay ſo than I? I would take the liberty, gentlemen, to enlarge on the inſtances of friendſhip with which moſt of you have been pleaſed to honour me, were it not that I am bound in duty to forget my own private concerns, in order to talk of the great object of all your labours, of thoſe intereſts before which all others ſhould vaniſh; I mean the glory of the nation.

I know that panegyric, unleſs it is managed with the greateſt delicacy, is a very nauſeous and diſagreeable ſubject: I know that the public, ever fond of novelty, imagines that every topic of praiſe is already exhauſted on your founder and protectors. But ought I to refuſe the debt I owe, becauſe thoſe who have paid it before me have left me nothing new to ſay on the ſubject? It it with theſe panegyrics, which are ſo frequently repeated, as with public ſolemnities, which are always the ſame, and which revive the memory of events dear to a whole people: they are neceſſary. To celebrate ſuch men as cardinal Richelieu and Lewis XIV. to praiſe a Sequier, a Colbert, a Turenne, and a Condé, what is it but to cry aloud, Ye kings, ye miniſters, and ye generals, in times to come, imitate theſe great men? Is it not well known that Trajan's panegyric excited Antoninus to the ſtudy and practice of virtue? And does not Marcus Aurelius, the greateſt man and the greateſt emperor that ever lived, does not he confeſs, in his writings, the ſpirit of emulation with which the virtues of Antoninus filled him. When Henry IV. heard the appellation of "Father of his people" given to Louis XII. in parliament, he felt himſelf inſpired with an ambition of imitating him, and he actually ſurpaſſed him.

Think ye, gentlemen, that the honours paid by ſo many mouths to the memory of Lewis XIV. had not a ſtrong influence on the mind of his ſucceſſor from his earlieſt youth? It will one day be ſaid, that both of them attained to immortality, ſometimes by the ſame, and ſometimes by different roads. Both of them will be equal in this reſpect, that they never diſburdened themſelves of the load of public affairs, but out of gratitude to good miniſters; and this circumſtance, perhaps, will

conſtitute

conſtitute their greateſt glory. Poſterity will ſay, that both of them loved juſtice, and commanded their armies. The one ſought, by the moſt noble atchievements, the glory which he ſo well deſerved: he called her to him from the height of his throne; and ſhe was his conſtant attendant in all his conqueſts, and in all his enterprizes, till at laſt ſhe filled the world with his name. He diſplayed a great ſoul, as well in adverſity as proſperity, in the field, in his palace, and in all the courts of Europe and of Aſia. The ſea and the land bore witneſs to his power; and the moſt inconſiderable objects had no ſooner acquired a connexion with him, than they preſently aſſumed a new character, and received the ſtamp of his grandeur. The other protects kings and emperors, ſubdues provinces, and interrupts the courſe of his conqueſts to go and relieve his ſubjects; to which god like office he flies from the boſom of death, whoſe fatal ſtroke he had hardly eſcaped. He obtains victories, and performs the moſt noble exploits with ſuch an eaſe and unconcern as would make us imagine, that what ſtrikes other men with aſtoniſhment, is only to him in the ordinary and common courſe of nature. He conceals the greatneſs of his ſoul, without endeavouring to conceal it; but is not able to weaken thoſe rays of majeſty, which piercing, in ſpite of all his endeavours to the contrary, the veil of his modeſty, from thence derives a more durable luſtre.

Lewis XIV. ſignalized himſelf by the moſt glorious atchievements, by the great love he entertained for all the arts, and by the royal encouragement he ſo cheerfully gave them. O you, his auguſt ſucceſſor, you have already imitated his noble example; and you wait only for that peace, which you endeavour to obtain by your victories, to accompliſh all your generous projects, which cannot be executed but in the boſom of quiet and tranquillity.

You began your victories in that very province where thoſe of your great grandfather were begun, and you have already extended them to a greater diſtance. He lamented, that, in the courſe of his glorious campaigns, he could not oblige an enemy worthy of ſuch a noble

antagoniſt,

antagoniſt, to engage with him in a pitched battle. That glory, which he ſo ardently deſired, you have enjoyed. Happier than the great Henry, who hardly gained any victories but over his own ſubjects, you have conquered the eternal and intrepid enemies of your crown. Your ſon, next to you the object of our prayers and our dread, learned at your ſide to behold danger and misfortune without being troubled, and the moſt glorious triumph without being dazzled. When we were trembling for you in Paris, you were in a field of carnage. Compoſed in thoſe moments of horror and confuſion, compoſed amidſt the tumultuous joy of your victorious troops, you embraced that general, who only wiſhed to live that he might ſee you triumph; that man, whom your virtues and his own conſpired to make your ſubject, and whom France will ever number among her deareſt and moſt illuſtrious children *. You rewarded, by your appobation and praiſes, all thoſe who had contributed to the victory; and this reward is the moſt glorious that Frenchmen can receive.

But what will for ever be preſerved in the annals of the Academy, and muſt afford the greateſt ſatisfaction to each of you, gentlemen, is, that one of your fellow-members performed the moſt important ſervice to your protector, and to France, in that glorious battle. He it was

* The late count de Saxe.

We wiſh our author had been a little more moderate in this panegyric on the character of his ſovereign, as it ſavours much of adulation.

His candour too would have been more conſpicuous, if, in mentioning the victory which the French king obtained at Fontenoy over the eternal enemies of his nation, he had owned, that above ſixty thouſand French had with great difficulty obliged about twenty thouſand Engliſh troops to retire; and that twenty thouſand Engliſh troops, unaſſiſted by their allies, were on the verge of obtaining a complete victory over the whole French army, headed by their king and dauphin, poſted in the moſt advantageous manner, and fortified with a great number of batteries.

The virtues of his moſt Chriſtian majeſty's heart we ſhall not preſume to diſpute; but, ſurely, to celebrate him as a hero in the field, to compare him in point of courage to Henry IV. or in power and magnificence to Lewis XIV. is a ſtrain of encomium that even throws ridicule upon his character.

was that after having run from rank to rank, and after having fought in ſo many different places, flew to give and to execute that advice which was ſo ſeaſonable, ſo ſalutary, and ſo readily embraced by the king, whoſe penetrating eye diſcerned every thing in thoſe moments when the mind is moſt apt to wander. Enjoy, gentlemen, enjoy the pleaſure of hearing in this aſſembly the very words which your protector ſaid to the nephew * of your founder on the field of battle; "I ſhall never forget the important ſervice you have done me." But if this glory be ſo dear to you, how dear muſt be to all France, and how dear will one day be to Europe in general, thoſe pacific ſteps which Lewis XV. took after his victories! He ſtill purſues the ſame meaſures: he never attacks his enemies but in order to diſarm them: he does not deſire to conquer them, but in order to make them agree to reaſonable terms of accommodation. Did they but know the real ſentiments of his heart, they would make him their arbiter, inſtead of their enemy; and that, perhaps, would be the only method of gaining advantages over him ‖. The virtues which render him ſuch a formidable foe they have fully experienced, from the time of his aſſuming the command of his armies: but thoſe which ought to engage their truſt and confidence, and ought to be the bond of union among different nations, require a longer time to be diſcovered by an enemy.

We, in this reſpect more happy, we have known the goodneſs of his heart from the moment of his mounting the throne. We have thought of him, as all ages, and all nations, will ever think. Never was love more ſincere, or more emphatically expreſſed, than ours. All our hearts felt its force, and your eloquent mouths were the interpreters of our inward feelings. Medals, wor-

* The marechal duke de Richelieu.

‖ The event juſtified in 1748, what Mr. de Voltaire had ſaid in 1746.

thy of the moſt illuſtrious times of Greece †, eternize his triumphs and our happineſs. May I behold in our public places this humane monarch, carved by the hands of our Praxiteles's, and environed with all the ſymbols of public happineſs! And may I read at the feet of his ſtatue thoſe words which are already in all our hearts, "To the Father of his country!"

† The medals ſtruck at the Louvre are ſuperior to the moſt beautiful ones of antiquity, not for the elegance or propriety of the inſcription; but for the ingenuity of the deſign, and the beauty of the impreſſion.

MISCELLANIES.

MISCELLANIES.

A LETTER ON DANTE.

YOU want to know the character of Danté; the Italians call him divine; but he is a hidden divinity: few people underſtand his oracles. He has had commentators; and that, perhaps, is another reaſon why he is ſo little underſtood. His reputation will be always increaſing, becauſe he is never read. There are about twenty beautiful ſtrokes in him, which people get by heart; and they think that ſufficient to ſpare them the labour of examining the reſt.

This divine Danté, according to the common report, was a very unhappy man. Do not imagine that he was reckoned divine in his own age, or that he thought himſelf a prophet. It is true, he was a prior; but not a prior of monks: he was a prior of Florence, that is, one of its ſenators.

He was born in 1260, according to the accounts of his countrymen. Bayle, who wrote at Rotterdam, *currente calamo*, for his bookſeller, about four whole cen-

turies after Danté, fixes his birth in 1265. I eſteem Bayle neither the more nor the leſs for being miſtaken in about five years. The great thing is not to miſtake, either in point of taſte, or in point of argument.

The arts began about that time to revive in the country of Danté. Florence was, like Athens, the ſeat of wit, of grandeur, of levity, of inconſtancy, and faction. The White Faction had great credit, and was ſo called from the name of the "Signora Bianca." The oppoſite faction was intitled the Party of Blacks, the better to diſtinguiſh them from the Whites. The Florentines were not ſatisfied with theſe two parties: they had, beſides, the Guelfs and the Gibelins. Moſt of the Whites were Gibelins, of the party of the emperors; and the Blacks inclined to the Guelfs, who were attached to the popes.

All theſe factions loved liberty, and yet did all that lay in their power to deſtroy it. Boniface VIII. reſolved to avail himſelf of theſe diviſions to overturn the power of the emperors in Italy. He declared Charles of Valois, brother to the French king Philip the Handſome, his vicar in Tuſcany. The vicar came with a numerous army, expelled the Whites and the Gibelins, and drew upon himſelf the hatred and deteſtation of the Blacks and the Guelfs. Danté was a White and a Gibelin. He was expelled among the firſt, and his houſe levelled with the ground. Hence we may judge whether he was well diſpoſed to the family of France and the popes during the reſt of his life. It is pretended, however, that he made a journey to Paris; and that, to cure himſelf of the ſpleen, he commenced theologian, and diſputed ſtrenuouſly in the ſchools. It is added, that the emperor Henry VII. did nothing for him, Gibelin as he was; that he went to Frederic of Arragon, king of Sicily, and returned as poor as he went. He was obliged to apply to the marquis of Malaſpina, and to the great chan of Verona. The marquis and the great chan did not indemnify him, and he died poor at Ravenna in the fifty-ſixth year of his age. It was in theſe different places that he compoſed his comedy of Hell, of Purgatory, and of Paradiſe; and this hotch-potch has been reckoned a beautiful epic poem.

The

The firſt objects he ſaw at the entry of Hell were a he-lion and a ſhe-wolf. In an inſtant Virgil appears to encourage him: Virgil tells him, that he was born a Lombard; which is exactly the ſame as if Homer had ſaid that he was born a Turk. Virgil offers to perform to Danté the honours of Hell and of Purgatory, and to lead him to the gate of St. Peter; but acknowledges that he could not enter with him.

Mean while, Charon tranſports them both in his boat. Virgil tells him, that ſoon after his arrival in Hell he ſaw a powerful Being, that came thither in queſt of the ſouls of Abel, Noah, Abraham, Moſes, and David. As they advanced farther into the infernal regions, they diſcovered ſome very agreeable retreats. In one of theſe were Homer, Horace, Ovid, and Lucan; in another Electra, Hector, Ænæas, Lucretia, Brutus, and Saladin the Turk; and in a third Socrates, Plato, Hippocrates, and the Arabian Averroës.

At laſt appeared the real Hell, where Pluto judges the damned. In the crowd the traveller obſerved ſome cardinals, ſome popes, and a great number of Florentines. Is this in the comic ſtile? No. Is it in the heroic ſtile? No. In what ſtile is it then? In the ſtile of wildneſs and extravagance.

And yet his work contains ſome verſes ſo happy and natural, that they have preſerved their beauty for four hundred years, and will preſerve it for ever. Beſides, a poem that ſends the popes to Hell, arouſes the attention; and the commentators have exhauſted all their ſagacity and penetration in determining exactly who are the perſons whom Danté has damned, and have been at great pains not to deceive themſelves in a matter of ſuch importance.

The Italians have founded a chair, and eſtabliſhed a lecture, to explain this claſſic author. You will aſk me, why the inquiſition does not expoſe ſuch a meaſure? My anſwer is, the members of the inquiſition in Italy underſtand raillery: they know that a few witty verſes can never do any harm. Of this, and of the merit of the work, you may form ſome judgment

by the following tranſlation (which is a very free one) of part of the twenty-third canto. It relates to one of the damned, with whom the author was acquainted. The ſpirit ſpeaks thus:

The count de Guido was I call'd on earth,
A mighty ſoldier, and as great poltroon;
Then with St. Francis I enroll'd my name,
That, holding by his diſcipline, I might
One day obtain a happy place in Heav'n.
There ſhould I be, had not a knaviſh pope
Commanded all my ſervice, and then left
My wretched ſoul to Beelzebub a prey.
The truth to tell, while I ſurviv'd on earth,
Around Rimini war I long maintain'd,
Leſs like a hero than a cheat, I own;
And, as a ſharper, ſome renown acquir'd.
But when my locks aſſum'd a grizzl'd hue,
The time when wiſdom counſels to retire,
Remorſe began to gnaw my hoary age,
And to confeſſion ſtrait I had recourſe.
Repentance late arriv'd, and ſwiftly fled!
The holy father at that period warr'd,
Not with the Sultan, nor the ruthleſs Turk,
But Chriſtians, whom, like a true Turk, he pillag'd.
Now, diſregarding tonſure or tiara,
Or ev'n St. Francis' girdle or his frock,
" Brother, (ſaid he) it ſuits my preſent ſcheme
To have Preneſte forthwith in my pow'r:
Adviſe me—ſearch beneath that reverend cowl,
Some happy ſtratagem, ſome ſhrewd device,
To add to the dominions I poſſeſs,
The tempting bait to which I have no claim.
The double keys of Heav'n are in my power:
Theſe, the weak piety of Celeſtine
Converted to no uſe; but I can ope
And ſhut at pleaſure Heav'n's eternal gates:
If thou wilt ſerve me, Heav'n ſhall be thy boon."
Too well I ſerv'd him: curſed be my zeal?
Preneſte fell to him: my lot was death.
Then good St. Francis haſten'd to my aid,

Intending

Intending to convey my ſoul to Heav'n;
But Satan riding poſt, "Hip, Saint—(cry'd he)
Stop—not ſo faſt; for, by your leave, I claim
This counſellor of holy church—he's mine;
And right it is that I ſhould have my own."
Then the good ſaint, confounded and abaſh'd,
Reſign'd me to the devil without diſpute.
"Ah! good ſir Lucifer, I kneeling cry'd,
A ſaint am I; behold my robe of grey:
The holy pope abſolv'd me ere I dy'd!"
"Certes, reply'd the devil with a ſneer,
A great reſpect I have for abſolution:
It ſcours the ſoul from ſins and follies paſt,
Provided ſtill you run no ſcore afreſh:
This nice diſtinction I have often made
To ſuch as thee; and, thanks to modern Rome,
The devil's an adept in theology."
He ſaid, and grinn'd: no anſwer I return'd
To Beelzebub, he argu'd with ſuch force.
Then ſeizing me, with rude and rig'rous arm,
He on my rueful carcaſe ſtrait beſtow'd
Twenty good ſtripes, that made me ſmart full ſore,
Which Heav'n repay to Boniface the eighth *.

* Boniface VIII. was a mortal enemy to the Gibelins; and beſides, a monſter of pride, cruelty, and ambition.

OF THE CHIMERA OF THE SOVEREIGN GOOD.

HAPPINESS is an abſtract idea, compoſed of ſeveral pleaſing ſenſations. Plato, who wrote better than he reaſoned, formed the fanciful notion of his architypal world, that is, his original world, his general ideas of beauty, of virtue, of order, and of juſtice, as if there were eternal beings called Order, Virtue, Beauty, and Juſtice, from which were derived thoſe faint copies of what we mortals call juſt, beautiful, and good.

It is in imitation of his example, that the philoſophers have employed ſo much time and labour in ſearching for the ſovereign good, as the chemiſts have done in ſearching for the philoſopher's ſtone; but there is no ſuch thing as the ſovereign good, any more than there is the ſovereign ſquare, or the ſovereign crimſon. There are crimſon colours, and there are ſquares; but there is no general being that is ſo called. This ridiculous manner of reaſoning hath long infected philoſophy.

Animals

Animals feel a pleaſure in performing all their natural functions. In this view the ſupreme happineſs would be an uninterrupted courſe of pleaſures; but ſuch a courſe is incompatible with our organs and our condition. There is a great pleaſure in eating and drinking, and a greater ſtill in the union of the two ſexes; but were man to be always engaged in eating or always entranced in the raptures of enjoyment, his organs would not be ſufficient for ſuch violent exerciſes; he could not perform the duties of ſocial life; and thus the human kind would be deſtroyed by an exceſs of pleaſure.

To paſs continually, and without interruption, from one pleaſure to another, is a notion no leſs chimerical. The woman that has conceived muſt be brought to-bed, which cannot be done without pain; and the man muſt cleave wood and hew ſtone, which is far from being a pleaſure.

If we give the name of happineſs to the few pleaſures that are ſcattered through life, there is ſuch a thing as happineſs in reality. If we give it only to a permanent pleaſure, or to a continued and diverſified courſe of pleaſing ſenſations, happineſs was not made for the terraqueous globe; we muſt ſeek for it ſomewhere elſe.

If we give the name of happineſs to the external advantages which a man enjoys, whether it be wealth, power, or reputation, we are no leſs deceived. Some colliers are more happy than ſome ſovereigns. Aſk Cromwel whether he enjoyed more pleaſure when he was protector, than when he went to the tavern in his youth; he will probably tell you, that the time of his uſurpation was far from being the happieſt part of his life. How many homely dowdies are there that are better ſatisfied with their lot than Helen or Cleopatra!

There is one obſervation to be made here: it is this; when we ſay it is probable that one man is happier than another; that a young muleteer, for inſtance, has great advantages over Charles V. or that a milliner is better ſatisfied with her condition than a princeſs, we ought to confine ourſelves to this probability. It is very likely that a muleteer, in good health, enjoys more

more pleaſure than Charles V. tormented with the gout; but it is likewiſe very poſſible that Charles V. with his crutches, may reflect with ſo much pleaſure on his having held a king of France and a pope priſoners, that his lot may, in every reſpect, be preferable to that of the young and vigorous muleteer.

It belongs ſurely to God alone, to that being who beholds all hearts, to determine who is the happieſt man. There is only one caſe in which a man may ſafely affirm that his condition is better or worſe than that of his neighbour; and this caſe is the time of rivalſhip, and the moment of victory.

Let us ſuppoſe Archimedes to have made an appointment with his miſtreſs in the evening, and Nomentanus to have made an appointment with the ſame woman, and at the ſame hour. Archimedes comes to the gate: the ſervants ſhut it in his teeth, and open it to his rival, who makes an excellent ſupper; during which he laughs at Archimedes, and then enjoys his miſtreſs, while the other remains in the ſtreet expoſed to the cold, the rain, and hail. Nomentanus, it is evident, has a right to ſay, "I am happier to-night than Archimedes; I enjoy more pleaſure than he." But this will only hold on the ſuppoſition that Archimedes's mind is entirely engroſſed with the vexation of having loſt a good ſupper; of being deſpiſed and deceived by a beautiful woman, ſupplanted by his rival, and expoſed to the rain, the hail, and cold. For if the philoſopher in the ſtreets ſhould happen to think that neither a whore nor a ſhower ſhould diſturb the tranquillity of his mind; if he is wholly engaged in the comtemplation of a beautiful problem, and diſcovers the proportion between the cylinder and the ſphere; he may enjoy a pleaſure an hundred times more exquiſite than that of Nomentanus.

Hence it appears that the enjoyment of real pleaſure, or the ſuffering of real pain, are the only caſes in which we can compare the condition of one man with that of another, abſtracting from every other conſideration. Certain it is, the man who enjoys his miſtreſs is more happy at that inſtant than his deſpiſed and diſconſolate

conſolate rival. A man that is in perfect health, and is eating a good partridge, taſtes more pleaſure to be ſure, than one tormented with a cholic. All this is indiſputably true; but farther we cannot go with any degree of ſafety: we cannot compare the being of one man with that of another: we have no balance to weigh the deſires and ſenſations of different men.

We began this article with Plato and his ſovereign good: we ſhall end it with Solon, and the famous ſaying of his, which hath been ſo much admired, viz. "That no man ought to be called happy before his death." This axiom is at bottom but a childiſh conceit, like many other apothegms, which time hath rendered ſacred. The moment of death hath no connexion with the manner of life which a man has led. One may die a violent and an infamous death, and yet to that inſtant have taſted all the pleaſures which human nature is capable of enjoying. It is very poſſible, and very common for a man that has long been happy, to become unhappy: Who doubts it? but it is nevertheleſs certain, that he once had his happy moments.

What then is the meaning of this famous ſaying of Solon? It is no more than that a man who enjoys pleaſure to day, is not ſure of enjoying it to-morrow; a truth ſo plain and inſignificant, that it is not worth the repeating.

Of

Of the PEOPLING of

AMERICA.

THE diſcovery of America, that object of ſo much avarice and ambition, hath likewiſe become the object of philoſophy. A prodigious number of writers have endeavoured to prove that the Americans are a colony of the ancient world. Some modeſt metaphyſicians have alledged, that the ſame power which made the graſs to grow on the plains of America, might likewiſe ſtock the country with inhabitants; but this naked and ſimple ſyſtem has not been regarded.

When firſt the great Columbus gave it as his opinion, that there might poſſibly be ſuch a new world, it was boldly aſſerted that it was abſolutely impoſſible; and Columbus was taken for a viſionary. When he had actually made the diſcovery, it was pretended that this new world was known long before.

Some have alledged that one Martin Beheim, a native of Nuremberg, ſet ſail from the coaſts of Flanders about the year 1460, to go in queſt of this unknown world; and that he reached the ſtraits of Magellan, of

of which he left draughts. But as Martin Beheim did not people America, and as it was abſolutely neceſſary that one of Noah's great grandſon's ſhould take this trouble, they have ranſacked the records of antiquity to ſee if they could find any thing that had the leaſt reſemblance to a long voyage and which they could apply to the diſcovery of this fourth part of the globe. Accordingly they have ſent the ſhips of Solomon to Mexico, and have made them bring from thence the gold of Ophir, though he was obliged to borrow it from king Hiram. They have even found America in Plato*. They have given the honour of its diſcovery to the Carthaginians; and have quoted on this ſubject a book of Ariſtotle's, which he never wrote.

Hornius pretends to find ſome analogy between the language of the Hebrews and that of the Caribbees. Father Laffiteau, the Jeſuit, has not failed to improve ſuch a curious hint. The Mexicans in the violence of their grief tear their garments: ſome Aſiatics do the ſame; therefore they are the anceſtors of the Mexicans. We may add, with as much reaſon, the people of Languedoc are fond of dancing; the Hurons likewiſe dance on their days of rejoicing; and therefore the Languedocians

* He might have added Plutarch in his life of Sertorius, and Diodorus Siculus, which laſt ſays, that the Phœnicians extended their diſcoveries along the coaſt of Africa, till at length one of their ſhips being driven a great way into the Atlantic ocean, by a ſtorm that laſted many days, arrived at an iſland unparalleled for its beauty and fertility. The Indians of North America have a conſtant tradition that their forefathers came from the extremities of Aſia; and that America and Aſia were joined together by a narrow iſthmus, which the ſea has broke through. An Indian of Louiſiana, who travelled by land in a weſtward direction as far as the South-ſea, told Du Pratz, that one of the natives of the country bordering on that ſea, declared, that when he was young he ſaw a very old man, who remembered to have ſeen the iſthmus of communication between America and Aſia; and that at low water the rocks were ſtill viſible. A detachment of French Canadians found, in a moraſs near the river Ohio, the ſkeletons of four elephants; a ſpecies of animals not natural to America; beſides, there is a ſtrong reſemblance between the North Americans and Tartars, in figure, language, cuſtoms and religion.

Languedocians are ſprung from the Hurons, or the Hurons from the Languedocians.

The authors of a terrible Univerſal Hiſtory pretend, that all the Americans are a colony of the Tartars. They aſſure us, that this is the opinion moſt generally received among the learned; but do not inform us whether it be among the learned that think for themſelves. According to them, ſome deſcendent of Noah had nothing more at heart than to go and fix his quarters in the delicious country of Kamtſchatka, to the north of Siberia. His children, having nothing to do, went to viſit Canada, either by equipping a fleet for that purpoſe, or by walking on the ice by way of recreation, along ſome neck of land, which from that time to the preſent has never been again diſcovered. They then began to beget children in Canada, and in a very ſhort time that beautiful country, being no longer able to maintain the prodigious number of inhabitants, they went to people Mexico, Peru, and Chili; and their great grand-daughters were brought to-bed of giants near the ſtreights of Magellan.

As lions are to be found in ſome of the hotter climates of America, theſe authors ſuppoſe that the Chriſtopher Columbus's of Kamtſchatka carried over ſome lions to Canada for their diverſion.

But the Kamtſcharkatians were not the only people that furniſhed the new world with inhabitants; they were charitably aſſiſted by the tartars of Mantchou; by the Huns, the Chineſe, and the Japoneſe.

The Tartars of Mantchou are inconteſtibly the anceſtors of the Peruvians; for Mango Capak was the firſt inca of Peru. Mango reſembles Manco, Manco Mancu, Mancu Mantchu, and from hence, by a ſmall addition, we have Mantchou. Nothing can be better demonſtrated.

As to the Huns, they built in Hungary a town that was called Cunadi. Now, by changing cu into ca, we have Canadi, from which Canada evidently derives its name.

A plant reſembling the ginſeng of the Chineſe grows in Canada, therefore the Chineſe carried it thither, even

even before they were maſters of that part of Chineſe Tartary where their ginſeng is produced; and beſides, the Chineſe are ſuch great ſailors, that they formerly ſent fleets to America, without preſerving the leaſt correſpondence with their colonies.

With regard to the Japoneſe, as they lie neareſt to America, from which they are diſtant only about twelve hundred leagues, they muſt certainly have been there in former times; but they afterwards neglected that voyage.

Such are the learned tracts that are boldly uſhered into the world in the preſent age. What anſwer can we give to theſe ſyſtems, and to ſo many others of the like nature? None.

The

The Hiſtory of the TRAVELS of

SCARMENTADO*.

Written by himſelf.

I Was born in Candia in the year 1600. My father was governor of the city; and I remember that a poet of middling parts, and of a moſt unmuſical ear, whoſe name was Iro, compoſed ſome verſes in my praiſe, in which he made me to deſcend from Minos in a direct line; but my father being afterwards diſgraced, he wrote ſome other verſes, in which he derived my pedigree from no nobler an origin than the amours of Paſiphae and her gallant. This Iro was a moſt miſchievous rogue, and one of the moſt troubleſome fellows in the iſland.

My father ſent me at fifteen years of age to proſecute my ſtudies at Rome. There I arrived in full hopes of learning all kinds of truth; for I had hitherto been taught quite the reverſe, according to the cuſtom of this lower world from China to the Alps. Monſignor Profondo,

* The reader will at once perceive that this is a ſpirited ſatire on mankind in general, and particularly on perſecution for conſcience ſake.

fondo, to whom I was recommended, was a man of a very ſingular character, and one of the moſt terrible ſcholars in the world. He was for teaching me the categories of Ariſtotle; and was juſt on the point of placing me in the category of his minions; a fate which I narrowly eſcaped. I ſaw proceſſions, exorciſms, and ſome robberies. It was commonly ſaid, but without any foundation, that *la Signora Olimpia*, a lady of great prudence, ſold ſeveral things that ought not to be ſold. I was then of an age to reliſh all theſe comical adventures A young lady of great ſweetneſs of temper, called *la Signora Fatelo*, thought proper to fall in love with me: ſhe was courted by the reverend father *Poignardini*, and by the reverend father *Aconiti**, young monks of an order which is now extinct; and ſhe reconciled the two rivals, by granting her favours to me; but at the ſame time I ran the riſk of being excommunicated and poiſoned. I left Rome highly pleaſed with the architecture of St. Peter.

I travelled to France: it was during the reign of Lewis the Juſt. The firſt queſtion put to me was, whether I chuſed to breakfaſt on a ſlice of the mareſchal D'Ancre†, whoſe fleſh the people had roaſted, and diſtributed with great liberality to ſuch as choſe to taſte it.

This kingdom was continually involved in civil wars, ſometimes for a place at court, ſometimes for two pages of theological controverſy. This fire, which one while lay concealed under the aſhes, and at another burſt forth with great violence, had deſolated theſe beautiful provinces for upwards of ſixty years. The pretext was, the defending the liberties of the Gallican church.

* Alluding to the infamous practice of poiſoning and aſſaſſination, at that time prevalent in Rome.

† This was the famous Concini, who was murdered on the draw-bridge of the Louvre, by the intrigues of De Luines, not without the knowledge of the king, Lewis XIII. His body, which had been ſcarcely interred in the church of St. Germain de l'Auxerrois, was next day dug up by the populace, who dragged it through the ſtreets, then burned the fleſh, and threw the bones into the river. The mareſchal's greateſt crime was his being a foreigner.

church. "Alas! ſaid I, theſe people are nevertheleſs born with a gentle diſpoſition: what can have drawn them ſo far from their natural character? They joke and keep holy days ‡. Happy the time when they ſhall do nothing but joke!"

I went over to England, where the ſame diſputes occaſioned the ſame barbarities. Some pious Catholics had reſolved, for the good of the church, to blow up into the air with gun-powder the king, the royal family, and the whole parliament, and thus to deliver England from all theſe heretics at once. They ſhewed me the place where queen Mary of bleſſed memory, the daughter of Henry VIII. had cauſed more than five hundred of her ſubjects to be burnt. An Iriſh prieſt aſſured me, that it was a very good action; firſt, becauſe thoſe who were burnt were Engliſhmen; and ſecondly, becauſe they did not make uſe of holy water, nor believe in St. Patrick's Hole. He was greatly ſurprized that queen Mary was not yet canonized; but he hoped ſhe would receive that honour as ſoon as the cardinal nephew ſhould be a little more at leiſure.

From thence I went to Holland, where I hoped to find more tranquillity among a people of a more cold and phlegmatic conſtitution. Juſt as I arrived at the Hague, the people were cutting off the head of a venerable old man. It was the bald head of the prime miniſter Barnevelt; a man who deſerved better treatment from the republic. Touched with pity at this affecting ſcene, I aſked what was his crime, and whether he had betrayed the ſtate. "He has done much worſe, replied a preacher in a black cloak; he believed that men may be ſaved by good works as well as by faith. You muſt be ſenſible, adds he, that if ſuch opinions were to gain ground, a republic could not ſubſiſt; and that there muſt be ſevere laws to ſuppreſs ſuch ſcandalous and horrid blaſphemies." A profound politician ſaid to me with a ſigh, "Alas! ſir, this happy time will not laſt long; it is only by chance that the

‡ Referring to the maſſacre of the Proteſtants, perpetrated on the eve of St. Bartholomew.

the people are ſo zealous: they are naturally inclined to the abominable doctrine of toleration, and they will certainly at laſt grant it." This reflexion ſet him a groaning. For my own part, in expectation of that fatal period when moderation and indulgence ſhould take place, I inſtantly quitted a country where ſeverity was not ſoftened by any lenitive, and embarked for Spain.

The court was then at Seville: the galleons were juſt arrived; and every thing breathed plenty and gladneſs, in the moſt beautiful ſeaſon of the year. I obſerved at the end of an alley of orange and citron trees, a kind of large ring, ſurrounded with ſteps covered with rich and coſtly cloth. The king, the queen, the infants, and the infantas, were ſeated under a ſuperb canopy. Oppoſite to the royal family was another throne, raiſed higher than that on which his majeſty ſat. I ſaid to one of my fellow travellers, "Unleſs this throne be reſerved for God, I don't ſee what purpoſe it can ſerve." This unguarded expreſſion was overheard by a grave Spaniard, and coſt me dear. Mean while, I imagined we were going to a carouſal, or a match of bull-baiting, when the grand inquiſitor appeared in that elevated throne, from whence he bleſſed the king and the people.

Then came an army of monks, who filed off in pairs, white, black, grey, ſhod, unſhod, bearded, beardleſs, with pointed cowls, and without cowls: next followed the hangman; and laſt of all were ſeen, in the midſt of the guards and grandees, about forty perſons clad in ſackcloth, on which were painted the figures of flames and devils. Some of theſe were Jews, who could not be prevailed upon to renounce Moſes entirely: others were Chriſtians, who had married women with whom they had ſtood ſponſors to a child; who had not adored our Lady of Atocha; or who had refuſed to part with their ready money in favour of the Hieronymite brothers. Some pretty prayers were ſung with much devotion, and then the criminals were burnt at a ſlow fire; a ceremony with which the royal family ſeemed to be greatly edified.

As

As I was going to bed in the evening, two members of the inquiſition came to my lodging with a figure of St. Hermandad. They embraced me with great tenderneſs, and conducted me in ſolemn ſilence to a well-aired priſon, furniſhed with a bed of mat, and a beautiful crucifix. There I remained for ſix weeks; at the end of which the reverend father, the Inquiſitor, ſent for me. He preſſed me in his arms for ſome time with the moſt paternal affection: and told me that he was ſorry to hear that I had been ſo ill lodged, but that all the apartments of the houſe were full, and hoped I ſhould be better accommodated the next time. He then aſked me with great cordiality if I knew for what reaſon I was impriſoned; I told the reverend father that it was evidently for my ſins. "Very well, ſays he, my dear child; but for what particular ſin? Speak freely." I racked my brain with conjectures, but could not poſſibly gueſs. He then charitably diſmiſſed me.

At laſt I remembered my unguarded expreſſion. I eſcaped with a little bodily correction, and a fine of thirty thouſand reals. I was led to make my obeiſance to the grand inquiſitor, who was a man of great politeneſs. He aſked me how I liked his little feaſt: I told him it was a moſt delicious one; and then went to preſs my companions to quit the country, beautiful as it was. They had found time to inform themſelves of all the great things which the Spaniards had done for the intereſt of religion. They had read the memoirs of the famous biſhop of Chiapa, by which it appears that they had maſſacred, or burnt, or drowned, about ten millions of Infidels in America, in order to convert them. I believe the accounts of the biſhop are a little exaggerated; but ſuppoſe we reduce the number of victims to five millions, it will ſtill be a moſt glorious achievement.

The itch of travelling ſtill poſſeſſed me. I had propoſed to finiſh the tour of Europe with Turky; and thither we now directed our courſe. I put on a firm reſolution not to give my opinion of the public feaſts I might ſee for the future. "Theſe Turks, ſaid I to my

my companions, are a ſet of miſcreants that have not been baptized, and of conſequence will be more cruel than the reverend fathers the inquiſitors. Let us obſerve a profound ſilence while we are among the Mahometans."

Accordingly we arrived among them. I was greatly ſurpriſed to ſee more Chriſtian churches in Turky than in Candia. I even ſaw ſome numerous troops of monks, who were allowed to pray to the virgin Mary with great freedom, and to curſe Mahomet; ſome in Greek, ſome in Latin, and others in Armenian. "What good-natured people are theſe Turks," cried I. The Greek Chriſtians, and the Latin Chriſtians in Conſtantinople were mortal enemies. Theſe ſlaves perſecuted each other in much the ſame manner as dogs fight in the ſtreets, till their maſters part them with a cudgel. The grand vizier was at that time the protector of the Greeks. The Greek patriarch accuſed me of having ſupped with the Latin patriarch; and I was condemned in full divan to receive an hundred blows on the ſoles of my feet, redeemable for five hundred ſequins. Next day the grand vizier was ſtrangled. The day following his ſucceſſor, who was for the Latin party, and who was not ſtrangled till a month after, condemned me to ſuffer the ſame puniſhment, for having ſupped with the Greek patriarch. Thus was I reduced to the ſad neceſſity of abſenting myſelf entirely from the Greek and Latin churches. In order to conſole myſelf for this loſs, I took into keeping a very handſome Circaſſian. She was the moſt obliging lady I ever knew in a private converſation, and the moſt devout at the moſque. One night as ſhe was embracing me in the ſweet tranſports of love, ſhe cried, "Alla, Illa, Alla;" theſe are the ſacramental words of the Turks. I imagined they were the expreſſions of love, and therefore cried in my turn, and with a very tender accent, "Alla, Illa, Alla." "Ah! ſaid ſhe, God be praiſed, thou art then a Turk. I told her that I was bleſſing God for having given me ſo much ſtrength, and that I thought myſelf extremely happy. In the morning the imam came to circumciſe me; and, as I made ſome difficulty

to

to ſubmit to the operation, the cadi of that diſtrict, a man of great loyalty, propoſed to have me empaled. I ſaved my prepuce and my poſteriors by paying a thouſand ſequins, and then fled directly into Perſia, reſolved for the future never to hear Greek or Latin maſs, nor to cry "Alla, Illa, Alla," in a love rencounter.

On my arrival at Iſpahan, the people aſhed me whether I was for white or black mutton? I told them it was a matter of indifference to me, provided it was tender. It muſt be obſerved that the Perſian empire was at that time ſplit into two factions, that of the white mutton and that of the black. The two parties imagined that I made a jeſt of them both; ſo that I found myſelf engaged in a very troubleſome affair at the gates of the city, and it coſt me a great number of ſequins to get rid of the white and the black mutton.

I proceeded as far as China, in company with an interpreter, who aſſured me that this country was the ſeat of gaiety and freedom. The Tartars had made themſelves maſters of it, after having deſtroyed every thing with fire and ſword. The reverend fathers the Jeſuits on the one hand, and the reverend fathers the Dominicans on the other, alledged that they had gained many ſouls to God in that country, without any one knowing aught of the matter. Never were ſeen ſuch zealous converters: they alternately perſecuted one another: they tranſmitted to Rome whole volumes of ſlander; and treated each other as infidels and prevaricators for the ſake of one ſoul. But the moſt violent diſpute between them was with regard to the manner of making a bow. The Jeſuits would have the Chineſe to ſalute their parents, after the faſhion of China; and the Dominicans would have them to do it after the faſhion of Rome. I happened unluckily to be taken by the Jeſuits for a Dominican. They repreſented me to his Tartarian majeſty as a ſpy of the pope. The ſupreme council charged a prime mandarin, who ordered a ſerjeant, who commanded four ſhires of the country, to ſeize me and bind me with great ceremony. In this manner I was conducted before his majeſty, after having made about an hundred and forty genuflexions.

He

He aſked me if I was a ſpy of the pope's, and if it was true that that prince was to come in perſon to dethrone him. I told him that the pope was a prieſt of ſeventy years of age; that he lived at the diſtance of four thouſand leagues from his ſacred Tartaro-chineſe majeſty; that he had about two thouſand ſoldiers, who mounted guard with umbrellas; that he never dethroned any body; and that his majeſty might ſleep in perfect ſecurity. Of all the adventures of my life this was the leaſt fatal. I was ſent to Macao, and there I took ſhipping for Europe.

My ſhip required to be refitted on the coaſt of Golconda. I embraced this opportunity to viſit the court of the great Aureng-Zeb, of whom ſuch wonderful things have been told, and which was then in Deli. I had the pleaſure to ſee him on the day of that pompous ceremony in which he receives the celeſtial preſent ſent him by the Sherif of Mecca: this was the beſom with which they had ſweeped the holy houſe, the Caaba, and the Beth Alla. It is a ſymbol that ſweeps away all the pollutions of the ſoul. Aureng-Zeb ſeemed to have no need of it: he was the moſt pious man in all Indoſtan. It is true, he had cut the throat of one of his brothers, and poiſoned his father. Twenty Rayas, and as many Omras, had been put to death; but that was a trifle; nothing was talked of but his devotion. No king was thought comparable to him, except his ſacred Majeſty Muley Iſmael, the moſt ſerene emperor of Morocco, who cut off ſome heads every Friday after prayers.

I ſpoke not a word. My travels had taught me wiſdom. I was ſenſible that it did not belong to me to decide between theſe auguſt ſovereigns. A young Frenchman, indeed, a fellow-lodger of mine, was wanting in reſpect to the emperor of the Indies, and to that of Morocco. He happened to ſay very imprudently, that there were ſovereigns in Europe, who governed their dominions with great equity, and even went to church without killing their fathers or brothers, or cutting off the heads of their ſubjects. This impious diſcourſe of my young friend our interpreter tranſmit-

ted to Indou. Inſtructed by former experience, I inſtantly cauſed my camels to be ſaddled, and ſet out with my Frenchman. I was afterwards informed that that very night the officers of the great Aureng-Zeb, having come to ſeize me, found only the interpreter, who was executed in public; and all the courtiers declared without flattery that his puniſhment was extremely juſt.

I had now only Africa to viſit, in order to enjoy all the pleaſures of our continent; and thither I went in reality. The ſhip in which I embarked was taken by the Negro-Corſairs. The maſter of the veſſel complained loudly, and aſked why they thus violated the laws of nations. The captain of the negroes replied; "You have a long noſe and we have a ſhort one: your hair is ſtrait and ours is curled: your ſkin is aſh-coloured and ours is of the colour of ebon; and therefore we ought, by the ſacred laws of nature, to be always at enmity. You buy us in the public markets on the coaſt of Guinea like beaſts of burden, to make us labour in I don't know what kind of drudgery, equally hard and ridiculous. With the whip held over our heads, you make us dig in mountains for a kind of yellow earth, which in itſelf is good for nothing, and is not ſo valuable as an Egyptian onion. In like manner wherever we meet you, and are ſuperior to you in ſtrength, we make you ſlaves, and oblige you to manure our fields, or in caſe of refuſal cut off your noſe and ears.

To ſuch a learned diſcourſe it was impoſſible to make any anſwer. I went to labour in the ground of an old female Negro, in order to ſave my noſe and ears. After continuing in ſlavery for a whole year I was at laſt ranſomed. I had now ſeen all that was rare, good, or beautiful on earth. I reſolved for the future to ſee nothing but my own home. I took a wife, and was cuckolded; and found that of all conditions of life this was the happieſt.

ON

ON

WHAT IS NOT DONE,

AND

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE,

TO let the world go as it will, to do one's duty in a decent way, and to take care always to ſpeak well of the prior, is an old maxim amongſt the monks, but which would never draw the convent out of its ancient poverty, the neglect of its diſcipline, and the contempt that muſt of neceſſity enſue from ſuch a conduct. When men are not ſpurred with emulation, they are properly ſo many aſſes who jog on ſlowly at the old pace, who ſtop at the ſmalleſt obſtacle, and fall to eating their thiſtles with great compoſure; at ſight of theſe obſtacles, which they try not to overcome but on hearing the voice of ſome one who encourages them, on feeling the goad which rouſes them, they become like courſers, whoſe flight o'erleaps all bounds. Had it not been for the ſalutary remonſtrances of the abbé de St. Pierre, the barbarities proceeding from the

arbitrary manner of levying the taille, would have never been aboliſhed in France. Had it not been for the advice of Locke †, the general confuſion of the coin in England had never been repaired: there are often found men, who, without buying the right of ſitting in judgment on their peers, love the public good full as much as it is unheeded by thoſe who purchaſe this power of doing good or evil, juſt as one buys a farm.

One day in the firſt ages of the Roman republic, a citizen, whoſe predominant paſſion was the deſire of rendering his country as flouriſhing as poſſible, aſked leave to ſpeak with the preſiding conſul: he was told that the magiſtrate was at table in company with the pretor, the edile, ſome ſenators, their miſtreſſes, and buffoons; on which occaſion he left in the hands of one of theſe ſaucy ſlaves, that waited on them at table, a memorial nearly to the following purport: "Since you ſee tyrants have every where done all the miſchief in their power, why do not ye do all the good you are able? Whence comes it that the poor beſet your temples, and your ſtreets, making a ſhow of that miſery of theirs, which is at once diſgraceful to you, and diſables them from ſerving their country, to which they might be ſerviceable were they employed in the public works? What are thoſe legions doing, who had better been ſet about repairing the highways and fortifications. That moraſs, were it drained, would no longer infeſt a whole province, and would become fertile fields. Thoſe irregular ſtreets fit only for a city of barbarians, might be turned into magnificent ſquares. Thoſe heaps of marble, which cover all the banks of the river, might be

† When the leading men in parliament reſolved upon a new coinage, in conſequence of the advice Sir Iſaac Newton gave to Mr. Montague, afterwards earl of Halifax; a queſtion aroſe whether the new coin, in its different denominations, ſhould retain the original weight and purity of the old. Mr. Lowndes propoſed, that the ſtandard ſhould be raiſed in value: he was oppoſed by Mr. Locke, at that time one of the commiſſioners of the board of trade, and his arguments were ſo convincing, that the committee reſolved that the eſtabliſhed ſtandard ſhould be preſerved.

be cut into ſtatues, and thus become the recompenſe of thoſe great men who have ſerved their country, as well as a public ſchool of virtue, whereof they would be the monuments: your public markets ought not only to be commodious but magnificent, inſtead of filthy and loathſome places, as they now are: your houſes are without water, and your public fountains are void of all taſte or beauty: your chief temple is a piece of barbarous architecture: the entrance of your public theatres reſemble thoſe of brothels: thoſe halls where the people aſſemble to hear what ought to be the wonder of the univerſe, have neither neatneſs, proportion, grandeur, nor convenience. The palace of your capitol threatens ruin; the front of it is hid by vile cabins, whilſt the houſe of Moletus occupies its very centre. In vain will your criminal lethargy reply, that the coſt of remedying ſo many abſurdities would be too extravagant: let me aſk you, will you beſtow thoſe ſums on the Cimbri and Maſſagetes? Would it not be beſtowed on your architects, your ſculptors, your painters, and ſo many other artiſts? Theſe artiſts thus rewarded will reſtore this money to the ſtate, by a new encreaſe in their neceſſary expences, which they will be enabled to make. The fine arts will be honoured and will at once beſtow glory and wealth on thoſe who have protected them, for the richeſt is always the moſt induſtrious people. Liſten then to ſo noble an emulation; nor let the Greeks, who begin to eſteem your wiſdom and valour, any longer reproach you with your barbarity."

The memorial of the citizen was read at table; the conſul ſaid not a word on the ſubject, but called for a glaſs of wine; the edile obſerved, the memorial was not amiſs, and ſo the affair ended. The converſation turned on the flavour of the Falernian wine, on the ſparkling quality of that of Cecuba, the praiſes of a celebrated cook, the newly-diſcovered ſauce for ſturgeon, healths went round, three or four inſipid ſtories were told, after which the company fell aſleep. In the mean time, the ſenator Appius, who had been

ſecretly ſtung by the reading of this memorial, built ſome time after the Appian way; Flaminius conſtructed the way called the Flaminian; a third beautified the capitol; a fourth built an amphitheatre; and a fifth ſeveral public markets. Thus the advice of our obſcure citizen was a plant which took root by degrees in the minds of thoſe great men.

On JOHN LAW, MELON, and DUTOT.

On COMMERCE and LUXURY.

COMMERCE has been better underſtood in France within theſe twenty years, than it had ever before been from the reign of Pharamond to that of Lewis XIV. Before this period it was a ſecret art, a kind of chymiſtry in the hands of three or four perſons, who actually made gold, but without communicating the ſecret by which they had been enriched. The body of the nation were in ſuch profound ignorance of this important ſecret, that we had neither miniſter nor magiſtrate that knew what the words *annuities*, *principal*, *exchange*, or *dividend* meant. It was ordained, that a Scotchman called John Law ſhould come into France, and overturn the whole œconomy of our government to inſtruct us. He had the courage, in the moſt horrible confuſion of our finances, and in the time of a moſt dreadful famine, to eſtabliſh a bank and an India company. This was giving a vomit to the ſick; we took too much, and convulſions were the conſequence: but at length, from the ruins of his ſyſtem, we had left us an India company, with a capital amounting to

the ſum of fifty millions of livres. What had been the caſe had we taken a moderate doſe of that ſalutary medicine? In my opinion, the ſtate had certainly been the moſt vigorous and powerful in the whole world.

There prevailed ſtill among us, at the time when the preſent India company was eſtabliſhed, a prejudice ſo very ſtrong, that the Sorbonne declared the ſharing the dividends of actions uſurious. In the very ſame manner the German printers, who came to eſtabliſh their art in France, were in 1570 accuſed of witchcraft.

We Frenchmen, there is no denying it, have come very late into every thing. Our firſt ſteps in the arts have been to thwart the introduction of thoſe truths which came to us from abroad: we defended theſes againſt the circulation of the blood, after it had been demonſtrated in England; againſt the revolution of the earth, which had been made evident in Germany; not even the moſt ſalutary remedies have eſcaped being proſcribed by an arret. To diſcover any new truths, to propoſe any thing of general uſe to mankind, is a ſure ſtep to perſecution. John Law, that Scotchman to whom we owe our India company, and all we know of commerce, was driven out of France, and died in miſery at Venice; and yet, notwithſtanding we had ſcarce three hundred merchant ſhips of any burden when he propoſed his ſyſtem *, we have now upwards of eighteen hundred. Though we owe them all to him, we are yet exceedingly ungrateful to the memory of our benefactor.

The principles of commerce are known at preſent to all the world: we are beginning to have good books on that ſubject. The eſſay *Sur le Commerce* of Melon, is the work of a man of ſenſe, a good citizen, and an excellent philoſopher: it has a tincture of the ſpirit of that age; and I don't think that even in the time of Mr. Colbert, there were two perſons in France capable to compoſe ſuch a work. There are, notwithſtanding, a number of errors in that excellent book; ſo

* This was written in 1738.

This work of Melon has produced another by Mr. Dutot, which has much the preference, both in point of depth and juſtneſs of reaſoning. This piece of Mr. Dutot is likely to give birth to another, which will probably carry the palm from both the others, as it is the production of a ſtateſman. Never was the ſtudy of the *Belles-lettres* ſo cloſely connected with that of the revenues, which is an additional merit in the age in which we live.

On

ON

MONEY

AND THE

REVENUES OF KINGS.

IT is well known that every change in the money in the laſt reign was both burdenſome to the people, and hurtful to the intereſt of the king. In theſe therefore, is there no caſe in which an augmentation of the money may become neceſſary?

In a ſtate, for inſtance, that has but a ſmall ſhare of commerce, and as ſmall a ſhare of money (which has long been the caſe with France) a lord ſhall poſſeſs an eſtate of an hundred marks a year: he is forced to borrow, in order to marry his daughters, or to carry on a war, a thouſand marks, for which he is to pay fifty marks *per annum*. By this means his family is reduced to the annual expence of fifty marks, for all charges. In the mean time the nation becomes more induſtrious, carries on a trade, ſo that money becomes more plenty. Then, as it never fails to happen, labour becomes dearer, ſo that the expence of luxuries, agreeable to the rank of his family, becomes double, treble, and even

even quadruple; whilſt the corn, which is the ſole reſource of the country, does not increaſe in the ſame proportion, becauſe people eat no greater quantity of bread than heretofore, though a great deal more is conſumed in magnificence. What was formerly bought with fifty marks, ſhall now coſt two hundred; ſo that the owner of land, who is now obliged to pay fifty marks of annuity, is obliged to diſpoſe of his eſtate. What I now ſay of the lord, I ſay equally of the magiſtrate, the man of letters, &c. as of the labourer, who buys his pewter diſhes, his ſilver cup, his bed, and his linen, ſo much the dearer. In a word, the higheſt perſonage in the land is in the ſame caſe, when his revenues are no more than certain fixed demeſnes, together with certain impoſts, which he is afraid to augment, for fear of exciting murmurs among his people. In this preſſing ſituation, there is certainly no more than the choice of one expedient left, which is to eaſe the debtor. This may be done by aboliſhing his debts: this is the cuſtom practiſed by the Egyptians, with ſeveral other oriental nations, at the expiration of every fifty, and ſometimes every thirty years*. This cuſtom was far from being ſo rigid as is imagined, the creditors having taken their meaſures accordingly, and a loſs which was diſcernable ſo long before-hand, can hardly be called a loſs. Although this law is not in force with us, it was however found neceſſary to have recourſe to it in effect, whatever round-about methods were uſed to avoid it. For what is it, when one falls on a method to pay only the fourth part of what he owes, but a kind of jubilee? This was very eaſily diſcovered, by giving coins an arbitrary value, and ſaying, this piece of gold, which was in value ſix livers, ſhall, from this day forward, be valued at four and twenty; and whoever ſhould owe four ſuch pieces of gold, under the title of

* At the end of ſeven years the legiſlature of England interpoſes for the relief of inſolvent debtors; a much better expedient than that of raiſing the value of the coin.

of ſix livres each, would pay his debt by paying only one ſingle piece of gold, which would be called four and twenty livres. As theſe operations were performed by inſenſible degrees, no body was ſtartled at the change. One, who was both debtor and creditor, gained on one hand what he loſt on the other. Another carried on trade; and a third was a ſufferer, and was obliged to retrench.

In this manner have all the nations of Europe proceeded, before they had a regular and an extenſive commerce. Let us examine the conduct of the Romans, we ſhall find that the *As*, the pound of copper of twelve ounces, was reduceed to ſix liards of our preſent money. Amongſt the Engliſh, the pound ſterling of ſixteen ounces of ſilver, is reduced to two and twenty livres of our money. The pound groſs among the Dutch is worth about twelve livres in accompts. But our livre is what has undergone the greateſt change of them all.

In the time of Charlemagne we called the current coin equal in value to the twentieth part of a livre, a *ſolide*, from the Roman name of *ſolidum:* this *ſolide* is what we now call a *ſous*, in the ſame manner as we barbarouſly pronounce the month of Auguſt, *Août*, which we very politely pronounce *Ou*; ſo that in our ſo exceeding polite language, *hodieque manent veſtigia ruris.* In ſhort, this *ſolide*, or *ſous*, which was the twentieth part of a livre, and the tenth part of a mark of ſilver, is at this day no more than a penny piece of copper money, repreſenting the nineteen hundred and twentieth part of a livre, ſilver being ſuppoſed at forty-nine livres the mark. This calculation is almoſt incredible; and it is found by this very calculation, that a family which formerly ſhould have had an hundred *ſolides* yearly rent, and who could have lived extremely well, would now have no more than five-ſixths of a crown of ſix livres to ſpend yearly.

What does all this prove? Why this; that of all nations we have always been the moſt given to change, though by no means the happieſt; that we have puſhed the abuſe of a law of nature, which requires the

eaſing of debtors oppreſſed by the diminution of the value of money, to an enormous and moſt intolerable exceſs. Now, ſince Mr. Dutot has ſo well expoſed the dangers of thoſe ſudden ſhocks which the change of the ſummary value of the coin occaſions, it is to be hoped that, in an age ſo enlightened as ours, we run no riſk of undergoing the like diſaſters.

What moſt ſurpriſed me in Mr. Dutot's work, was to find him aſſerting that Lewis XII. Francis I. Henry II. and Henry III. were richer than Lewis XV. Who could have thought that Henry III. at the preſent rate of computation, ſhould have had one hundred and ſixty three millions more revenue than our preſent king? I confeſs I have not yet been able to ſurmount my ſurprize. For how ſhould Henry III. if he was actually poſſeſſed of ſuch immenſe wealth, have found ſo much difficulty in oppoſing the Spaniards? How came he to be ſo oppreſſed by the Guiſes? How came France to loſe her arts and manufactures? Whence is it, that no fine houſes were built, no royal palace erected, no taſte, nor the leaſt ſymptom of magnificence were then to be ſeen, thoſe never failing attendants of riches? Whereas at preſent three hundred fortreſſes always in thorough repair, which ſtrengthen and adorn our frontiers, and which are garriſoned with at leaſt two hundred thouſand men, are a certain proof of the ſuperiority of our wealth. The troops which compoſe the king's houſhold, may well enough be compared to the ten thouſand, covered with gold and ſilver, which attended on the chariot of Xerxes and Darius. Paris contains twice the number of people, and is an hundred times more opulent than under Henry III. Commerce, which, if we had then any at all, was in a moſt languiſhing and proſtrate condition, now flouriſhes at a great rate, to the vaſt emolument of the nation.

Since the laſt melting down of the coin, it has been found that upwards of twelve hundred millions in gold and ſilver paſſed through the mint. It is found, by the ſum of the ſtamp-duty on thoſe metals, that there is in France about an equal quantity of bullion in wrought

wrought plate. It is true, thoſe immenſe riches cannot be ſaid to leſſen the miſery of the people in a year of dearth. But this is not the ſubject of our preſent inquiry: the queſtion is, to know by what means, though the nation has become incomparably richer than in the preceding ages, the king has yet become actually poorer.

Let us firſt of all compare the riches of Lewis XV. with thoſe of Francis I. The public revenues then amounted to ſixteen millions of nominal livres, which livre was to the preſent as one is to four and a half. Therefore ſixteen millions of ſuch livres were equal in value to ſeventy-two millions of our livres: whence it follows, that with ſeventy-two millions only we ſhould be as rich as at that period. But the revenues of the ſtate * are ſuppoſed to amount to two hundred millions: therefore Lewis XV. is richer by one hundred and twenty eight millions than Francis I. therefore too this prince is three times richer than Francis I. and by conſequence draws three times the money from his people which Francis I. was able to do. This is very different from the calculation of M. Dutot.

He pretends, in order to prove his ſyſtem, that commodities are fifteen times dearer than in the ſixteenth century." Let us examine the price of commodities: we ſhall confine ourſelves to the price of corn at the capital, one year with another. I find many years in the ſixteenth century, in which corn was at fifty, five and twenty, twenty, and at eighteen ſous, and even at four livres, from whence I eſtimate the mean value at thirty ſous. Wheat is now worth twelve livres: therefore commodities have encreaſed in the proportion of eight times their ancient value, which is the ſame proportion

* This is the ſuppoſition of M. Dutot. But in 1750, the king's revenues amounted to near three hundred millions †, at forty-nine livres ten ſous the mark.

† Between fourteen and fifteen millions ſterling. This calculation is higher than has been generally ſuppoſed, by five millions at leaſt.

proportion with that of the encreaſe of their value in England and Germany. But thoſe thirty ſous, of the ſixteenth century, were worth five livres fifteen ſous of our preſent money. Now five livres fifteen ſous make, excepting only five ſous, one half of twelve livres: wherefore Lewis XV. actually is three times richer than Francis I. as he pays no more than twice the ſum for commodities that was paid then †. Now a perſon who has nine hundred livres, and who buys a commodity for ſix hundred livres, will certainly remain richer by an hundred crowns, than he who, being poſſeſſed of three hundred livres: buys the ſame commodity for three hundred livres: therefore Lewis XV. remains richer by one-third.

But this is not all: inſtead of buying every thing at double the price, he purchaſes ſoldiers, the moſt neceſſary commodity of kings, at a much cheaper rate than any of his predeceſſors. Under Francis I. and Henry II. the ſtrength of our armies conſiſted in a national gendarmerie, and in a foreign infantry, that cannot be compared in any reſpect to our preſent troops. But the infantry under Lewis XV. is paid nearly on the ſame footing, that is, at the ſame price of numerary livres, as under Henry IV. The ſoldier ſells his life and liberty at the rate of ſix ſous a day, including his cloathing: theſe ſix ſous are equal to twelve in the time of Henry IV. ſo that with the ſame revenue with Henry the Great, we are able to maintain double the number of troops; and with double that ſum, we can maintain four times that number. What I have ſaid in this place ſuffices to ſhew, that, notwithſtanding all the calculations of M. Dutot, our kings, as well as the ſtate, are richer than formerly. I will not however deny, that both are much deeper in debt.

Lewis XIV. left at his death upwards of twice ten hundred millions of debt, at thirty livres the mark, becauſe

† But we muſt take in every other ſpecies of proviſion, as well as corn, into the account, becauſe many provinces formerly ſubſiſted almoſt intirely without bread; upon milk, butter, cheeſe, eggs, fiſh, fowl, butcher's meat, and veniſon.

becauſe he would have, at the ſame time, five hundred thouſand men in arms, two hundred ſhips of war, and build Verſailles; and becauſe, in the war on account of the Spaniſh ſucceſſion, his arms were long unproſperous; but the reſources of France by much exceed her debts. A ſtate which is indebted only to itſelf can never be impoveriſhed, and even debts are a new ſpur to induſtry.

End of the EIGHTEENTH VOLUME.